

What would be Urban to give the last name of...
What is the street-door like a barrel of beer?—Be-
I to discover how many idle men there are in a place,
WHEN does a bawler treat a





SKETCH OF THE JURY IN A RECENT TRIAL FOR CAPITAL CRIME.

1852
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Yes, prate as we may
Of our wealth and our sway,
We know but too well,
Dear Gotham, trust us,
That you've law by the ell
To each inch of justice;
Except for the poor,
To whom justice is sure.

For them—God help them! [error,
We have dungeons at hand for each hunger-bred
And wolf-hearted jailors to keep them in terror,
And whips to strop them.
O why will they stay,
Without comfort or pity,
Grim poverty's prey
In the stews of the city?

Where, boast as we will,
For all their toiling,
They can scarce get their fill,
Or keep the pot boiling.
A garret like this,
With its ragged attire,
Is the greatest bliss
They can hope to acquire.

[Continued on next page.]

ADVICE TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN
OUT FOR A WIFE

If you, my friend, would have a wife
To cheer the gloomy hours of life,
And give you constant pleasure;
The following useful maxims mind,
And you in time may hope to find
This dear delightful treasure.

First look for one that's young and fit,
With countenance devoid of care,
And foolish affection;
For one whose face displays a gloom,
Will make you angry with your doings,
And give you sad vexation.

Be not, like common lovers, blind,
But all her words, and actions mind,
And judge of them sincerely;
For if you form your choice at once,
And she should prove a slut or dunce,
You will repent severely.

Let solid sense her mind inform,
Let gentle love her bosom warm,
Yes, let her love you truly;
Let her be void of foolish pride,
Let modesty her actions guide,
Or else she'll prove unruly.

Her temper should be all serene,
Free from extremes of mirth or spleen;
With no wild flights incumber'd;
For one that now is mad with joy,
Then sad or sullen, will destroy
Your peace with pangs unnumber'd.

Watch how her leisure hours she spend,
And if with wise and virtuous friends
In cheerful conversation;
If at due times the instructive page,
In search of truth her thoughts engage,
She merits approbation.

Sharon," paraphrased and addressed
a young lady.
Yes, I've beheld the flowers decay
Beauteous features fade away;
I've beheld the lily bloom
But to find an early tomb;
While nature sigh'd, and dropt a tear
The "Rose of Sharon" lingered ear.



SAINT NICHOLAS! thrice jolly St. Nicholas! Bacchus of Christian Dutchmen, King of good Fellows, Patron of Holiday Fare, inspirer of snap-frolic and unsophisticated Happiness, Saint of all Saints that deck the glorious Calendar! thou that first awakenest the Hopes of the prattling Infant; dawnest anticipated Happiness on the Schoolboy, and brightenest the wintry hours of Manhood; if we forget thee — whatever beside, or whatever fantastic, heartless Follies may usurp the place of simple Celebration,— may we lose, with the Recollection of past Pleasures, the Anticipations of Pleasure to come; yawn at a Tea-party; petrify at a Soiree; and perish, finally overwhelmed, in a Binge of Whisky-bliss and Floating-islands! Thrice, and three times thrice, jolly St. Nicholas! on this, the First Day of the New Year 1845, with an honest Reverence and a full Bumper of Cherry-bounce, we salute thee! — Io St. NICHOLAS! ESTO PERPETUA!



R. Roberts

SANTA CLAUS, OR ST. NICHOLAS, IN THE ACT OF DESCENDING A CHIMNEY ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

T'was the night before Christmas, when all thro' the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there,
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced through their heads;
And momma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter;
To the window I flew like a flash,
open the shutter and threw up the sash.
on, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
a lustre of mid-day to objects below;

When, what to my wandering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now
Vixen!"
On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and Blixen—
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too,

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound;
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow;
And his beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,

And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump; a right jolly old elf.
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!

Violate Man's Agency.

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told that God will not violate man is a free moral being—that of God to make him so, and God to that freedom. We acknowledge the freedom man has, God has given him; it because he judged it for the best to do so; wise and benevolent purpose in it, and that will surely be executed.

had no freedom as to the question whether he be born. It was God alone that gave man God foreknew all things; he knew what would be to man, in every stage of his being; and in all, he resolved to create. He accordingly le man, and breathed into him the breath of life he became a living soul.

is equally true, that God made man to be possessed of appetites and passions; and these are theulsive forces that carry him into sin. God forew (or he was not a perfect being) all the tendencies, operations and results of these appetites and passions. Whether they would cause man to be a sinner, he knew; and he resolved that man should be created subject to these passions and appetites, and man was so created. Man had no choice in this matter. He had no freedom as to the fact of being created with appetites and passions. That he has freedom to resist their influence, we do not deny; but we are speaking now of the fact of being created possessed of such appetites and passions.

Again, man has no freedom in regard to the fact of his being admitted to the future state. He must die; and if he be raised from the dead, it cannot be by his own act, but by the will and power of God. A certain writer has said,—

Now one of the facts which revelation announces to man, is that of a future existence for the human race. We know not that our scrupulous accusers will object to having this future or resurrection life forced upon men, irrespective of their previous views and feelings on the subject. We used to hear a good old lady, a Baptist professor, exclaim that she wished she had been an insect or reptile, or any thing else, rather than a human being, destined to exist in eternity. Her doctrine presented to her mind the vision of such a horrid doom for the human race as a whole hereafter, that she wished she might never awake from the dead to the realities of eternity. We know not that our friends referred to will have it, that if that lady should continue in such a state of mind until death, she will be permitted to lie in eternal sleep, and not have a future life forced upon her against her wish and will. Thousands of others undoubtedly die in the exercise of such wishes, and thousands with out a belief in God or a future life. We think, however, our captious friends will admit that they will all be raised from the dead, and that they would deem it irreverent to talk about God's forcing the life immortal upon them by a resurrection from the dead.

What is the change which the resurrection will produce upon man? Does any person believe that men are to be in the same situation in eternity, in which they are in the present life? Is the same body that dies to be raised? and if so, is it to be raised in the condition it bears in this world? or will it be like the glorious body of the Lord Jesus Christ?

It cannot be, that man will have the same appetites and passions in eternity that he has here, for they are essential to flesh and blood, and 'flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.' If then men are raised into the future state, without the appetites and passions of earth, will not the sources of sin be dried up? It will be true in the future world that man has been a sinner; but if it be true that he will be a sinner there, it must be for sins he committed before he went into that state, for he cannot commit sin in that state, unless he shall be raised from the dead with the appetites and passions about him still.

But if man shall be introduced into the immediate presence of the Lord Jesus, can he remain in unbelief? can atheists remain such in the presence of God and the Lamb? Their conversion to God will not be forced. There will be no more violence done to the moral powers of men in such a process, than is done to the powers of the eye when we behold, with the aid of a telescope, things we could not distinguish without it. The same writer from whom we have before quoted says—(we believe it is Rev. S. Cobb)—

We now ask the reader to let his mind follow these unbelievers, who were without God and without hope in the world, through death and the resurrection. Will they there, in the light of the resurrection, more disbelieve the existence of God, and the life from the dead? Surely not. Their unbelief is destroyed by the light of knowledge. Will not this development constitute a great change? Do not hold back, and mutter about forcing this conviction and this knowledge upon them. You know that the transition of the mind from hopeless atheism into the veritable knowledge of God and immortality, will constitute a great change—and that this change will involve tremendous emotions of mind, and moral influence. And even to believers, who had seen as through a glass darkly, it will be a rapturous and thrilling change, when their faith is swallowed up in the fruition of the fact. It must be so if you allow man to be a free moral agent, and let moral causes operate upon him by their natural and legitimate influence. Let the spiritual mathematician get his philosophical scales and dividers, and measure off his thousandths of inches and hairs breadth for the gradation of human progress even from world to world, but that step will be a long step onward and upward, despite all your mathematical solutions, the law of human and divine, and the philoso-

phy of causes and effects in the moral system, insure it. By the law of moral freedom man will feel and act according to the light of moral truth and influence now shining in him, irrespective of the light or darkness of gone-by days.

Saul of Tarsus was raving on the way, with a wish to destroy the cause of Christ from earth. But when it was evinced to his mind that Jesus, whose name he hated, was the Lord's Christ alive from the dead, all the affections of his soul were immediately transferred to the dear Redeemer, he exclaimed in the fulness of his desire, 'Lord what wilt thou have me to do?' The purpose of his whole soul was devoted to Christ and his service, while life and being should last.

Now may we not suppose that the old apostle Peter, when he heard his new brother Paul's faith, and love, and praises, and heavenly joys, should have come to him with reproof as follows:—

Br. Paul, what right have you, who were till just now a hater and persecutor of Jesus, to love him so much, and praise him so fervently, and serve him so faithfully, and enjoy him so supremely? Why, you confound all our philosophy of gradual progress. You seem to love and enjoy Christ as much as we who have loved and enjoyed him so long. The idea is repulsive to all well constituted minds. You must go back Br. Paul, go back and exemplify our philosophy. You must love Christ but little now, esteem his religion but lightly, and enjoy him but poorly. Then one of these years we will permit you to love as much as we.

'Ah,' says Paul, 'you make an impracticable question. Your orders would do violence to all the laws of moral freedom. How can I diminish my love for so much loveliness as shines upon me from the Savior's countenance? How can I refrain from praising so much and so excellent grace as has abounded over my sin? How can I cease to rejoice in the prospect so glorious, which I see in the Savior's mission. Let me be free, Br. Peter, to love, obey and enjoy this great light of goodness and truth.—Know ye not that our Master said, 'He unto whom much is forgiven, will love much?'

Yet, dear reader, we hold and appreciate the general law of gradual human progress, intellectual and spiritual. Nor do we deny that man will derive an advantage on the commencement of the future life, from spiritual culture and improvement in this. Only we would not have you oppose the law of progress to great revealed facts. There are some great changes suddenly wrought in the present life. And the passage through death and the resurrection must constitute, as we have said, a long step onward and upward with all men. It must demonstrate to all minds the principle truths of present Christian faith; and it must also place all men in a state of freedom from those passions of the flesh, and trying wants and fears of life, which constitute the temptations and occasions of so large a portion of the wrongs of earth. Indeed there is nothing unphilosophical in the doctrine of revelation, that on the entrance of man into the resurrection state, they become subject to Christ, as he is subject to the Father. (1 Cor. xv: 22—28.) Yet in that heavenly kingdom there will undoubtedly be great and endless progress, in the knowledge and application of countless relations, principles and operations and ever increasing developments of spiritual beauties and glories. And, while all experience a great and blessed change by the resurrection from the dead, those who have greatly cultivated and improved the moral nature here, may derive advantage hence in their future work of progress.

Thus do we give our philosophic brethren all the scope they may desire for their spiritual improvement here and hereafter, in the kingdom of Christ, while we repel their charge upon us that we violate the laws of moral freedom and progress, by our faith in the subjection of all men to Christ's kingdom, by the resurrection from the dead.

AN AFFLICTED PARENT.

The loss of a good son! What an affliction to a loving parent. The following letter from a gentleman who, we think, until a few years since, was a Baptist preacher, will be read with much interest by our readers. No remarks of our own, will make it more effective.

DEAR BR. WHITTEMORE,—On the evening of the 15th of this month, my oldest son, Josiah Bailey Graves, aged 17 years and 9 months, was accidentally drowned whilst bathing in the Connecticut River at the city of Middletown.

His funeral was attended on the following Sabbath by a vast concourse of people who seemed to sympathize with me deeply in my loss, and a brother from New Haven, who that day exchanged with Br. Abel, performed the services in a most solemn, appropriate and comforting manner; and though my heart was crushed, and my spirit bowed to the dust, my faith in the 'everlasting covenant' that secures the eternal redemption of all our race, did not fail; no, glory to God in the highest, I never in my life felt such entire reconciliation to the divine will, and my soul was lifted up, and my views of the manner in which God governs and sustains the universe, and moves on the vast and complicated machinery of his providential government in perfect harmony with fixed and unchanging laws, were greatly strengthened.

I can truly say God stood by me, and the angel of the covenant greatly strengthened me, and what I dreaded the most in that crushing ordeal, to wit: the committing of my son to the earth, was really the least trial of all. As I laid him down by the side of his young mother and sister, I felt that he had got home with his own, and that he was in greeting and rejoicing with them forever. O how consolatory the glorious doctrine of Universal Grace and Redemption. Here in this glorious haven, the weary are truly forever at rest. My conversion a few years since from the soul-chilling and God-dishonoring doctrine of endless misery, to the blessed doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind, has continued clear and unwavering from the first, and I desire to say for the comfort of our brethren in Christ, that my religion did not forsake me in this hour of my trial, and that my faith in the promises of God, grows stronger and stronger. If you think these few lines will be read with any interest by the friends of the 'Trumpet,' you can make such use of them as you may see fit. I attend Br. Eaton's Church in this city, and am now located here in the practice of Medicine. Br. Eaton is greatly beloved and highly respected by our people here as a finished gentleman, and a most sympathizing, refined and polished preacher.

From your afflicted brother, J. M. GRAVES.

THE RESURRECTION STATE.

BR. WHITTEMORE.—You will greatly oblige the writer of this, if you will give your views on the resurrection state. Will it be, which is deposited in the grave, at some appointed day in the future, be raised up and made immortal? or does the return of the spirit to God constitute a proper resurrection? Will it be simultaneous or progressive? I am led to hope, from the well known reputation which you possess of being an able and efficient teacher of the great salvation, that you will notice the above inquiries, for in so doing you may be able to throw much light upon a subject which has doubtless deeply interested many minds beside that of the writer. Pardon me for this intrusion on your time and attention.

I am with much respect, yours, F. M. W.

Newburyport, June 5, 1852.

There is one sentence in the above quoted letter, which we have no doubt is true, viz. 'The subject has doubtless interested many minds besides that of the writer.' But what can we say on a subject so stupendous? Who can understand it in all its forms? We believe in the resurrection of the dead. We believe that the future state will be a happy one—an angelic state—a state in which men shall be as the angels of God in heaven—incorruptible, immortal, glorious and heavenly. Can we go farther than this with any tolerable degree of certainty? Under the Old Testament, men learned, that 'the dust should

return to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it.' The New Testament speaks of the resurrection. Jesus, although he said but little of the resurrection, so far as we can judge from the four Gospels, did explicitly allow that doctrine, and explain it, in his conversation with the Sadducees.—Matt. xxii. 29, 30; Luke xx. 35, 36. The New Testament explicitly declares the resurrection of Christ. This seems to have been the resurrection of his body. His body was called back again to life. He had flesh and bones after his resurrection. It was the body of Lazarus undoubtedly that rose from the dead. Christ rose in his actual body; but we do not suppose that the same body ascended into glory; neither do we suppose that the same body which men possess on earth, will be raised up into glory.—Jesus shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself' Phil. iii. 21. It seems to us, therefore, that the body, in some changed and glorified form, prepared for the heavenly world, will be raised, and the immortal spirit shall be re-united thereto and possess it forever.

In regard to the other question, will the resurrection be simultaneous or progressive? it seems to us, if we examine the sacred writers, we shall find it somewhat difficult to decide, what were their precise views on that exact point. It seems to be a matter which is not determined with perfect definiteness by revelation. On some occasions the sacred writers seem to speak as though all the dead shall be raised at one and the same time: on others, they use language which is very difficult to reconcile with such a supposition. They speak of being absent from the body only that they may be present with the Lord, as if absence from the body led men immediately into the divine presence. Paul says, 'For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.' 2 Cor. v. 1-4. One would think, that Paul did not contemplate the intervention of long years between the leaving of the earthly and the entrance into the heavenly house.

Suppose that mankind are continually entering into glory, to be carried on from glory to glory, there may come a time when all shall be brought simultaneously, in the twinkling of an eye, and as with the sound of a trumpet, into the highest glory of the immortal state of which we can now conceive. And yet there may be increasing glory beyond. On this view, men will enter the heavenly, as they leave the earthly house; but, at last, there shall be so great and glorious an exaltation of all into a higher life, that the language of Paul, 1 Cor. xv., will be more than realized.

We present the above thoughts as suggestions merely, on points concerning which revelation does not seem to be definite. Let them be received with all proper caution. We do not desire to go beyond the word of God. The word of God explicitly asserts the doctrine of the future state, and that said state shall be incorruptible, glorious and heavenly.

Here stop my soul
No further seek to go,
What God reveals
Is full enough to know.

Miss H. F. Gould, the well known poetess of Newburyport, once hit off the ambition of Mr Cushing in the following epitaph, among many others which she wrote for some of the distinguished citizens of Newburyport and vicinity:—

"Lay aside all ye dead,
For in the next bed,
Reposes the body of Cushing;
He has crowded his way
Through the world as they say,
And now, though he's dead, may be pushing."

Mr Cushing, however, returned the compliment of the maiden poetess, and replied as follows:—

"Here lies one whose wit
Without wounding could hit;
And green be the turf that's above her,
Having sent every beam
To the regions below,
She has gone down herself—for a lover."

Sumhal.

WHO THE TAX PAYERS ARE. We have received from John H. Eastburn, city printer, a copy of pamphlet entitled "List of Persons, Corporations and Corporations who were taxed on six thousand dollars and upwards, in the city of Boston, for 1844." This is a useful and interesting annual. We all like to know who our rich men are, and how much taxes they pay. But it should be recollect that men who are put down as paying thousands a year for real estate taxes do not, in reality, pay anything. They make their tenants foot the bill. The middling classes and small traders, mechanics and laboring men are, after all the persons upon whom the great burden falls of supporting the municipal government, and they should have credit for it. The rich men are not the principal support of the city administration nor of the water tax. Tenants, in a majority of cases, are made to pay both.

The largest individual tax is assessed to Ebenezer Francis, \$1,493.56. Abbott Lawrence is next on the list, \$10,644.40, and A. & A. Lawrence & Co., \$7,860; David Sears pays \$8,806.24; John D. Williams, heirs, \$8,165; Thomas Wiglesworth, \$7,549; Jonathan Phillips, \$7,268.02; James Parker, \$6,000.68; John Wells, \$5,104.68; J. W. T. \$3,819.88; Thomas Thompson, \$3,025.88; John Bryant, \$5,856.72; Augustus Hemenway, \$5,110; John C. Gray, \$4,712.64; Henry Gardner, \$3,64; and a large number who are assessed from \$1000 to \$3000.

The rate of taxation is \$9 20 on \$1000.

This publication is useful to adventurers, committees of benevolent societies, trustees for the erection of new churches, and Jeremy Diddens who, with this list before them, know who in the city to "spot" and who to avoid. It will be remembered that a rogue was arrested a short time ago who had a list of wealthy men in his pocket. Some of whom had been called upon, and while others were marked "to be called upon."

The pamphlet is issued in Mr. Eastburn's superior style.

WINTHROP SCHOOL. No. 1. Charlestown. The public exhibition of this school, which took place Thursday afternoon, was highly creditable to the teacher, B. F. S. Griffin, Esq., and very satisfactory to the large audience present. In the various branches of mathematics, history, geography, &c., the scholars showed great proficiency; while in declamation and recitation, they acquitted themselves admirably. The pieces were well selected, carefully committed, and delivered with "good emphasis" and distinct enunciation.

I have paid some attention for a number of years to this difficult branch of instruction, and we give our opinion that it is a very rare case to find any of our schools better speakers, or so good as the boys who declaimed Thursday afternoon. The Wintrop. The fact is one that, in our estimation bears strong evidence of the superior capacities of Mr. Griffin as a teacher, and in connecting with his other requirements, has secured for him the esteem and approbation of our citizens for the great success of the Wintrop School, while it has been under his superintendence. A SPECTATOR.

DESTRUCTION OF ANTS. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger says:

"We give a sure remedy—procure a large sponge, wash it well, press it very dry; by so doing it will leave the small cells open—lay it on the shelf where they are most troubled; some, sprinkle some fine white sugar on the sponge (lightly over it) two or three times a day, take a bucket of hot water to where the sponge is, carefully drop the sponge in the scalding water, and you will slay them by the thousands, and soon rid the house of these troublesome insects. When you squeeze the sponge, you will be astonished at the number that had gone in the cells."

On the 4th inst., Mrs. Edward Thomson of Lottesville, Loudon county, Va., fell dead while sitting in her chair. Her husband, brother, Nimrod, ran to her assistance, and before reaching her, fell on the floor a corpse. Their deaths were not two minutes apart.

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A CHILD. An incident occurred a day or two since upon the Boston and Worcester Railroad, at Newton Corner, which shows presence of mind in a remarkable degree in a young child. A boy of about six years attempted to cross the track, just as an outward and inward train was approaching. He had crossed one track, and had placed one foot upon the other, but being a little lame, perceived that he could not cross in safety, as the engine was close upon him. In an instant he stepped back, turned round and placed himself sideways in the narrow space between the two tracks. Both trains rushed past him, the cars of one grazing his clothes, but he escaped without injury. A person who was once placed in a similar position, said that no sum, however great, would be least influence him to repeat the experiment.—Traveller.

ADVERTISEMENT, from the first New Bedford paper ever printed. Date, "April 27, 1794."

"Lost, on Monday evening last, from the house-yard of the late Mr. Daniel Smith, large

BRASS KETTLE with a crack in the bottom and a patch thereon. Whoever will give information, so the Kettle may be found, will greatly assist distressed family."

Not having any intimation that the kettle has been found, we give the "distressed family" the benefit of another insertion, "free gratis for nothing." In some subsequent advertisement, which may be found in to-day's issue, the distressed family will find where they can best repair their loss by the purchase of a new one.—New Bedford Mercury.

MATRIMONIAL SPECULATION. A gentleman in Kelosho, Ark., was married to a young woman, and after four months connubial felicity, was presented with a black baby. He called on his lawyer, related the circumstance, and asked his advice. "All right," said the man of the law, "let me have the papers, and you shall have a divorce instantaneously." "Oh, hang a divorce," replied the gentleman, "I only want to know if I can sell the cursed nigger!"

Mary Snow.
Where glory crowns Monadnock's brow,
The sun in splendor fast was setting,
When plump and pretty Mary Snow
Jumped a puddle to keep from wetting.
Shrewd Mary Snow! to save her clothes
From the unpleasant stain of mire,
Next morning, sweet and fresh she rose
As any person could desire,
Good! Good! Buncome!



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NEMOURS.

The Duchess de Nemours, who is first cousin of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, being the daughter of the Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg Gotha, the brother of the reigning Duke, was married to the Duke de Nemours, the eldest surviving son of the King of the French, in April, 1840.

The following is the thrilling and effective song which was given with such splendid effect by Mr. Russell, at his Concert. It is the production of Dr. Coates:

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark is the night! How dark! No light! No fire! Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire! Shivering she watches by the cradle-side For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!

"Hark! 'Tis his footstep! No!—'tis past!—'tis gone! Tick—tick!—How weakly the time crawls on! Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind! And I believed 't would last—how mad!—how blind!—

"Rest thee, my babe! Rest on! 'Tis hunger's cry! Sleep—for there is no food! The font is dry! Famine and cold their wearying work have done. My heart must break! And thou—? The clock strikes one!

"Hush! 'tis the dice box. Yes, he's there! he's there! For this—for this he leaves me to despair! Leaves love, leaves truth—his wife!—his love! for what? The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'tis all in vain! 'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again: And I could starve and bless him but for you, My child?—his child! Oh, fiend!—the clock strikes two.

"Hark! how the sign-board creaks—the wind howls by; Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky! Ha! 'tis his knock!—he comes!—he comes once more! 'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert us? He knows I stay Night after night in loneliness to pray For his return—and yet he sees no tear! No! no—it cannot be! He will be here!

Nestle more closely, dear one to my heart; Thou'rt cold—thou'rt freezing! But we will not part! Husband, I die!—Father!—It is not he! Oh, God! protect my child!—The clock strikes three.

In addition to the above, the following concluding stanza, from the pen of another gentleman, himself the author of some fine songs, was sung by Mr. Russell: They're gone, they're gone! The glimmering spark hath fled; The wife and child are numbered with the dead. On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn rest, The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast; The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—Dread silence reigned around—the clock struck four.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me, Bless thy little lamb to-night;

Through the darkness be Thou near me piece of poetry we have never heard—perha

Watch my sleep till morning light.

Guardian angels hovering by me, Let me in my dreams behold

Your bright faces beaming o'er me, As you touch your harps of gold.

Of Our Father, sing ye to me, Sweetly sing angelic band;

Sing of heav'nly joys unto me, Tell me of the Spirit-land.

Now my sleepy eyes are closing, Angels, leave me not, I pray,

Close beside me, wait my waking, Angels, sweetest spirits, stay.

Bend and kiss me—angels kiss me, O, I feel that I am blest;

Spirits, in my sleep caress me, Whilst I take my quiet rest.

INFANT FAITH.

BY H. F. GOULD.

Radiant with his spirit's light, Was the little beautiful child, Sporting round a fountain bright— Playing through the flowerets wild.

Where they grew he lightly stepped, Cautious not a leaf to crush; Then about the fountain he leaped, Shouting at its merry gush.

While the sparkling waters swelled, Laughing as they bubbled up, In his lily hands he held Closely clasped, a silver cup.

Now he put it forth to fill; Then he bore it to the flowers, Through his fingers there to spill What he held, in mimic showers.

"Open, pretty buds," said he, "Open to the air and sun; So, to-morrow I may see What my rain-to-day has done.

"Yes, you will, I know, For the drink I give you now, Burst your little cups, and blow, When I'm gone, and can't tell how."

"Oh! I wish I could but see How Good's finger touches you, When your sides unclasp and free, Let your leaves and odors through."

"I would watch you all the night, Nor in darkness be afraid, Only once to see aright How a beautiful flower is made."

"Now remember I shall come In the morning from my bed, Here to find among you, some With your brightest colors spread!"

To his buds he hastened out, At the dewy morning hour, Crying, with a joyous shout, "God has made of each a flower!"

Precious must the ready faith Of the little children be, In the sight of Him who saith "Suffer them to come to me."

Answered by the smile of heaven, Is the infant's offering found, Though "a cup of water given," Even to the thirsty ground.

—A more beautiful, thrilling, and pat piece of poetry we have never heard—perha

"On a log Sat a frog Sneezing at his daughter; Tears he shed Till his eyes were red,

And then jumped into the water!"

ANDREW MC CANN, THE ABSENT MAN.

In the town of Ayr lived Andrew McCann, A very worthy, but absent man—

Andrew once called at a house in town, And sent up his name—Mister Peter Brown;—

Held an egg in his hand while his watch was boiling.

And oft was seen toilng His weary way to the bridge of Ayr.

With one foot booted and one foot bare,

A very old man was Andrew McCann; And always before he went to rest,

As soon as undress'd, He roll'd his small clothes up like a ball,

Then taking his coat with the greatest care,

He hung it over the back of a chair; Then laid his head

On the pillow in bed.

One night he came home more absent than ever,

And, as you may suppose, "uncommonly clever;"

So taking his garments (what a conceit!)

He tuck'd them up under blanket and sheet,

Then threw himself over the chair, like a sack,

And broke his back.

From Friendship's Offering for 1836.]

HOPE.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

Again—again she comes!—methinks, I hear Her wild, sweet singing, and her rushing wings! My heart goes forth to meet her—with a tear, And welcome sends—from all its broken strings. It was not thus—nor thus—we met of yore, When my plumed soul went half way to the sky To greet her; and the joyous song she bore Was scarce more tuneful than its glad reply:—

The wings are fettered by the weight of years, And grief has spoilt the music with her tears!

She comes!—I know her by her starry eyes, I know her by the rainbow in her hair,— Her vesture of the light of summer skies;— But gone the girdle which she used to wear Of summer roses, and the sandal flowers That hung, enamored, round her fairy feet, When, in her youth, she haunted earthly bower, And culled from all their beautiful and sweet:—

No more she mocks me with the voice of mirth, Nor offers, now, the garlands of the earth!

Come back! come back!—thou hast been absent long. Oh! welcome back the sybil of the soul,— Who comes, and comes again, with pleading strong, To offer to the heart her mystic scroll:—

Though every year she wears a sadder look, And sings a sadder song,—and, every year, Some further leaves are torn from out her book, And fewer what she brings, and far more dear;

As, once, she came, oh! might she come again With all the perished volumes offered then!

But come!—thy coming is a gladness, yet,— Light from the present o'er the future cast, That makes the present bright,—but oh! regret Is present sorrow while it mourns the past.

And memory speaks, as speaks the curfew bell, To tell the daylight of the heart is done,— Come like the seen of old, and, with thy spell, Put back the shadow of that setting sun On my soul's dial; and, with new-born light, Hush the wild tolling of that voice of night!

Bright spirit, come!—the mystic rod is thine That shows the hidden fountains of the breast, And turns, with point unerring, to divine The places where its buried treasures rest,— Its hoards of thought and feeling:—at that spell, Methinks I feel its long lost wealth revealed,— And ancient springs within my spirit well, That grief had checked, and ruins had concealed,— And sweetly spreading, where their waters play, The tints and freshness of its early day!

She comes! she comes!—her voice is in mine ear, Her mild, sweet voice, that sings and sings forever, Whose streams of song sweet thoughts awake to her Like flowers that, like lovers, only speak in sighs, Whose thoughts are hues, whose voices are their hear

She comes!—I know her by her radiant eyes, Before whose smile, the long dim cloud departs; And if a darker shade be on her brow,—

And if her tones be sadder than of yore,— And if she sings more solemn music now,

And bears another harp than erst she bore,— And if around her form no longer glow

The earthly flowers that in her youth she wore, That look is holier, and that song more sweet,

And heaven's flowers—the stars—at her feet!

Epitaph on a Kitten.

"Requiescat in pace."

Here lies, by death smitten,

A hapless young kitten,

To 'moulder away in the dust:

Oh, had it lived longer,

It might have been stronger,

And died somewhat older, we trust.

Had it grown up to cat-hood,

Then many a rat would

Have mourned in the deepest of woe.

Let the curtain be drawn to,

We hope it has gone to,

That land to which other cats go.

THE QUILTING.

The day is set, the ladies met,
And at the frames are seated,
In order placed, they work at haste,
To get the quilt completed.
While fingers fly, their tongues they ply,
And animate their labors,
By counting beaux, discussing clothes,
Or talking of their neighbors.

"Dear, what a pretty frock you've on!"

"I'm very glad you like it."

"I'm told that Miss Micomicon

Don't speak to Mr. Micate,"

"I saw Miss Bell the other day

Young Brown's new gig adorning"—

"What keeps your sister Ann away?"

"She went to Troy this morning."

"'Tis time to roll—my needle's broke"—

"So Tabor's stock is selling;"

"Abby's wedding gown's bespoke,"

"Lend me your scissors, Ellen."

"That match will never come about"—

"Now don't fly in a passion."

"Corsets, they say, are going out"—

"Yes, busks are all the fashion."

The quilt is done, the tea begun—

The beaux are all collected;

The table's clear'd—the music heard,

His partner each selecting.

The merry band, in order stand

The dance begins with vigor—

And rapid feet, the measures beat,

And trip the mazy figure.

Unheeded by, the moments fly,

Old Time himself seems dancing,

Till night's dull eye is op'd to spy

The steps of morn advancing.

Then closely stow'd, to each abode,

The carriages go tilting,

And many a dream has for its theme,

The pleasures of the quilt.

THE PIUS RUM SELLER'S SOLILOQUY.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

"MY DEAR," said an affectionate spouse to her hus-

band, 'am I not your treasure?' 'Oh, yes,' was the cool

reply, 'and I would willingly lay it up in Heaven.'

What an insulting wretch!

—A Mrs. Hogg, of Fulton county, recently gave birth to three little lags! Bless her soul!

—A HUGE THROAT.—A letter written from Naples, says: "Standing on the castle of St. El-

mo, I drank in the whole sweep of the bay."

—A Boston cleric, on hearing of o

Lind's marriage to Goldschmidt, exclaimed,

"She stoops to conquer—Gonsuwa!"

—FUSILADE POLKA.—The French are

prone both to revolutions and expatriations, that it is ex-

pected they will shortly introduce ball-cartridge

into the mazes of the dance.

A LAMENT OCCASIONED BY THE PERSONAL OF A TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.

Sure this Temp'rance society has cast a sad blight
Over the joys of the cup and the bowl;
If a poor fellow's thirsty, he's in a sad plight—
For to drink would be "death to his soul."
No more is my table surrounded by friends,
Hush'd now is the jest and the song—
To jest is "profane," and a song surely tends
To recall "those sad times" that have flown.

Oh! I mourn for the days when the punch was made
strong;

And to drink it, was not deemed a crime.
When the theme of the Poet's inspiring song
Was not clear "cold water," but wine!

Oh, when will old Time my lost pleasures restore?
This punch—must I drink it alone?

And without a companion, forever deplore

The sprees of the times that are flown.

B. C.

SO SWEET WAS HER SMILE AS SHE SAID TO ME, SIGHING.

TUNE—Erin go Bragh.

So sweet was her smile as she said to me, sighing,
Oh! do not forget me when I am no more!
I spoke not a word, for I knew she was dying,
And I loved her as never I loved her before.

She slept, but I knew she would never awaken;
Yet I shed not a tear, though my heart it was breaking

To think I was left all alone and forsaken.

I shall never forget thee, my Julia no more.

They have laid here where lilies are waving around her,

The violet and many a delicate flower:
She loved them while living, and now they surround

her,

Adorning her grave, as they sweetened her bower;
The bright hollyhock and the hathorn are springing,
All nature is glad and the sweet birds are singing,
No joy to the bosom of him are they bringing
Who mourns for his Julia—his Julia no more!

Oh! her's was affection that knew no declining,
But still in my sorrows the warmer it glowed,
Like some star through the darkness the brighter is
shining.

To cheer the lone wand'rer on life's weary road;
And mine is the grief that can never be spoken,
My flowers are all faded, my hopes are all broken,
And the fires that are wasting my bosom betoken
I shall soon be with Julia, my Julia no more.

J. C.

BLOWING AN EAR TRUMPET.

It's not a thing for me—I know it—
To crack my own Trumpet up and blow it;
But it is the best, and time will show it.

There was Mrs F.

So very deaf,

That she might have worn a percussion cap,
And knock'd on the head without hearing it snap.
Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay!

THOMAS HOOD.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

BY R. H. WILDE.

There's a tuneful river,

In Erin's isle,

Where the sun-beams quiver

In silvery smile;

Where the leaves that fall

'Neath the autumn sky,

Grow gem-like all,

And never die;

And such is the stream, by Truth enlightened,
That laves the breast, by Wisdom brightened,
Where even the joys that storms disperse
Are turned to gems that glow forever.

There's a darkling tide

In the Indian clime,

By whose herless side

There's a sulphury slime—

To the flowers that it touches,

A scorching wave—

To the bird that approaches,

A weltering grave;

And such are the waters of bitterness rising,
In the desert bosom of dark disguising;
And the birds of joys and the flowers of feeling,
Must perish where'er that wave is stealing.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY W. J. M.

The delicate rose from her cheek has faded,

The light of her eye is sad and dim,

And the pure, pale brow, by dark hair shaded,

Shows the depth of thought within.

Those silent thoughts that are withering up

The flowers that crown existence's cap.

And why?—Oh, know you not that woman's heart

Is passionate moulded thing?

That to love, is written in every part,

To be loved, or its depths will sing

Such a flood of sorrow, that a life must pay

For the wasted urn thus thrown away.

Her cheek is pale, she has loved in vain,

And quench'd is her dark eye's fire.

Comfort her not—it is not pain—

She will pass, as the winds expire—

The soft low winds that stir the trees

Yet marks no decay on their bright leaves.

Comfort!—It hath a mocking sound,

And falls on a listless ear—

Her grief is not for the empty word,

Or idly falling tear,

Comfort the dead, but oh, forbear

To strive with the unloved heart's despair.

An accepted Lover?—A conjugation, without the par-



PAUL AND VIRGINIA—[From a Painting by Schopin.]

This is one of the most exquisite productions that ever came from the pencil of pictorial imagination. The ornamented foot Virginia, contrasted to the naked one of Paul—showing that she was about to depart

"From simple climes to where they live on dress!"

is in the highest degree artistic—nay, poetical,

"To be more happy than you have been here,
Where would you fly?
Whoe'er could kiss from that sweet cheek a tear,
O fondly dry

Its melancholy moisture like a mother?"

"Alas! I know not," said Virginia, weeping,

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

"You took me, William, when a girl, unto your home
and heart,

To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;
And, tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk
in wo?

No; I would rather share your tear than any other's glee.
For though you're nothing to the world, you're ALL THE
WORLD TO ME.

You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench a
throne;

There's sun-light for me in your smiles, and music in your
tone.

I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears
grow dim;

I cry, "O, Parent of the poor, look down from heaven on
him;"

Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and
soul;

O, look in mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst make him
whole!"

And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smil'd,

How oft are they forbade to close in slumber by our child?

I take the little murmur that spoils my span of rest,

And feel it as a part of thee I hallow upon my breast.

There's only one return I crave—I may not need it long—

And it may sooth thee when I'm where the wretched feel
no wrong.

I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind;

I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind;

I ask not for attire more gay—if such as I have got

Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not;

But I would ask some share of hours that you on clubs
bestow:

Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not some-

thing know?

Subtract from meetings amongst men, each eve, an hour
for me;

Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be.

If you will read, I'll sit and work, then think when you're
away;

Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, of your
stay.

A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours.

And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage
flowers.

And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and
kind;

And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind
your mind."

THE TEARS WE SHED FOR THOSE WE LOVE, ARE THE STREAMS

WHICH WATER THE GARDEN OF THE HEART, AND WITHOUT THEM

WOULD BE DRY AND BARREN, AND THE GENTLE FLOWERS OF

FECTION WOULD PERISH.

MARRIED:

In this city, by Rev. S. Streeter, Mr. John Peter Hartz to Mrs. Mary Ann Silver. Mr. Peter Hunt to Miss Elizabeth A. Tyler. Mr. William Smith to Miss Ann E. Brackett.

In Cambridgeport, Rev. L. J. Fletcher to Miss L. C. Whittemore.

In Brattleboro', Vt. by Rev. J. H. Willis, Mr. George K. Smith to Miss Melvina P. Webster, of Gilsum, N.H. Mr. Rufus N. C. Pickering, of Royalston, to Miss Julia Ann Gipson, of Ashburnham, Mass. Mr. Henry O. Dudley, of Mount-Holly, to Miss Lucy A. Wilson, of Marlboro', N. H. Mr. Jonathan F. Wheeler to Miss Mary Ann Brown, of Chesterfield, N. H. Mr. Asa Wymann to Miss Hannah Mills, of Warwick, Mass. Mr. Katsell Purple to Miss Jane Battles, of Gill, Mass.

In Hartford, Ct. by Rev. H. B. Soule, Mr. Henry S. Barnes, of Meriden, to Miss Sarah A. Porter.

In Waterville, Me., Mr. Oliver Briard, merchant of this city, to Miss Helen Maria Chase, daughter of Dr. Hall Chase.

DIED:

In this city, Mr. Cyrus W. Brewer, 25. Mr. Jona. Wentworth, 19. Mr. John Bean, 43. Mr. David Parsons, 22. Mr. Edward Haynes, 79. Mr. Nathaniel F. Thayer, 29. Mr. Oscar R. Stone, 35. Mr. Timothy Gerrish, 50. Mr. William H. Gulliver, 42.

Aug. 22d, John B., son of Charles and Henrietta Cavery, aged 22½ months.

It died before the infant soul
Had ever burned with wrong desire,
Had ever spurned at heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fire.

It died to sin, to wo and care;
Yet for a moment felt the rod;
Then, springing on the viewless air,
Spread its light wings and soared to God.

Aug. 25th, Henry Loring, youngest child of Levi A. aged 15 months and 14 days.

"Happy soul thy days are ended,
All thy sufferings here below:
Go by angel guards attended,
To the breast of Jesus, go."

LEFT TOWN.—We understand that Hon. Geo. Morey, Col. Ezra Lincoln, Lt. Col. William Schouler, William Blake, Moses Kimball and Harvey Jewell, Esqrs., left town early yesterday morning for Salt River, for the purpose of

assisting General Winfield Scott to locate an hospital forty miles above tide water, at the head of the Lake. The occasion will be one of peculiar interest. An address on "availability" will be delivered by Hon. W. H. Seward of New York. Hon. John M. Botts will read the famous "letter of acceptance" and exhibit the identical coat-pocket which contained it.—Hon. Geo. Evans will aid a chorus of Germans in a "delightful melody," and Hon. John M. Clayton and Hon. Horace Greeley will keep up General Winfield Scott's "breaches" while he chants "The rich old brogue."

ANOTHER INVITATION.—Hon. Rufus Choate has been invited to deliver a eulogy on the death of Webster, before the Faculty and students of Dartmouth College. It is probable that the same eulogy pronounced in Boston, will be given at Dartmouth.

ACQUITTED.—We are pleased to learn that the man at the South end, who was charged with electricity, has been fully and honorably acquitted.

WEBSTER'S TOMB.—Daniel Webster's tomb is in the hearts of the American people; his Monumt is in their affections; his Biography is in their household words; his History, their past, present, and future; his Fame reflects where the sun gives light; and his Works will cope with destiny. Such a man, though dead, may well say, "I still live."

They tell me that life hath a stormy sea
Dare I trust my bark on its waves with thee?

Dare I give thee hope of a sunny youth,
And venture my all on the words of truth.

They tell me that love is a word for pain
For an aching heart and a throbbed brain;
They tell me that trust is a word for fears
For a waking dream of tempestuous fears.

Yet I hear thee talk—with a pleasant smile,
And thy dear hand clasping my own while—
Of a love that the fondest and truest will be,
When the dark storm of wo, sweeps over life's sea.

With thee—with thee! Thou hast won the prize
I have read thy heart through thy fond blue eyes,
My soul has drank deep of thy passion breath,
My spirit is won—I am thine till death.

TWILIGHT NEWS
When twilight dews are falling fast,
I watch that star whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee.

And now too on that orb so dear,
All dost thou gaze still on,
And think that lost forever here,
Thou'll yet be mine in heart!

30

WHY SPRING?

of Gori's art. Since Sig. Gori prepared a banquet for the late Thomas S. Perkins, on the occasion of a ball given by him at Papant's Hall, Beacon Hill has patronised Gori, who has from that time been acknowledged to be the prince of cooks. Sig. Gori is now regularly employed by Mr. Bailey, lessee of Union Hall, and, with *carte blanche* for extras he could not fail to cook a feast fit for the gods, or even the beautiful ladies of Beacon street.

No printed bill of fare was furnished, but we are able to testify to the following dishes:—Grouse, Partridge, and Quail, larded; Roasted Canvas back Ducks; boned Turkeys and Ducks in gelatine; Sweet-breads larded, in jelly; breast of chicken larded, in jelly; oysters also in gelatine, garnished with truffles; Bouillon Soup, Salads, etc. The ices and confectionary, gotten up in splendid style, were furnished by Philip J. Mayer, Tremont street.—Hock and Cabinet, washed down the feast when coffee was found unequal to the task.

We noticed that the belles of the evening did not hesitate to eat like other mortals. Refinement does not dull the appetites of the body, but gives them a finer and keener edge, and when Beacon street is hungered it eats.

Smith, the celebrated caterer, and his battalion of assistants, served the banquet, which received full justice at the hands of the gay revellers.

At length the delicate morsels were all despatched, and dancing was renewed by the younger members of the company. The grey-headed gentlemen, several of whom were present, took leave with their partners soon after supper, leaving the hall less crowded and giving freer scope to the waiters. The German Cotillion was now danced with unflagging spirit until nearly three o'clock, when the signal was given to close the festivities.

We can safely aver that Union Hall never witnessed a more brilliant assemblage than this, and we repeat that we take great pleasure in recording the success of the Almacks, proving as it does that our monetary affairs are not desperate, but that there is hope of a return to the days of confidence and peace. One crushed japonica, which we picked up the feet of a beautiful young lady, is now lying before us—may her heart never become like the lacerated flower, and may she nor any of that bright assemblage ever see the hour when they would fain recall the costly flowers so freely wasted that evening, and give them in exchange for a loaf of bread.

In conclusion, we return our heartfelt thanks to the managers of this pleasant festival for their attentions, and we trust that the parties yet to take place during this season may be as entirely successful as the first.

PENSIONS FOR THE WAR ON 1810.

A Lawsuit about a Sausage.

About a hundred years ago, a young lady of Rotterdam, named Wilhelmine Terscheling, was riding on horseback through the village of Boxmeer when her horse became frightened and ran away with her. The young man who accompanied her, and to whom she was betrothed, cried out that he would give a hundred ducats to any one that would stop the runaway horse.

The young villagers, who were playing ball upon the green near by, seeing a woman in danger, threw themselves before the furious animal. One of them was thrown down and wounded; two others received contusions; the horse fell, and the beautiful Wilhelmina rolled in the dust. A young man who was passing immediately threw his cloak over the lady, before any one else had time to perceive a finely turned leg and a pretty garter.

Mademoiselle Terscheling, on being carried home, had time to reflect, and the result of her reflections was, that there must never be two men in the world who had seen her garter. She accordingly sent for her betrothed and said, "Will you kill the man who threw his cloak over me?"

"Who, I? What an enigma!"

"I thought you would refuse. Then I shall marry him. When my life was in danger, you offered one hundred ducats to save me. This is the price you set upon my hand. Here are twenty-five hundred. You have made a good bargain."

She then sent for the stranger. "Monsieur," said she, "I am rich and young, and (she blushed prodigiously while adding one of these hypocritical paraphrases by which women speak of their beauty) I am not considered repulsive. I wish to marry immediately. I see that you are surprised. I will be frank with you. I have sent for you because you have seen my garter. You have rendered me a great service, Monsieur. Without you, all the young men of Boxmeer would have seen it, and, as I could not have married them all, I should have killed myself. But if you are not free, or I am not so happy as to please you, I shall give my hand, and my fortune to a man who will kill you. Do you accept, yes or no?"

"Yes, a thousand times yes! a hundred thousand times, yes!"

The marriage took place, and was like all other marriages probably; we have no particulars on the subject. All the young men of Boxmeer were invited to the nuptials and sumptuously feasted.

At her death, which took place in the course of time, the following codicil was found to her will.

"My farm, situated on the borders of the Meuse will remain forever, whoever may be the proprietor of it, subject to the following condition. Every year, under penalty of forfeiture, on the 13th of May, tables shall be prepared, and a ton of strong beer, and twenty ells of the best sausage in Rotterdam, shall be served to the young men of Boxmeer, as a token of gratitude that they saved my life, and of rejoicing that they did not see my garter, the 13th of May, 1756."

Until the present time, that is, during a hundred years, the wishes of the testatrix have been punctiliously executed. But the present heir, on the 13th of last May, attempted to elude them. Under pretext of conforming to the decimal system he gave twenty meters of sausage, instead of twenty ells, which made a difference of four meters to the detriment of the youth of Boxmeer.

Not to lose their fete, they devoured the twenty meters, "under protest," but this year they have brought a suit against the heir and demand that the case shall be decided before the 12th of May.

The First Assembly of the Almacks— Beacon Hill not affected by the financial pressure.

There is one spot in our broad country, which is as yet, thank heaven! unmoved by the commotions and disasters of the times, and that favored spot is in our own beloved city. While Europe is marching to the greatest contest in modern history, while those awful exhalations are rising from the sun of Moloch lately set up in the Crimea, while financial troubles afflict our land from Texas to Maine, Beacon Hill remains calm and undisturbed—enveloped in an atmosphere as serene as that which pervaded Eden before the fall. Commercial disasters have not shaken it, and it still shines a beacon-light to the world of fashion, of refinement, and wealth. If the floods of bankruptcy should finally sweep over us like the deluge of old, the sun of prosperity will linger latest upon Beacon Hill and revisit it earliest upon the subsidence of the bitter waters. When the deluge comes, that favored mount shall be our Ararat—from it we will take our last look at the desolated world, and there shall our ark rest when the restoration is at hand.

We are extremely happy in being able to assert this continued prosperity in our fashionable quarter, where wealth, refinement and luxury have reigned so long, they should continue to reign. Broad street may groan and blaspheme, Commercial street and Dock Square may toil and moil, but they can better afford to howl and swear, and work, and drudge, than Beacon Hill to forego its japonicas and rose-water. Broad street has got used to misery, and other quarters to hard labor—Japonica-dom is accustomed to luxury as well, and long may they enjoy it.

A conclusive evidence that the world goes well with Beacon Hill was furnished us on Thursday evening last, when the first Assembly of the Almacks took place, under the most brilliant auspices. According to their usual custom the gentlemanly managers favored us with a card of invitation, and in pursuance of our invariable practice, we availed ourselves of the opportunity afforded to witness the sequel siled display of beauty and fashion. The Almacks add our paper the court journal, and we feel bound to second their efforts in placing before the world a faithful report of their brilliant assemblies.

At eight o'clock, precisely, we were set down at Union Hall, and upon ascending to the third heaven, encountered the gentlemanly door keepers, the Messrs. Peck, who received our cards of admission with a benignant smile, and waved us onward toward the *salon de danse*. The grand staircase was newly covered for the occasion, the carpet extending into the street as far as the curbstone.

Upon entering the principal saloon we found that it had been decorated, tastefully and simply, but without regard to cost. The balconies were festooned with evergreen wreaths looped up with japonicas. The chandeliers, which are unequalled for brilliancy, in this city, were decorated with evergreen and japonicas. The great mirror in the center of the hall on the south side, was surrounded by evergreens and japonicas, white and red. The entrances of the hall were ornamented in a similar manner.

Upon the dais, south side of the hall, between the mirrors, were placed two large flower stands, trimmed with evergreens, which were loaded down a precious burden of red and white camellias, in pots, forming a rich and splendid feature of the scene. The japonicas, used in great numbers, were grown expressly for the occasion, and the cost of the decorations throughout amounted to several thousand dollars. The effect of the whole, when brilliantly lighted, was pleasing in the extreme.

The drawing-rooms for ladies and gentlemen were fitted up in a comfortable and luxurious style, with a profusion of mirrors, sofas and every convenience which could be desired. Opposite the large saloon is a smaller hall, which, on this occasion, was used as a supper room. The tables were loaded down with gilded porcelain, cut glass of the costliest description, and silver plate. The feast—but we will speak of this in a more appropriate place.

We next took a look at the orchestra, and found there assembled the Germania Serenade Cotillion Band, assisted by several members of the Orchestral Union, forming a band twenty-four in number, conducted by Carl Zerrahn. J. H. White, Esq., of the Germania Serenade Band, officiated as prompter.

The order of dancing was printed upon a folio card of plain paste board. Enamelled cards were ignored by Beacon street sometime since. They are liable to be broken and defaced, easily, and, besides, mechanics had got into the habit of using them.—The Almack cards contained the following inscriptions:

FIRST ASSEMBLY.

Thursday, December 14th, 1851.

UNION HALL.

1 March,	Vorwärts,	Johann Gung'l.
2 Quadrille,	Jubel,	Strauss.
3 Quadrille,	Sauvagine,	Strauss.
4 Polka,	Morning,	Bergmann.
5 Quadrille,	Newport Season,	Zerrahn.
6 Waltz,	Loreley Rhein,	Strauss.
7 Quadrille,	Haute Volee,	Strauss.
8 Redowa Polka,	Evening,	Strauss.
9 Quadrille,	Martha,	Strauss.
10 Waltz,	Mein Lebewohl,	Lumbye.
11 Quadrille,	Mode,	Strauss.
12 Schottsch.	Almacks,	Bergmann.
13 Quadrille,	Anna,	Strauss.
14 Redowa Polka,	Mathilde,	Schulz.
15 Quadrille,	Etiopian,	Josef Gung'l.
16 Waltz,	Kroll's Ball,	Lumbye.
17 Quadrille,	Redoute,	Strauss.

GESMAN COTILLION.

DAVID SEARS,		
WILLIAM P. MASON,		
JAMES W. PAIGE,		
CHARLES AMORY,		
Manag. rs.		
MONTGOMERY RITCHIE,		
FRANCIS W. PALFREY,		
KNYVET W. SEARS,		
RICHARD S. FAY, JR.		

The managers were designated by a white camelia worn in the button hole.

At half past eight o'clock the company began to arrive and the orchestra struck up the spirited march by Gung'l set down in the programme. The beautiful dames and demoiselles were escorted into the hall by their gallant cavaliers and the sets were formed for the first quadrille. As the hall was gradually filled by the fresh arrivals, it soon became evident that the magnificent decorations of the grand saloon would be eclipsed by the brilliancy and beauty of the fair ones there assembled. The

brightness of the chandeliers grew dim in comparison with the ladies' eyes, and the camellias were shaded by the natural roses and lilies of their cheeks.

Couch after couch rolled up to the door of Union Hall, and dame after dame swept up the grand staircase, arrayed in a style of elegance such as Solomon in all his glory never dreamed of.

When the party were all assembled they numbered upwards of four hundred and fifty, and if the Grand Sultan of the Sublime Porte could have gazed into the hall, when the revelry was at its height, he would have forgotten the contest now going on for his crown, or even the existence of Nicholas himself.

The dresses of the ladies exceeded in their richness and tasteful arrangement anything we have

seen, familiar as we have been with the Almacks of Boston; showing that in that important branch of the fine arts,—the adornment of the female form,—the progress of the world has been onward.

The apparel of the fair creatures was admirably designed to set off charms which it would have been a sin to conceal.

Some prudes among the Puritans who once inhabited this city might have insinuated had they been present, that the mantua-makers of his day have acquired a marvellous dexterity in running their scissors along the edge of decorum, but we of this age like to see proper respect paid to the God of nature. In regard to this matter, we observed that the beauties which had been so freely bestowed were gratefully displayed. We will maintain it against any odds that high-necked dresses upon beautiful busts are a grievous sin, and have only to add that on this occasion the ladies of the Almacks gave no cause of offence to the powers above or below.

There was but little jewelry worn except some very costly sets of diamond ornaments, among which was the diamond coronet of Madame Decon.

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brilliancy, in this city, were decorated with evergreen and japonicas.

The great mirror in the center of the hall on the

south side, was surrounded by evergreens and

japonicas, white and red.

The entrances of the hall were ornamented in a

similar manner.

In some of the head-dresses we noticed very

delicate and beautiful flowers, among which were

sprigs of Diasma, Erica, Eupatorium, Alyssum,

Alosia, Citriodora, and Orange blossoms, arranged

with exquisite taste. Some plumes were worn with

good effect, and we observed a few very beautiful

head-dresses of velvet and chenille. It would re-

quire more space than we can afford to describe the

different dresses in detail, and we have resolved not

to gratify idle curiosity by giving names or initials.

We learn that the effect of singling out and naming

young ladies in our previous reports of the Al-

mack parties has been to excite envy and jealousy

to a considerable extent among those who were not

thus honored, and as we most earnestly deprecate

any such result, we have determined to give no oc-

casional for it in this instance. We may, however,

particularize a few of the dresses worn, without

ruffling the fair bosom of any lady in attendance.—

One of those which struck us by its peculiar neat-

ness and its harmony with the complexion of the

wearer, was a white muslin, with flounces, trimmed

with three green leaves, at intervals, set in triangular

form, with a white flower in the center. A

delicate green wreath around the shoulders, with a

heavy sprig of the same worn on the bosom, and a</p

Written for the Freeman and Visiter.

LINES,

On the death of Miss Hellen A. Starkweather, who died February 18th, aged 18 years. Respectfully inscribed to her mourning friends.

BY A FRIEND.

Again 'tis mine to sing a mournful lay;
Again that awful monster, Death, has come
To earth, and torn a lovely flower away,
Which in the sunbeams gay did brightly bloom,
And now within that sweet celestial home
In living garbs of sweetest verdure drest,
That lies beyond the star-bespangled dome,
Where weary souls may find a heavenly rest,
She helps to swell the glorious anthems of the blest.

O! 'tis a sad and solemn sight to see
The beauteous form of buoyant youth laid low,
When life doth onward lure entrancing,
And span the future's sky with pleasure's bow,
And spread sweet charms around, above, below,
By death, and wrapt in everlasting gloom!

When low we lay them in the chilling tomb,
Although beyond it fadeless flowers of beauty bloom.

Scarce had the brilliant morn of lifetime fled,
Scarce had the dawn of womanhood begun,
When fell consumption, that destroyer dread,
With swift and devastating strides came on,
Nor ceased his work until the deed was done!

The bloom of youth, the glance of beauty's eye,
The golden beam of intellect's bright sun,
The hand of death could not deter. On high
She dwelleth now in joy where pleasures never die.

The joys of earth—how quick they pass away!
They disappear as doth the morning dew
Before the rising sun's effulgent ray,
And nought but emptiness then meets the view,
When gazing Hope's enchanting mirror through,

We see sweet fields with pleasure peopled o'er,
Where purest joys our pathway seem to strew,
Which shall be ours, she says, forever more,
And fill our souls with bliss unknown to us before.

But soon some stern reality appears,
And blasts for aye the pleasing prospect fair;
And turns our smiles of joy to sorrow's tears,
Or sinks the soul, perhaps, in deep despair;

Or else that frightful king, with sternest air,
Appears in view and claims us as his own,
Cuts off our hope of joy, and bears us where
Far sweeter joys than we have ever known,

In bright perennial verdure drest forever bloom.

The young, the old, the innocent, the gay,
Fair Virtue's daughters, and the sons of crime,
Alike to Death's relentless scythe are prey;

And all who dwell in this terrestrial clime,
Each in his own, near by, appointed time,
Must at his mandate bow, and bid adieu
To earthly scenes and soar on wings sublime

Away beyond the sky's ethereal blue,
To taste a purer bliss than mortal ever knew.

Since death must come, let us prepare to go,
When we are summoned, to the realms on high,
To sing with her, who's left this world of woe
For fairer climes beyond the azure sky,

A hymn of praise that will not ever die!
She waits us there; and when we seek that shore,
Where heavenly waters most serenely lie,
Then shall we meet the spirit flown before.

Walpole, H. N.

A Policeman separating two in a fight?—An interjection displacing a conjunction.

A Bachelor?—A personal pronoun without the plural.

WHAT are the regular part of speech? The tongue.



THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION;
OR,
PETER SWEIGHOFFER'S ADVENTURE
WITH A SNAKE.

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

People of strong n. rous temperaments are great slaves to the whims and caprices of their imaginations; and hence, people of good mental, but of very ordinary physical acquirements, are the most subject to this tyranny of mind over matter. Occasionally, a very ordinary sort of person—that is, an individual of considerable mind, but whose mental capacities are untrained, and so partially undeveloped—suffers from this peculiar fact, in a most distressing degree. No doubt (says the best physical authority), one-half the ills that flesh is heir to, are superinduced by the fancy of the sufferer alone. Hundreds have died by mere symptoms of cholera, yellow fever, and plague, induced by sheer dread and fear of those terrible maladies.

A case is recorded wherein a felon condemned to death by phlebotomy, had his arm laid bare to the shoulder, and thrust through a hole in a partition, while he was fast bound to the opposite side; the hidden executioner, upon the other side, applied the lancet to the arm with a click; the poor culprit heard the muddy stream outpouring, and soon growing weaker and fainter, he fell into a swoon, and died; when the fact was, not a drop of blood had been shed, a surgeon having merely snapped his lancet upon the arm, and continued to pour a small stream of water over the limb and into a basin!

Another case in "pint" was that of a Philadelphia amateur butcher, who in placing his meat upon a hook, slipped, and hung himself, instead of his beef, upon the barbed point. His agony was intense—he was quickly taken down and carried to a physician's office, and so great was his pain (in imagination), that he cried piteously upon every motion made by the doctor, in cutting the coat and shirt-sleeve from about the wounded arm! When at last the arm was bared, not a scratch was there! The hook point had merely grazed along the skin, and torn the—shirt-sleeve!

I will not multiply the various facts extant in proof of the force exercised by a misdirected imagination; but will mention one case so ludicrously imposing as to cause a pretty broad "smile," if not prove otherwise interesting.

Some years ago, near the town of Reading, Berks County, Pennsylvania, there lived a cosy old farmer, named Sweighoffer—of German descent, and accent, too, as his speech will indicate. Old man Sweighoffer had once served as a member of the Legislature, and was therefore, "no fool;" and as he had also long commanded a volunteer corps of rustic militia, he could hardly be supposed inclined to cowardice. His son Peter was his only son, a strapping lad of seventeen; and upon old Peter and young Peter devolved the principal cares and toils of the old gentleman's farm, now and then assisted by the old lady and her two bouncing daughters—for it is very common in that State to see the women and girls at work in the fields—and upon extra occasions by some hired hands.

Well, one warm day, in haying time, old Peter and young Peter were "hard at it," in the meadow, when the old man drops his scythe and bawls out—

"O! mine Gott, Peter!"

"What's de matter, fader?" answers the son, straightening up, and looking towards his sire.

"O! mine Gott, Peter!" again cries the old man.

"Donder!" echoes young Peter, hurrying up to the old man. "Fader, what is de matter?"

"O, mine Gott! Peter, der shnake bite mine leg!"

If anything, in particular, was capable of frightening young Peter, it was snakes; for he had once nearly crippled himself for life by

tramping upon a crooked stick, which clamped his ankle and so horrified the youngster that he liked to have fallen through himself.

At the word *snake*, young Peter fell back, nimbly as a wire-dancer, and bawled in turn—

"Where is de shnake?"

"Aup mine trowsis, Peter—O, mine Gott!"

"O, mine Gott!" echoed Peter, junior, "kill him, fader—kill him!"

"No-a, no-a; he kill me, Peter; come—come quick—git off mine trowsis!"

But Peter the younger's cowardice overcame his filial love, while his fear lent strength to his legs, and he started, like a scared locomotive, to call the old, burly Dutchman, who was in a distant part of the field, to give the father a *lift* with the snake. Old Jake, the farmer's assistant, came bundling along as soon as he heard the news, and passing along the fence whereon Peter and his boy had hung up their "linsey woolsey" vests, Jake grabbed one of the garments, and hurried to the old man Peter, who still managed to keep on his pins, although he was quaking and fluttering like an aspen leaf in a June gale of wind.

"O, mine Gott! Come—come quick, Yacob!"

"Vot you got, Peter, eh? Shnake?"

"Yaw, yaw. Come, come, Yacob! He bite me all to pieces—here, aup mine leg!"

Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to fear, but few people, young or old, are dead to alarm when a "pizen" reptile is make a *levy*. Gathering up the stiff, dry stalk of a stalwart weed, old Jake told the boss to stand steady, and he would at least stun the snake by a rap or two, if he did not kill it stone dead; and the old man Peter, less loth to have his leg broken than be bitten to death by the viper, designated the spot to strike, and old Jake let him have it.—The first blow broke the weed, and knocked old Sweighoffer off his pegs and into a hay-cock—*cobim!*

"O!" roared old Peter, "you broke mine leg and de tam shnake's gone!"

"Vere? Vere?" cries old Jake, moving briskly about, and scanning very narrowly the earth he stood upon.

"Never mind him, Yacob; help me aup—I'll go home."

"Put on your vhest, den; here it is;" said the old crout-eater, gathering up his boss, and trying to get the garment upon his lumpy back. The moment old Peter made this effort, he grew livid in his face—his hair stood on end, "like squills upon the frightful porkinhine," as Mrs. Partington observes; he shivered—he shook—his teeth chattered, and his knees knocked a *staccato* accompaniment.

"O! Yacob, carry me home! I'm deat as nits!"

"Vat? Ish nodder shnake in your throwshers?"

"No-a—look! I'm swelt all aup! Mine vhest won't go on my back. O! O! mine Gott!"

"Ton'ner and blixen!" cried old Jake, as he took the same "conclusion," and with might and main the old man, scared into a most wonderful feat of physical activity and strength, lugged and carried the boss some quarter of half a mile to the house.

Young Peter had shinned it for home at the earliest stage of the dire proceedings, and so alarmed the girls that they were in *high-stakes* when they saw the approach of poor old dad and his assistant.

Old man Peter was carried in, and began to die, natural as life, when in comes the old lady, in a great bustle, and wanted to know what was going on? Old Peter, in the last gasp of agony and weakness, opened his eyes and feebly pointed to his leg. The old woman ripped up the pantaloons, and out fell a small thistle top, torn.

It is charming the Buffalo people.

The failures in Melbourne, Australia, for four years, reach £2,827,000.

The streets in the city of Chicago are to be raised from four to six feet.

Call dis a shnake? Bah!" says the old woman.

"O, but I'm pizhened to death, Molly! See, I'm all pizhen—mine vhest—O, dear—mine vhest not come over mine pody!"

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared the old woman—

"Vat a fool! You got Peter's vhest on—haw! haw! haw!"

"Bosh!" roars old Peter, shaking off Death's icy fetters at one surge, and jumping up.—"Bosh! Yacob, vat a tam ole fool you mush be, to say I vash shnake-bit! Go 'bout your bishness, gals. Peter; bring me some beer."

The old woman saved Peter's life!

EPITAPHS.

An Epitaph, copied from a tombstone in Burbage Churchyard, Leicestershire.

Here lies to babs that we did love
Departed from us like a dove;
The babs that we did much adore
Is gone and cannot come no more.

In Biddeford Church-yard.

The wedding day appointed was
And wedding cloths provided,
But ere that day did come, alas!
He sickened and he—died!

In Kenuyn Church-yard, Cornwall. In memory of Thomas Cornish, who died Jan. 1, 1844, aged 66 years.

My sledge and hammer lie declined,
My bellows pipes have lost their wind;
My fire's extinguised—coal decayed,
And in the dust my voice is laid;
My iron's wrought, my life is gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.

In Cottisford Church-yard, Oxfordshire.—
This man died in the act of tolling the bell.

John Brown at Cottisford town,
The truth as I do tell,
He was eighty-five as I am alive
And he tolled his passing bell.

In Brackley Church-yard, Northamptonshire.

Our lives is nothing but a winter's day,
Some only break their fast and then away,
Other stay dinner and then go well fed,
The deepest age but sups then goes to bed;
He's more in debt that lingers out the day
He who dies soon hath less and less to pay.

In Fritwell Church-yard, Oxfordshire.

Plain was my portion, physic was my food,
Christ was my physician, for drugs did me no good,

In the Church-yard of Enfield Church, on the tomb of Ann Carey.

Here lies interr'd,
One that scarce err'd;
A virgin modest, free from folly;
A virgin knowing, patient, holy;
A virgin blest with beauty here,
A virgin crowned with glory there;
Holy virgins, read and say,
We shall hither all one day,
Live well, you must
Be turned to dust.

In Enfield Church-yard, on the tomb of John White, Surveyor to the New River Company,

Here lies John White, who day by day,
On river works did use much clay,
If not to clay, yet dust will come,
Which to preserve takes little room,
Although enclosed in this great tomb.

Another.

Here lies, aged threescore and ten,
The aged remains of Mr. Woodhen.

N. B. for hen, read cock; cock would not come in rhyme.

What art thou reading o'er my bones,
I've often read on other stones;
And others soon shall read of thee,
What thou art reading now of me.

Here lies, thank God, a woman, who
Quarrell'd and stormed her whole life through,
Tread lightly o'er her mouldering form,
Or else you'll rouse another storm.

Adam's Sleep.

He laid him down and slept; and from his side

A woman in her magic beauty rose,
Dazzled and charm'd he called that woman bride,
And his first sleep became his last repose.

Lola Montez, after bullying a railway con-

ductor, is charming the Buffalo people.

The failures in Melbourne, Australia, for four

years, reach £2,827,000.

The streets in the city of Chicago are to be raised from four to six feet.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

BY E. P. CHRISTY.

Way down upon the Sawney river,
Far, far away—
Dab's my heart is turning ever,
Dab's my heart is turning ever,
All up and down the whole creation,
Saddly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.
All the world am sad and dreary,
Every where I roam,
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

All 'round the little farm I wandered,
When I was young—
Den my happy days I squandered,
Many the songs I sung;
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I—
Oh, take me back to my kind mudder,
Dab let me live an' die!
All the world am sad and dreary,
Every where I roam,
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

ANGEL CHARLIE.

BY FANNIE FALES.

From the New Bedford Standard.

Fold his dimpled hands to rest,
Cross them softly on his breast;
O'er his forehead, pure as snow,
Let the golden ringlets flow;
Ten leery his eyelids close—
Just a line of azure shows,
Press his lips and let him go,
For the angels miss him so!

"Suffer little ones to come—"
The Redeemer calls him home,
Hushed and holy is the air,
Unseen spirits everywhere;
Ere he passed away, he prayed,
In the "Valley," not afraid:
He has left a track of light
That we follow him aright.

Lay him underneath the snow—
Where the violets will blow
And the gentle blue birds sing
When they feel the breath of Spring—
Pur the covering, and meet
For one innocent and sweet.
Thought you love him let him go,
Lay him underneath the snow!

Gone the little dancing feet,
Gone the laughter wild and sweet;
Twining arms, and eyes of blue,
Lips of music, lips of love,
Flown our little fluttering dove.
Gone the sunshine from the room,
Gone from rosy lif the bloom.

Angel, in thy home on high,

Dost thou hear us sob and sigh:

Not that thou art safe from woe,

But, we miss thee darling, so,

We are bowing 'neath the rod,

Thou art in the arms of God;

Naught is left us but the shell,

Angel Charlie, "It is well."

HALF A THOUSAND FLOWERS





PORTRAITS OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

By the courtesy of his Excellency the Swedish Minister, we are enabled to present to our readers the accompanying portraits; that of Oscar, King of Sweden and Norway, being copied from a painting by M. Bauguet, and that of the Queen, Josephine, from a lithograph, a striking likeness.

Oscar, was born in Paris, in July, 1799, consequently he is now 45 years of age.—The late King, his father, died in May last, and the Coronation of Oscar, took place at Stockholm in July, 1844, with great pomp.

At the time of the birth of Oscar, his father was commanding the army of reserve on the Rhine, and was, in the same year, appointed Minister of War. His mother was Desirée Clary, the sister of Joseph Buonaparte's wife. In 1796, Napoleon had been a suitor for this lady's hand. In one of his letters, he said, "I will insure to you a brilliant lot. Possibly, I may pass away like a meteor; but venture to predict that my passage will be long remembered." Mademoiselle de Clary's father, a rich merchant at Marseilles, refused Na-

poleon, (then General-in-Chief of the army in Italy), observing that he thought one Buonaparte enough in his family.

In 1804, Oscar, then five years of age, joined his father, who was governor of the kingdom of Hanover. He was placed at a school, where the sons of some of the best families in the country were his companions. His education took a German rather than a French direction, and he imbibed that taste for the literature and the languages of the north which he has constantly retained. The good fruits of education are manifested in his solid and extensive information, and his truly national spirit.

Prince Oscar accompanied his father in the campaign in Norway in the year 1814, and thereby acquired some experience in warlike operations. He has a taste for the military art, though he is not exclusively devoted to it. He can manœuvre with admiral skill a corps of infantry or cavalry, or both together. His knowledge of artillery is extensive, and perfectly practical. He was, therefore, appropriately created Grand Master of the

Artillery of the two kingdoms (Master General of the Ordnance).

His countenance is handsome, his features regular, his figure noble and well proportioned, and his look is full of amity. His manner displays more of the calmness of a native of the north than the vivacity which might be expected in one of French extraction.

He married, twenty years ago, Josephine the daughter of Eugene Beauharnois, Duke of Leuchtenberg (one of the great characters of our age), by a Princess of Bavaria, sister of the present King. Four sons and one daughter are the issue of this marriage.

The succession to the throne is the more firmly secured to his family by the descent of his sons from their grandmother, the Princess of Bavaria; a descent which brings them nearer to the ancient house of Vasa than the Prince is who takes that name, and who really is only Prince of Holstein Guttorp.

“Speak Not to Him a Bitter Word”

Would'st thou a wanderer reclaim,
A wild and restless spirit tame;
Check the warm flow of youthful blood,
And lead a lost one back to God?
Pause, if thy spirit's wrath be stirred,
Speak not to him a bitter word—
Speak not—that bitter word may be
The stamp that seals his destiny.

If widely he hath gone astray,
And dark excess has marked his way;
'Tis pitiful—but yet beware,
Reform must come from kindly care.
Forbid thy parting lips to move,
But in the gentle tones of love,
Though sadly his young heart hath err'd,
Speak not to him a bitter word.

The lowering frown he will not bear,
The venom'd chidings will not hear;
The ardent spirit will not brook,
The stinging tooth of sharp rebuke;
Thou wouldst not goad the restless steed
To calm his fire or check his speed;
Then let no angry tones be heard—
Speak not to him a bitter word.

Go kindly to him—make him feel
Your heart yearns deeply for his weal,
Tell him the dangers thick that lay
Around his 'widely devious way';
So shalt thou win him, call him back
From pleasure's smooth, seductive track,
And warnings thou hast mildly given,
May guide the wanderer up to Heaven.

Did you ever know a young single lady that did not expect to get married?

Did you ever know a tailor to send home a garment on the day that he promised it should be done?

The following hymns, were written for the obsequies of Rev. J. E. Emerson which took place at the Federal street church, yesterday:

ORIGINAL HYMN.

[By Miss H. F. GOULD.]

To Thee, O Lord, in dust we kneel,
With sorrow-stricken heart,
Which thou alone hast balm to heal,
Whose wisdom sped the dart.

A flock we mourn our shepherd, here
No more his face to see;
For, while his voice is in our ear,
His spirit dwells with Thee!

Earth saw him, like the sapling green,
That sure support would find,
Against the cross of Jesus lean,
From every adverse wind.

With name and heart so soon among
The friends of Christ enrolled,
A son of man, he was but young,
When one of God, so old!

His wings, beneath their mortal veil
Prepared for early flight,
Wore, shining, through that fabric frail,
And, mounting, soared from sight!

To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
His teachings to apply:
He sweetly told us how to live,
And showed us how to die!

REQUIEM.

[By a MEMBER OF THE CHURCH.]

Soldier of Christ, farewell!
Till the last trump shall sound,
Thy soul at rest in heaven, shall dwell,
Thy body, in the ground.

Before thy morning sun
Had reached its noon tide height,
Thy service hers was nobly done,
And victory crowned the fight.

We witnessed to thy zeal,
In works of faith and love;
When death on these had set its seal,
Thy witness was above.

The standard thou didst bear,
Is still to view unfurled;
Be it our anxious, ardent care,
To show it to the world.

When our last foe is slain,
We'll lay our armor by;
And hope with thee to meet again,
'Mid shining hosts on high.

Our voices joined once more,
Shall mingle with the strains
That saints and angels sweetly pour
Along the heavenly plains.

Death of a Child.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Hither come at close of day,
And o'er this dust, sweet mothers, pray!

A little infant lies within,
Who never knew the name of sin,
Beloved, bright, and all our own;
Like morning fairies and sooner flown!

No leaves or garlands wither here,
Like those in foreign lands;
No marble hides our dear one's bier,
The work of alien hands;
The months it lived, the name it bore,
The silver telleth, nothing more!

No more;—yet silence stalketh round
This death so dim and deep,
And death keeps watch without a sound,
Where all lie pale and sleep;

But palest here, and latest hid,

Is he—beneath this coffin lid.

How fair he was,—how very fair,—

What dreams we pondered o'er,

Making his life so long and clear,

His fortunes flowing o'er;

Our hopes,—that he would happy be,

When we ourselves were old—

The scenes we saw or hoped to see,—

They're soon and sadly told.

All was a dream!—it came and fled,

And left us here, among the dead!

Did you ever know a rich man that did not want to be a little richer?

Did you ever know a poor man that did not think somebody poorer than himself?

Did you ever know a lady with a handsome set of teeth that did not laugh?

Did you ever know a season when there was not a complaint that the crops would be short?

In a summer's night I take my flight
To where the maidens repose;
And while they are slumbering sweet and sound,
I bite them on the nose.

THE WAY MR. B. CARRIED HIS TWO BOTTLES. Divers suburbs were put to their traps, last Saturday, to devise means whereby they could take home in the cars, (*sub rosa*), a bottle or two of the forbidden beverage, ere the new liquor law came into force.

Various and ludicrous were the expedients resorted to, and it was quite worth one's time to stand in the door-way of either of the railroad stations, and note the bundles of all shapes and sizes, borne beneath the arms of the different passengers, as they hurried past you.

There was the bundle carefully tied up in a handkerchief, which you would have supposed contained a new coat, a new pair of "Sunday pants," or something of that sort, had you not seen a cork slyly poking its head out at the end; there was a package that resembled a roll of magazines, (carried by a severely looking literary man,) and the idea that it was a demijohn would never have struck you, had the bearer thought to have removed from the wrapper a card labelled,—"From — C. & Co., dealers in wines and liquors, Congress-st."—and there was something a lady in black was warmly pressing to her bosom, as she came up the steps,—her last and only babe! you inwardly exclaim, expecting every moment to hear a squall,—but as the good woman steps on her dress, and you see her trip, and fall,—and as you rush forward to assist her to rise, you hear a sudden cracking, and the sound, as it were, of "running waters," and you,—but no matter.

Well, now, how did Mr. Mr. B. manage with his two bottles?—our good friend B. of the Plain.

Why, having despatched to Mrs. B., by the express, at her request, a box or so of ale and porter, he bethought him that a trifle of Ota-d, might not come amiss, during the warm weather.

But how should he take it out?—"Carrying bundles" of any kind he detests,—more than all, bundles of bottles.

Presently, his eye fell on a hat box that stood on a shelf in his office. "I have it!" he exclaimed. "I'll take the bottles in that box,—surely there's no harm in one's carrying one's new hat home, in one's own hands!"

Accordingly, at or about six P. M. on Saturday last, there "might have been seen" a very respectable middle aged gentleman rapidly walking across the Common, with a large blue hat box under one arm and an umbrella under the other.

Now it is no common affair with Mr. B.—this getting a new hat,—and his Dedham and Jamaica Plains friends knew it. He should not have been surprised, therefore, to hear this gentleman and that, as they passed him in the car, whisper in his ear,—"Ah, Mr. B., got a new hat? eh?" "Well, B., I declare you're dashing out!" "Sounds! B., my good fellow! ain't you extravagant, for these times?" "I say, B., who suffers,—Aborn or Burditt?"—and so on.

But Mr. B.'s vexations,—as sorely as these annoyed him,—did not end here.

Not a Jamaica Plain, nor a Dedham gentleman did he meet in town on the following Monday, (whether the thing was preconcerted or not,) is neither here nor there,) who failed to button-hole him, and ask—"Has that hat been wet yet?"

"God bless you!" he would answer, "we can't get anything now, you know."

"Never mind," was the universal rejoinder, "a glass of soda will do as well." And soda it was, pretty much all day.

"Wife," said Mr. B., as he sat down to supper that evening, "what do you suppose those two bottles of Ota-d, cost me?"

"Why, you told me one dollar and fifty cents each."

"Yes," cried Mr. B., bringing his clenched hand down on the table in a way that made everything rattle, "yes, that is what I paid Mr. —, on Saturday,—but, to-day, they have cost me, in addition, more than fifty of Fred Brown's and Tompkins' soda tickets!"

X.

BABY POETRY. The following "Baby Poetry" appeared in the Buffalo *Republic*.

It deserves a place in the next volume of nursery rhymes for its faithfulness, if not for its beauty. The author must be fresh from the "baby haunts," or else he is in possession of an extraordinary memory.—

Where is the baby?—Bless its heart!

Where is muzzer's darling boy?

Does it hold its little hands apart?

The dearest, blessed toy?

And so it does!—And will its little chin

Grow just as fast as butter?

And will it poke its little finger in

Its tunnin' little mouth, and mutter

Nicey nicey words,

Just like little Yaller Birds?

And so it will! and so it may,

No matter what its pappy, mammy say!

And does it wink its little ey-ses,

And when it's mad it up and cries?

And does it squall like chick-a-dees

At every thing it sees?

Well it does!—Why not, I pray?

Ain't it muzzer's darlin' every day?

Ain't it the image of its pa-ses?

The sonny of its ma-ses?

Oh! what's the matter? Oh, my! Oh, my!

What makes my sweetest chicken ky?

Oh, nasty, ugly plin, to prick it!—

It's darlin' muzzer's darlin' cricket!

There! there! she's thrown it in

The fire—the kuel, wicked pin!

There! bush my honey! go to sleep,

Recked in a kade of a deep!

The Vows of Men.

Write on the sand when the tide is low,
Mark the spot when the waters flow;

Whisper a name when the storm is heard,

Pause that the echo may catch the word;

If that you write on the sand should last;

If the echo is heard mid the tempest's blast,

Then believe, and not till then,

That there's truth in the vows of men.

Throw a rose on the stream of morn,
Watch at eve for the flower's return;

Drip in the ocean a golden grain,

Hope 'twill shine on the shore again;

If you gaze on your grain of gold,

Then believe, and not till then,

There's truth in the vows of men.

The Autobiography of the Widow Billings, the Boarding House Keeper.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

At the suggestion of several esteemed friends, and influenced somewhat, perhaps, by the enviable notoriety so many of my sex have recently attained in the field of letters, as writers and authoresses, I approach the public to day, (not without timid misgivings, be assured, dear reader, as to my success,) as humble apologist for a small share of the favors it has so liberally bestowed on those who have gone before me.

To some, the autobiography of a simple boarding house keeper may seem, of necessity, tame, dull, and insipid. Others there are, however, (and their name, as I believe, is Legion,) with whom it may possess no ordinary interest, coming in contact, as they do, beneath the roof of their boarding houses, with living, moving representatives of the characters acting as the dramatic personae in the various scenes described.

To the latter class, I mainly dedicate these pages, though I am vain enough to believe that the former will find much in them to amuse, if not instruct.

Of my parentage, and the early incidents of my life, I say nothing. They would be of no interest to the reader. I may be permitted perhaps, however, to say that the untold luxuries of my happy, bittersweet childhood, offer a sad contrast, indeed, as I recall reminiscences of those far off days, to the wants and privations that followed, as after years rolled on. They do indeed.

Nearly twenty years have elapsed since the day when C. Augustus Billings, Esq., junior partner of the firm, —, —, & Billings Brothers, No. 55 Milk street, led the writer of these sketches to the altar, and good old Dr. —, made us twain, one.

Charles was young, fine looking, and full of life and spirits. My father said he was "an exceedingly promising young man,"—mother declared he was "the best manured youth she had ever seen;"

— and all my school mates vowed it was "really too bad that Kit Carlton should catch such a sweet pretty fellow" as "Gus Billings, she was such a dreadful homely creature!"

Well, we were married, and "settled down,"

We lived in what is called "good style,"—I had my three servants, and "Gus, he kept his buggy and pair of bays.

For ten years everything went on "as merry as a marriage bell." Upon the beginning of the next, my husband contracted a fever which laid him upon his bed,—from which he was taken, only to be carried to the tomb.

I was left with four children, but it was supposed by everybody that my husband's estate, when settled, would prove ample for our support.

It was soon discovered, however, that the affairs of the house of "Messrs. —, —, & Billings Brothers," were in a sadly complicated state, and, within a few weeks, their failure was publicly announced.

This was a sad blow indeed, and my cup of bitterness was filling fast. But I remembered that Augustus told me, some years ago, that he had effected insurance on his life for \$10,000, for the benefit of his wife and children, and I so informed my father.

He proceeded at once to the office, and was there told by the Secretary, that the policy had expired, in consequence of the non payment of the premium, pre-say three months before!

"The careless scamp!" muttered my father to himself, and then quickly added,—"No, no! it's too soon for that!" And I doubt not a tear stood in the old man's eye, as he re-called the harsh expression, for he dearly loved my "Gus, with all his fancies. And so did I."

My parents were rich,—not wealthy, it is true,—and an asylum for me and mine beneath the roof that housed me when a child, was freely offered me.

But I preferred to earn a support for us all, if possible, with the toiling of my own head and hands, and I opened a boarding house,—that *dormer* room of so many, placed in my unhappy situation.

The chapters that follow I intend shall exhibit some incidents in my experience while passing through the "fiery ordeal." With descriptions of scenes that served but to embitter and make me miserable many among those long and dreary days, shall be given some that could but amuse me, albeit for an idle hour only.

Among other characters to be introduced to the reader, there will appear, as we go along, Mr. Pipe, the quiet boarder;—old Mr. Bumsted, the fidgety boarder; Frank Soper, (Washington street clerk,) the wild boarder;—old Mrs. Stubbs, the nervous boarder; Mr. Higginbotham, the boisterous boarder;—Mrs. Smith, the pious boarder;—Hon. Mr. Bank, (member of the Legislature,) the demure boarder;—Mr. Waite, the delinquent boarder;—Mrs. Tilson, the unhappy boarder;—Mr. Worth, the prompt-paying boarder;—Captain Bisk, the smoking boarder; and young Mr. Froot, the boarder who played on the violin.

May 10.
Retail Prices at Faneuil Hall Market.

The prices of provisions still rule high, and yet the market appears to be abundantly supplied. It is supposed that fresh meats cannot command the extreme high prices they are now selling for, for any great length of time, because on the approach of warm weather the consumption very sensibly diminishes. As the season advances, the early succulent garden vegetables will rapidly fall in price, and they will be in the market in abundance. A few strawberries and small lots of tomatoes have made their appearance and have been sold at fabulous prices.

The following is a list of prices for the principal articles in Faneuil Hall Market this morning:

Beef—Roasting pieces per lb., 12 a 18c; corned, 10 a 12; rump steak, 20 a 22.

Pork—Roasting pieces, 10c; corned 2.

Veal—Hind quarters, 8 a 12½; fore quarters, 5 a.

Lamb—Quarters, \$1.50.

Mutton—One shilling per lb.

Tripe—10c.

Hams—11 a 12½.

Turkey—Per piece 1 50 a \$2.

Chickens—One shilling per lb.

Butter—New tub, 25 a 28; old tub, 20 a 25; new lump, 20 a 22; old lump, none.

Cheese—10 a 17c.

Eggs—Per dozen, 18c.

Fish—Halibut, 8c; salmon, 50; cod, 4; mackerel, per piece, 12½; lobsters, 5c per lb.

Potatoes—Beach-blows, per barrel, \$2; do. per bushel, \$1; Carter, per barrel, 4 50; do. per bushel, 1 50.

Apples—Russets per barrel, \$5; do. per bushel, \$2; Baldwin, none.

Green Peas—per bushel, \$3.

Asparagus—Per dozen bunches, \$1 50.

Radishes—Per dozen bunches, 75c; do. per bunch, 8.

Lettuce—Per bunch, 8c.

NOT BAD. A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Times*, from Burlington, Vt., relates the following:

"I am reminded—speaking of cheese—of a little anecdote the stage-driver told me yesterday. We were passing an old farm-house with an untidy yard, and dilapidated out-buildings, when he said:

"A Boston man got off a pretty cute speech to the owner of that place, t'other day."

"What was it?" I asked.

"Why, he called at the house to buy cheese, but when he came to look at the lot, he concluded he didn't want 'em, they were so full of 'skippers.' So he made an excuse, and was going away, when the farmer said to him:

"Look here, Mister, how can I get my cheese down to Boston at the cheapest?"

The gentleman looked at the stuff a moment and saw the maggots squirming, and said—

"Well, I don't know; let 'em be a day or two, and you can drive 'em right down!"

It seems to me the answer was somewhat

"pertinent to the occasion."

DIDN'T KNOW HIMSELF. A few years since a gentleman extensively connected with the whole sale West India trade in this city, and as well known for his many virtues and benevolence as for his independence in the matter of dress, entered the old Exchange Coffee House in Devonshire street, and was astonished to observe that several of his old and intimate friends did not recognize him. He had just donned a new blue coat, with bright brass buttons, and was, in fact, as thoroughly disguised as if he entered the room with mask and domino. Our friend could not imagine the cause of this lack of recognition, and walked up to the mirror which used to overhang the cozy little lunch table of the Exchange, to see whether he was really himself or somebody else. He looked at his face. "Those are John Goodenow's eyes, those are John Goodenow's cheeks, that is John Goodenow's nose," exclaimed he, "but diame if this is John Goodenow's coat. Winter?" he cried. "A winter was in a moment at his side. "Bring me a flour dredger." The dredger was brought, and the bean new coat so thoroughly besprinkled with flour that it resembled an old worthless garment. "There," said uncle John, surveying himself in the glass, "now I'd like to see the man who would intrude on me in his accustomed habiliments was the venerable and wealthy Joshua Sears, Esq., and after a hearty shake of the hand and a hearty laugh, the two worthy gentlemen took a glass of stone-fence, and then walked on 'Change to give tone and body to the money and molasses market.—Times.

FIRE PREVENTED BY A YOUNGSTER. On Monday evening, the residence of William Barnicoat, Esq., Ex Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, 372 Tremont street, was saved from serious damage, if not total loss by fire, through the instrumentality of his little grandson George, about three years old. The little fellow had been put to bed for the night, and had been absent but a few minutes, when he returned to the room in which Capt. Barnicoat and family were seated, and in a hurried manner exclaimed, "Gan pa, Dordy, I raid to sleep in that room! room burn up, Gan pa." Capt. Barnicoat instantly hastened to the room and found one of the windows curtains on fire and in a blaze. With his accustomed and well known coolness, he managed to extinguish the fire, but not until the sash and casing of the window was considerably charred. It appears that the servant girl, who put "Dordy" to bed, accidentally set the curtain on fire from her lamp, and left the chamber without perceiving it, and the lamp had been too near the curtain.—Journal.

ELOQUENT BREVITY. That "brevity is the soul of wit" has been uttered again and again, until it is as "familiar as household words," and many are the examples given in proof of the assertion. But we heard on Saturday of an instance in which brevity was not only witty but eloquent; if by eloquence we are to understand the accomplishing of the object in view.

In this case, the eloquence was the result of accident and not design, but none the less powerful for that—but the story.

Once upon a time, in a certain city, there lived a merchant, whose name is not at all necessary.

Times were hard, as they are now, and the merchant had received from one of his customers at a distance, in answer to a previous dun, a letter stating his difficulties, and requesting time.

Agitated, not with that matter only, but

many others, the merchant paced the floor of his counting-room, with arms behind his back, and a lowering. Stopping, suddenly, he turned to his clerk and said:

"Mr.

THE REGRETS OF APPROACHING OLD AGE—OR, “WHEN I WAS IN MY PRIME”

When I was in my Prime!

I.

I mind me of a pleasant time,—
A season long ago,—
The pleasantest I've ever known,
Or ever now can know:
Bees, birds and little tinkling rills
So merrily did chime;
The year was in its sweet spring-tide,
And I was in my prime!

II.

I've never heard such music since,
From every bending spray,”
I've never pulled such primroses,
Set thick on bank and brae,—
I've never smelt such violets,
As all that pleasant time,
I found by every hawthorn root,
When I was in my prime.

III.

Yon mossy down, so black and bare,
Was gorgeous, then, and gay
With gorse and gowan, blossoming
As none blooms now-a-day:—
The blackbird sings but seldom now,
Up there in the old lime,
Where, hours and hours, he used to sing,
When I was in my prime.

IV.

Such cutting winds came never then,
To pierce one through and through;
More softly fell the silent shower—
More balmy the dew:
The morning mist and evening haze—
Unlike this cold gray rime—
Seemed woven waves of golden hair
When I was in my prime.

V.

And black-berry—so mawkish now—
Were finely flavored then,
And hazel nuts! such clusters thick
I ne'er shall pull again;—
Nor straw-berry, blushing wild, as rich
As fruits of sunniest clime;—
How all is altered for the worse,
Since I was in my prime!



THE ACTRESS.
Loud rang the deaf'ning plaudit—there she stood
“Joying” in her magnificence—her eye
Lit with a haughty splendor, and her brow
Beaming with conscious intellect. That form,
That look, that mind placed in another sphere
Had raised contention on the thrones of Kings.
Loud rang the deaf'ning plaudit—there she stood
Her red lips slightly parted, and there came
Sweet breathings through those portals. Oh! she was
Too proud a thing to walk this servile earth,
Too beautiful for this world's gazing on.
And jealousy had marred with lying breath
The lustre of her glory—there had gone
Out from the lips of Envy perjured tales
That spoke of worthlessness—and poisoned words
Had sunk upon her brain—she pondered them;
And even when the voice of praise was loud
As now it was, it brought no healing balm
Upon its breath—the world was lone and dark
And desolate and false—she loathed the chain
That bowed her down in spirit, and she grew
Mournful and broken-hearted, faint and sick.
She was too proud to show it—nay the flame
That burned consumingly within, but lent
A richer crimson to her burning cheek,
A dazzling lustre to her full blue eye,
And pride and majesty to ev'ry look,
And ev'ry motion.

T'was the closing scene
Of a deep Tragedy—and she had played
Her part with fearful energy—for truth
Spoke from her burning lips, and the despair
Of fiction, in her living earnestness
Grew real; and man praised and woman wept,
Unconscious that the bitter, burning drops
Fell at the words of real misery.
Long rang the plaudit—she had played her part
Bravely—the mimic scene was near its close.
And when with deep solemnity she raised
The chalice to her lips, each gazer on
Felt his heart beating and his eye grow wild
With wonder at the fearlessness of truth:
And almost saw the pulse of that bright lip
Beating upon the poison'd goblet's rim.
Long rang the plaudit—she had dropp'd to earth—
The golden cup flung, drained to parching, by.
Her marble forehead leaned upon her hand,
Reposing with a leaden weight—the curls
Fell unrestrained and motionless about
The ashy hand—the fearful hour came on.
The glazing eye—the pale and quivering lip,
The forehead throbbing with an aching pulse,
The quick decay, the groan, the heavy fall
All—all are past. Why crow'd her comrades so
About the fallen figure? There was one,
An aged woman bent above the form—
A heart was breaking in that moistened eye,
Sadly she gazed upon the fallen one.
She placed her trembling hand upon the heart,
No pulse beat there—the lip was damp and wet—
Wet with a deadly poison. Death was there!

Jenny's Husband.

At one of the concerts of Jenny Lind, at Tripler Hall—we forgot just how long ago—a newly arrived pianist made his first appearance. There was little curiosity about him. The songstress, whom the thousand present had gone only to hear—sang—lifted all hearts into the air she stirred, to drop back, with an eternal memory of her, when she ceased. And then came, according to programme, “Herr Otto Goldschmidt.” He played, and the best educated critic in New York said to a lady beside him, “The audience don't know what that is!” But the audience had another object for their attention. The side door of the stage had opened, and Jenny Lind, breaking through her accustomed rule of reserving her personal presence for her own performances, stood in full view as a listener. The eyes of the audience were on her, but hers were on the player. She listened with absorbed attention, nodding approbation at the points of artistic achievement, and, when he

closed (four thousand people will remember it), she took a step forward upon the stage, and beat her gloved hands together with enthusiasm unbounded. The audience put it down to her sympathy for a modest young stranger; and so, perhaps, did the recording angel—with a prophetic smile!—*Home Journal.*

CHEAP MODE OF FILTERING WATER.—Procure a clean flower-pot of the common kind, close the opening in the bottom, by a piece of sponge; then place in the inside a layer of small stones, previously well cleansed by washing; this layer may be about two inches deep, the upper stones being very small. Next procure some freshly-burnt charcoal, which has not been kept in a damp or foul place, as it rapidly absorbs any strong smells, and so becomes tainted and unfit for such purposes; reduce this to powder, and with it, twice its bulk of clear, well-washed, sharp sand; with this mixture, fill the pot to within a short distance of the top, covering it with a layer of small stones, or what is perhaps better, place a piece of thick flannel over it, large enough to tie round the rim of the pot outside, and to form a hollow inside, into which the water to be filtered is to be poured, and which will be found to flow out rapidly, through the sponge, in an excellent pure state.

Letter of Condolence

To Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Stewart, of East Cambridge, on the death of her only child, him aged seven years.

BEREAVED FRIENDS.—Prompted by a deep feeling of sympathy which pervaded the heart of every bereaved mother who has been called to resign to earth the remains of a darling child, it is with heartfelt satisfaction that I am induced to comply with your request, and offer at this time those words of consolation which your peculiar situation strongly claims. And O, that I could write with the “point of a diamond,” kindly directed by some sweet ministering spirit, which would have power to still the upheavings of a heart saddened and bereft, in mercy directing to that great Fount of everlasting love, which chastens only to bless.

When I view that dear picture which was sent for me to look upon, and see there the lively impress of that mother, whose whole nature is sympathy and love; and when I see, too, the perfect features of that precious child, strongly bearing the marks of one more fitted for heaven than earth, I feel that an abler pen than mine should attempt to assuage the grief, and calm the soul that heaves the deep drawn sigh. You need not tell me, my dear sister, that your love was deep, was strong! I see it, I know it! You need not tell me that the object of your love was interesting, was beautiful! for no one could look upon that noble head, and that expressive countenance, without love and admiration. But while we look we see the impress of heaven itself, we see there the lineaments of a mind which earth would fail to satisfy,—

And God, your Father, took him home,
To be with angels blest,
In that pure world of ceaseless joy,
And everlasting rest;—

Where you shall meet, and with him join
Your heavenly notes to raise,
Uniting in one holy song
Of never ceasing praise!

EX. H. C.

O! she was a maid of a laughing eye,
And she lived in a garret cold and high;
And he was a threadbare, whiskered beau,
And he lived in a cellar damp and low.

But the rosy boy of the cherub wing
Hath many a shaft for his slender string,
And the youth below and the maid above
Were touched with the flaming darts of love.

WEBSTER ON THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.—There are very few, we think, who will not agree with us, after reading the following, in the opinion that Daniel Webster would have been as distinguished in the pulpit as he has been at the bar and in the Senate.

A few evenings since, sitting by his own fireside, after a day of severe labor in the Supreme Court, Mr. Webster introduced the last Sabbath's sermon, and discoursed in animated and glowing eloquence for an hour on the great truths of the Gospel. I cannot but regard the opinions of such a man in some sense as public property. This is my apology for attempting to recall some of those remarks which were uttered in the privacy of the domestic circle.

Said Mr. Webster: “Last Sabbath I listened to an able and learned discourse upon the evidences of Christianity. The arguments were drawn from prophecy, history, with internal evidence. They were stated with logical accuracy and force; but, as it seemed to me, the clergyman failed to draw from them the right conclusion. He came so near the truth that I was astonished that he missed it. In summing up his arguments, he said the only alternative presented by these evidences is this: Either Christianity is true, or it is a delusion produced by an excited imagination. Such is not the alternative, said the critic; but it is this: The gospel is either true history, or it is a consummate fraud; it is either a reality or an imposition. Christ was what he professed to be, or he was an imposter. There is no other alternative. His spotless life in his earnest enforcement of the truth, his suffering in its defense, forbids us to suppose that he was suffering an illusion of a heated brain.”

Every act of his pure and holy life shows that he was the author of truth, the advocate of truth, the earnest defender of truth, and the uncomplaining sufferer for truth. Now, considering the purity of his doctrine, the simplicity of his life, and the sublimity of his death, is it possible that he would have died for an illusion? In all his preaching the Saviour made no popular appeals. His discourses were all directed to the individual. Christ and his Apostles sought to impress upon every man the conviction that he must stand or fall alone—he must live for himself and die for himself, and give up his account to the omniscient God, as though he were the only dependent creature in the Universe. The gospel leaves the individual sinner alone with himself and his God. To his own master he stands or falls. He has nothing to hope from the aid and sympathy of associates. The deluded advocates of new doctrines do not so preach. Christ and his Apostles, had they been deceivers, would not have so preached.

If clergymen in our days would return to the simplicity of the gospel, and preach more to individuals and less to the crowd, there would not be so much complaint of the decline of true religion. Many of the ministers of the present day take their text from St. Paul, and preach from the newspapers. When they do so, I prefer to enjoy my own thoughts rather than to listen. I want my pastor to come to me in the spirit of the gospel, saying, ‘You are mortal! your probation is brief; your work must be done speedily. You are immortal, too. You are hastening to the bar of God! The Judge standeth before the door.’ When I am thus admonished, I have no disposition to muse or to sleep. ‘These topics,’ said Mr. Webster, ‘have often occupied my thoughts; and if I had time, I would write on them myself.’

The above remarks are but a meagre and imperfect abstract, from memory, of one of the most eloquent sermons to which I have listened.—[Congregational Journal.]



THE FAMOUS CHARTER OAK, HARTFORD, CONN., AS IT APPEARED AT THE TIME OF ITS FALL.

**Further Demonstrations
RESPECT TO WEBSTER.**

**INCIDENTS, ETC.—LETTER FROM
THE PRESIDENT.**

**IMPRESSIVE SERMON OF REV. DR.
DEWEY, IN WASHINGTON.**

The Mercantile Library Association have a special meeting to-night, to take measures to express their sympathy for the loss the nation has sustained in the death of Mr. Webster. The association rooms have been draped in mourning.

Franklin Pierce has written to the family, claiming the privilege and expressing his intention of being present at the sad solemnities.

He dictated his will himself, with remarkable particularity and precision, and at some length, two days before his death.

His private papers have all been sealed up, and with his will, have been deposited in the vault of one of the Boston banks, where they will remain until after his funeral.

His executors are his widow, Caroline Loring Webster, Fletcher Webster, and R. M. Blatchford, of New York.

The following letter has been addressed by President Fillmore to the heads of departments:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
Monday morning, Oct. 25, 1852.

GENTLEMEN:—The painful intelligence received yesterday, enforces upon me the sad duty of announcing to the Executive Department the death of the Secretary of State. Daniel Webster died in Marshfield, Mass., on Sunday, the 24th of October, between the hours of 2 and 3 in the morning. Whilst this irreparable loss brings its natural sorrow to every American heart, and will be heard far beyond our borders with mournful respect wherever civilization has nurtured men who find in transcendent intellect and faithful, patriotic service a theme for praise, it will visit with still more poignant emotion his colleagues in the administration with whom his relations have been so intimate and cordial.

The fame of our illustrious statesman belongs to his country; the admiration of it to the world. The record of his wisdom will inform future generations, not less than its influence has enlightened the present. He has bequeathed to posterity the richest fruits of the experience and judgment of a great mind. In these his memory will endure as long as our country shall continue to be the home and the guardian of freedom.

The people will share with the Executive Department in the common grief which befalls his departure from amongst us. In the expression of individual regret at this affecting event, the Executive Department of the Government will be careful to manifest every observance of honor which custom has established, as appropriate to the memory of one as a public functionary, and so distinguished as a citizen.

The Acting Secretary of State will communicate this intelligence to the diplomatic corps near this Government, and through our Ministers abroad to foreign governments.

The members of the Cabinet are requested, as a further testimony of respect for the deceased, to wear the usual badges of mourning for thirty days. I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

To the Acting Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury, Interior, War, and Navy, and the Attorney General and the Postmaster General.

ADJOURNED MEETING OF THE SUFFOLK BAR.

—Pursuant to the adjournment of Monday, the members of the Suffolk Bar again met in the room of the Law Library, yesterday morning. In the absence of Mr. Loring, Sidney Bartlett, Esq., was called to the Chair.

It was moved that an addition of four members be made to the committee chosen on Monday, and that a further adjournment be had until Thursday morning, in order to give full opportunity to prepare a full and satisfactory report. These suggestions were agreed to, and on motion of Mr. Choate the gentleman named as follows were added to the committee:

Professor Simon Greenleaf, Judge Warren, Tolman Wiley, and John P. Putnam, Esq.

On motion of Mr. Choate, the meeting then adjourned to meet at half past nine o'clock on Thursday morning, in the Supreme Court Room.

U. S. CIRCUIT COURT.—The United States Marshal read a communication from Judge Curtis, stating that no proceedings would be had by this Court in reference to the deceased until after the action of the Suffolk Bar on Thursday.

At the post mortem examination of the body of Mr. Webster, it was found that he died of disease of the liver. The immediate cause of death was hemorrhage from the stomach and bowels, owing to a morbid state of the blood consequent upon the above disease. There was also dropsy on the abdomen.

At the free soil meeting at South Boston on Monday evening, a letter was read from Hon.

J. G. Palfrey, who, it was announced, would speak upon the occasion, stating that in consequence of the relations that had always existed between him and the departed statesman, having been for some time his pastor, his feelings would not permit him to address an assembly where it would be necessary from his position in the opposite party to speak of Mr. Webster's public career disparagingly and with censure.

At the meeting of the Mattapan Literary Association, Henry A. Drake, Esq., arose and made a touching and beautiful tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead. He then offered a series of resolutions expressive of the honor which they had for Mr. Webster, their appreciation of his eminent public services, and the grief and sorrow with which they learn of his death. The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the Association adjourned in token of respect to his memory.

The Charlestown City Government have voted to attend the funeral, and, also, that the flags on the City Hall be displayed at half-mast, and also that the bells be tolled on the day of the funeral.

A Committee was also appointed to take such other measures as may be deemed expedient.

The Roxbury city government has also passed similar resolutions.

The Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati was also held yesterday, and passed resolutions

of respect to the memory of their deceased honorary member.

In Dorchester, Waltham and New Bedford, similar meetings have been held.

Tremont Temple was crowded Sunday to hear Mr. Kalloch, who it was announced would resume his pulpit ministrations. The pews, the aisles, the halls and the stairways were filled by the weekly worshippers in the Temple and by a gaping crowd who had been attracted by a desire to see the man whose name during the last few weeks has been in every newspaper and upon every tongue. It is easy to draw together a crowd, and the exhibition of pluck—not so rare we trust as might be supposed from the admiration it excites—is particularly attractive to the masses. Anson Burlingame drew even a larger crowd in and about the same edifice when he returned from Washington. He had exhibited pluck. The streets were thronged to see Major Poore wheel his barrel of apples to the Tremont House. He was plucky. Just so it is with Mr. Kalloch. He stands up in the face of public opinion—sustained by his society—and says he shall continue to preach—that it is none of the public's business. It is a matter between him and his society. He is full of courage and determination, and people flock to stare at and to admire a plucky minister. The scene at the Tremont Temple was suggestive. Some of our city clergymen might find in it a subject for a very forcible sermon. As we learn by contrasts, we would suggest for a text Matthew, chap. 11—7th, 8th and 9th verses.

We do not wonder that the continued confidence expressed in Mr. Kalloch by his society, has outweighed his better judgment, and induced him to reconsider a determination which we are assured he avowed towards the close of his trial, to retire from the ministry. Such a testimonial would have intoxicated a wiser and more judicious man than Mr. Kalloch has proved himself to be. Were the question merely one between him and his society, as he assumes, we should be the last to express dissent from the propriety of any course which he might see fit to adopt. But is public opinion, as affecting the standing of a minister, of no account? Has the church no interest in the matter? Has it no weight upon the cause of religion and morality, that a man who is believed by a portion of the community to have been guilty of adultery, and whose innocence has not been established in the minds of probably a very large majority of the public, sets himself up as a guide in virtue and religion? Grant that one half of the people are fully convinced of the entire innocence of Mr. Kalloch—are the opinions of the other half not deserving of respect? Grant that there are many who friendlessly exult over the assumed fall of Mr. Kalloch. Is it a matter of indifference that his name is bandied in bar-rooms and brothels, and that it has been given to an intoxicating compound which has suddenly become very popular? Is it not desirable that a minister of the gospel should be above reproach—above even suspicion so far as humanity can attain to so perfect a state? Assuming Mr. Kalloch to be entirely innocent of the grave charge which has been brought against him, is he blameless?

These inquiries which the members of the religious denomination with which Mr. Kalloch is connected must decide. They are questions for the consideration of the reverend clergy, and of the religious press. The secular press has spoken out, and they have doubtless reflected public sentiment. What that sentiment is there can be no mistaking. We have clipped from our exchanges all the editorial opinions which have come under our notice within the past two or three days, and now have before us articles from twenty-eight New England newspapers. Of these twenty-two assume that Mr. Kalloch has not relieved himself from a suspicion of guilt which must affect his standing, and with great unanimity maintain that his influence as a minister is gone, and that he ought to retire from the ministry. Four of the twenty-eight are non-committal, and only two fully sustain Mr. Kalloch. Mr. Kalloch and his friends may denounce and defy the press. We trust their position will provoke no retaliation. Confident in the belief that their pastor is an injured man and is innocent of the charge upon which he has been tried, his society may disregard public opinion, but we much mistake if calm reflection does not convince the religious community that it is better even that an innocent man should suffer than that the church should endure reproach.

We had hoped there would be no necessity for reverting to this unpleasant case—that Mr. Kalloch, resting on the assurance of the continued confidence of his society, would retire gracefully from the pulpit, and relieve the church from the embarrassment of deciding upon the effects which are likely to result from his continuance in the ministry. We have no personal feeling against Mr. Kalloch, and cheerfully acknowledge the Christian spirit which dictated his advice to his friends to refrain from denunciation of those who have been compelled to express unpleasant opinions. We have not been able to convince ourselves that he is innocent of the charge which has been laid at his door, but we are not prepared to maintain the converse. He may not be guilty—we hope he is not—but only a verdict of entire acquittal, accorded by a great majority of the community, can qualify him again to become a light of the church. This is substantially the opinion which we maintained in our previous article, and which we here repeat. We now leave the subject to the clergy and to the religious press, conscious that we have done our duty as the exponent of public opinion, and prepared to acquiesce cheerfully in the conclusions which, having the interests of religion especially in charge, they may deliberately avow and maintain.

It is said of the celebrated Boerhaave, that he considered heat so prejudicial to human health, that he was never known to permit himself to approach near a fire!



ORTRAIT OF ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, BORN NOV.

WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

O woman! wert thou
But constant, thou wert perfect: that one error
Fills thee with faults. *Shakespeare.*

You remember FANNI, Mr. Greene, the same little fairy that struck her harp so delightfully in the Boudoir in olden times. That phoenix of syphs and paragons as we only thought her; and one that was expected to refine by example the character and manners of our modern damosel. But alas, he has come back from her Portland Boarding School a new fashionable belle, and has cut all her old friends with as little mitigation or remorse as she would raffle in public for a gold pencil case! *Sic transit, &c.* The following is transcribed from the Bachelor's Album.

FANNI.—A BALLAD.

Again she turned, and smiled and sighed,
And from her snowy brow,
A fresh-blown rose she tore, and cried,
Forewore! sweet rose and thou!

Swift to my lips the flower I prest
And kissed it o'er and o'er;
The rose clung blushing to my breast—
The maid was seen no more.

Full many a weary summer's sun
Sunk in the billowy sea;
And many a toiling wave rolled on—
Still she was far from me.

My heart grew sad—deep sighs would swell,
At her too lengthened stay;
And tears like golden leaflets fell
When autumn steals away.

I hied me to some rural spot
To enjoy its charms again;
But flowerets drooped where she was not,
And warblers sang in vain.

I stole to press the mossgrown seat
That we had loved of yore;
But that, before so calm, so sweet
Entranced my soul no more.

From fashion's throng and festal glare
My listless steps would stray;
For I was sad and silent there,
Where all was bright and gay.

On time's soft wing more grateful hopes
Like glittering dew-drops shone;
My bosom's lord more lightly sat,
On his imperial throne.*

She came, again those sparkling eyes
Fixed on me their deep bine;
Like bright stars in a wintry sky—
As cold and distant too.

I saw her in the mazy dance—
And flatterers hovering nigh;
No answering fondness met my glance—
No sweet responsive sigh.

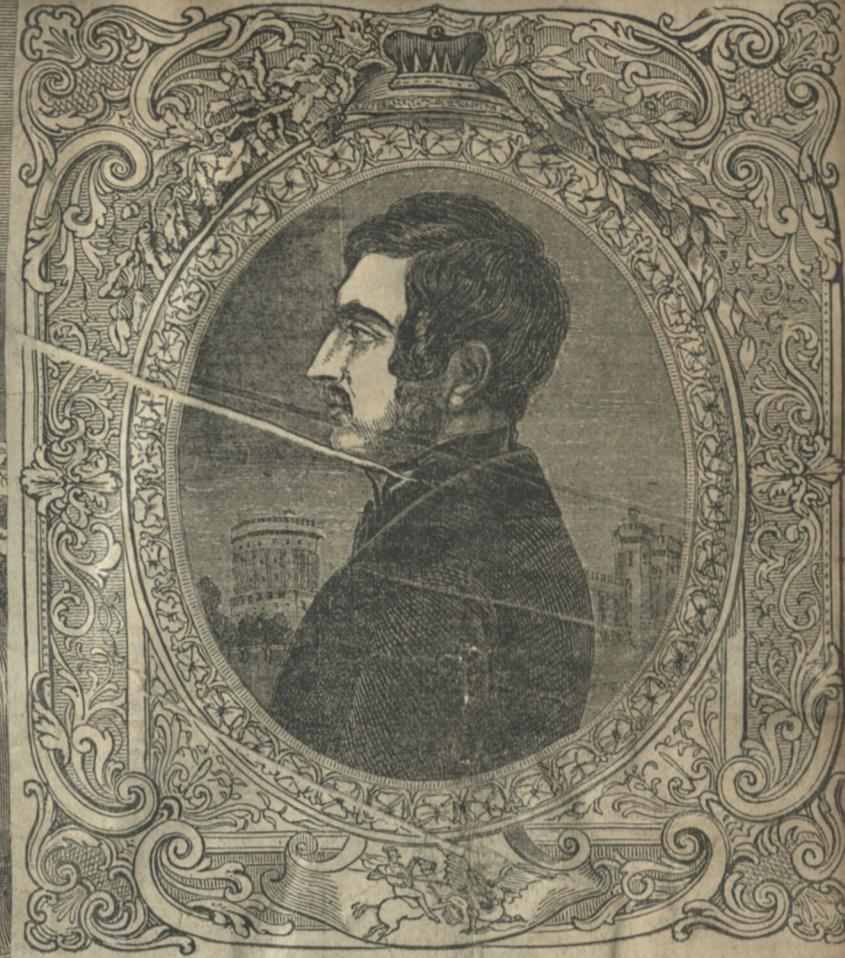
On the ignoble crowd around,
That look so prized before,
Was I like rose-leaves o'er the ground—
She lied on me no more.

Jenny Lind and the Blind Boy.

A poor blind boy, who is highly gifted with musical talent, and who resides in the northern part of the State of Mississippi, had expressed such great anxiety to hear Jenny Lind sing that his friends raised a subscription to send him to this city to gratify his wish.

On arriving here, he accidentally took lodgings in the same hotel with Mr. Kyle, the celebrated flutist. One evening Mr. Kyle, hearing some very wild sweet flute tones, listened for some time in surprise, and as the sound died away, he said to himself, "Well that fellow thinks he can play; but now I'll just show him what I can do." Taking up his flute, he played the air of the "Last Rose of Summer," with variations. The blind boy listened with breathless delight, and following the sound, he came to the door of Mr. Kyle, and stood there until the last note ceased. With a feeling of impulse he could not restrain, he knocked at the door. "Come in," said Mr. Kyle, and not recognizing the lad, he said, "What do you want, sir?" "I am blind," said the boy, "and have been drawn hither by your sweet music. Do tell me who you are." "I am but a poor musician," said Kyle, "and am travelling with Jenny Lind, as flutist." "You are!" exclaimed the lad; "Oh! sir, do take me to hear Jenny Lind; I have come a long way to hear her sing, but the price of tickets is so high that I am too poor to buy one. Can't you take me to hear her, sir?" he continued, with great feeling; "I have heard she is so good, so generous, so pretty, and sings so sweetly, that I shall never be happy until I hear her."

Mr. Kyle felt deeply for the boy, and promised that he would take him to hear the lovely Swede. Accordingly, he took the blind boy that night and seated him in a chair behind the scenes. The sweet songs of the nightingale affected the lad deeply, and produced upon him varied sensations. But when Jenny sang "Home, Sweet Home," he melted into tears. On her retiring she was attracted by the sound of the boy's sobs, and inquired who he was. Mr. Kyle then told her the history of the lad in a few words, which much interested her; and sending for him the next day, the poor boy left the generous songstress one hundred dollars richer than when he reached the city.—*N. O. Picayune.*



PRINCE ALBERT.

Johnny Sands,

A man whose name was Johnny Sands,
Had married Betty Hague;
Who, though she brought him cash and lands,
Yet proved a shocking plague.

For she was quite a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim;
He said that he was tired of life—
And she was tired of him.

Says he 'then I will drown myself,
The river runs below';
Said she, 'pray do, you silly elf,
I wish'd it long ago.'

Said he, 'upon the brink upright
I'll stand; run down the hill,
And push me in with all your might.'
Said she, 'my love, I will.'

For fear that courage I should lack,
And try to save my life,
Pray tie my hands behind my back—
'I will,' replied his wife.

She tied them fast, as you may think,
And when securely done,
Now go she cried, upon the brink,
And I'll prepare to run.

All down the hill his tender bride
Now ran with all her force
To push him in—he step'd aside,
And she fell in of course.

There, splashing, struggling, like a fish,
'O, help me, Jonny Sands!'
I can't my dear, though much I wish,
For you have tied my hands.'

Song to Kate.

My eyes! how I love you,
You sweet little dove you—
There's no one above you,
Most beautiful Kitty.

So glossy your hair is—
Like a sylph's or a fairy's,
And your neck I declare! is
Exquisitely pretty.

Quite Grecian your nose is,
And your cheeks are like roses—
So delicious—O Moses!
Surpassingly sweet!

Not the black eye of Juno,
Nor Minerva's of blue; no
Nor Venus's you know,
Can equal your own!

Oh! how my heart prances,
And frolics and dances,
When its radiant glances
Upon me are thrown!

And now, dearest Kitty,
It's not very pretty—
Indeed it is a pity
To keep me in sorrow!

So if you'll but chime in,
We'll have done with our rhyming—
Swap Cupid for Hymen,
And be married to-morrow.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1852.

A WORD TO WEBSTER MEN.

Your illustrious leader is in his grave and can no longer be honored or gratified by your devotion, or your votes; but you owe him a duty still. You owe it to his memory, and to your own heartfelt convictions of the unblemished purity of his long life, to PUNISH HIS SLANDERS whenever the power is in your hands. Not a man of you but will cheerfully acknowledge this duty and gladly perform it.

You have a chance to strike at one of these slanderers now—aye, at the chief of them—HORACE MANN has the consummate effrontery to present himself before you at this crisis as candidate for Governor of this Commonwealth,—of the lamented Webster's own State—even while the heart of our whole people is convulsed with grief for his loss, and while our tears are falling on his new made grave!

REBUKE THE SLANDERER! Teach him that he cannot fatten in the land which his breath pollutes. Strike him down while he is exulting in anticipated triumph. Tell him that Massachusetts has neither honor nor rewards for any one who has attempted to cast a shade over the fair fame of her unequalled Statesman. Bid him retire to private life and repent of his malignant sins, or seek elsewhere to gratify his vaulting ambition. Vote against him directly and *vote against him indirectly*. See to it that no Senator—no Representative is elected who will help to elevate him to the high office he dares aspire to.

Webster men of Massachusetts—you who loved Webster living, who honor him dead—who reverence his memory—if you have no other reason for going to the polls on the 8th of November, there is motive enough to rouse all your zeal and all your exertions in the fact, that Horace Mann aspires to be the Chief Magistrate of the State which contains the tomb of your illustrious friend. You will not permit such a foul consummation; you will not permit it to be said that in a very few days after Massachusetts had buried her noblest citizen—"the foremost man of all the earth"—she elected as her Chief Magistrate his chief slanderer—one who has perverted the powers of a considerable mind and bent them all to the task of blackening the fair fame of Daniel Webster!

The characters of her public servants are the property of the Commonwealth—it is her duty to resent all attacks upon them—to purge her borders of their calumniators and slanderers—to keep all such men from her high places of honor and of trust, and to teach them that by whatever other acts they may rise, the path to her high places shall not be over the pure and spotless fame of her illustrious dead.

Webster men! Massachusetts commits this duty to you. She bids you see to it that no slanderer of her glorious patriot-statesman shall have the keeping of her honor. She calls upon you to shield the unsullied fame of her great son and to keep her own escutcheon unsullied. It is a weighty and a solemn duty—fail not to perform it thoroughly and well, as you reverence the memory of the great departed.

I've beheld that none can save
Loveliest blossoms from the grave,
Shed a ray of endless gloom
O'er their relics in the tomb,
None can save each virtue there,
Save the "Rose of Sharon" near.

"WHO'S AFRAID!"

One of the comic papers revives an old story that is better now than it was before these days of spirit-seeing and hearing. It seems that an old sea captain, who had retired from service and was living on a farm, had a wild, harum-scarum nephew living with him. He could never drive or frighten said nephew to do any thing in its proper time. Among the rest, he could never get him to drive the cows up to milk before dark—he had to drive them up from a back pasture through the sugar-bush. Finally, the captain asked the lad if he was not afraid to go through the woods in the dark.

"Afraid! what is that? I never seen afraid," replied the boy.

"Well, never mind, my lad; you will see one some of these nights, if you do not get the cows up before dark," said the captain, meaningly.

That night the boy played until dusk before he went after the cows as usual. The captain took a sheet and followed him. Now the captain had a tame monkey, who saw the performance, and, monkey-like, took a table-cloth and followed the captain at a respectful distance. The captain went into the middle of the woods, where there was a big log by the side of the path. Going to the further end of it, he wound his sheet around him, got upon it, and stood still. The monkey got on the first end without noise, and did the same. So the parties stood when the boy came whistling along with his cows. They shied a little upon seeing the ghosts, which caused the boy to look ahead.

"Hello, what is that?" he shouted; "by golly, I guess it's a fraid!" and then, spying the monkey, he sung out, "by Jerusalem, if there ain't two fraids—a big fraid and a little fraid!"

This caused the captain to look around, when he saw, for the first time, his ghostly companion. He thought it was a *fraid* sure enough. The old captain streaked it for home, the monkey chasing him, and the wicked nephew clapping his hands and shouting, "Run, big fraid, run, or little fraid I'll ketch you!"

Gentle
XXVII

*or Deep
ward*

Line 38⁷⁰



HOLCOMB Sc

BROUGHAM'S DANCERS, AT THE BOWERY THEATRE, NEW YORK

ELOQUENT REMARKS OF DR. DEWEY ON THE

DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

[From the *National Intelligencer*.] The emblems of woe which shroud our columns to-day, will announce to our readers a national calamity. The sad event has fallen upon us which the tidings for the last few days had rendered but too certain was soon to strike the National heart with sorrow.

Daniel Webster breathed his last, at Marshfield, yesterday morning at three o'clock. Thus one after another, the great lights of our country and of the world pass away.

More appropriate than anything which we could pen, we add the closing remarks of the sermon pronounced yesterday by one of our most eloquent Divines—Rev. Orville Dewey—the melancholy news having reached the city a little before the hour of morning service in our churches. The sermon was on the subject of *Death*, and from this text of the 90th Psalm, "We spend our years as a tale that is told." After an impressive discourse on the solemn theme, the preacher paused, and then resumed as follows:

"My friends, you all understand why I have chosen for the subject of this morning's meditation the most solemn event that can address itself to mortal men—DEATH—the hour, the crisis of our departure from this life. This morning brought us tidings of such an event,

It occupies the whole public mind; we feel that it is no ordinary event. From a high place in this Government—from a place still higher in the estimation of his countrymen—from the highest place, I suppose, on this continent, in intellectual power, a great man has passed away. He is gone! he is gone! How difficult, how almost impossible to realize it. He was so with us and of us; he was so a part of this nation, and of this nation's life and history, that the very world, this American world, feels a shock in this disruption of his ties to it. He is gone! DANIEL WEBSTER is dead!—That vast space which he occupied is darkened; that great and majestic presence has passed away!

"You mourn for him. There are friends of his here whose hearts are stricken for his loss. It is not a great man only that you have lost, but a man you loved. His was not a majestic presence only, but, to those who knew him well, a presence the most winning. No conversation perhaps was ever more captivating than his, in his hours of ease and unbending from cordial thought and weighty care. I think I never saw the cloud of a brow so dark at times, beam forth a sweeter smile.

"Am I saying that he had no faults? If he had, let the pall of death cover them to day. But of what mortal man shall that be said? Yet this I say, that those who imagined that in the majestic proportions of his nature, the heart had no place, have utterly misconceived him. And this, too, I say, that, in the moral judgments which his political opponents were accustomed to pass upon his daily life, no man, I am thoroughly convinced, was ever more misrepresented.

"But it is not my part to pronounce his eulogy. That belongs to others. This country, to which his life was devoted—this country, in its whole length and breadth, bears his eulogy. The name of DANIEL WEBSTER will be known and celebrated as long as this nation shall endure.

"I am reminded in this connection of what one of his great competitors in political life (Mr. Calhoun) once said in conversation upon the question, 'What is the greatest action a man can perform?' He said it was this: for a man

to speak, in a difficult and perilous national emergency, THE GREAT WORD, that should give guidance and deliverance to his people. For, said he, it implies the largest knowledge of the past, the clearest foresight of the future, and the fullest comprehension of the present. Mr. Webster, more than once, spoke that word. It was given to him in perilous emergencies to stand by the Constitution and Union of his country, with sage wisdom and grave strength.

"And many other words did he speak, in the Senate and the Forum, which the world will not let die. It is most fortunate, that among the last cares of his life, was the collection under his eye, of his speeches in volumes, which are destined to be read, marked, and noted, as long as there is an American or Englishman to read anything.

"But he is gone! All our thoughts of him now yield to that thought—he is gone! The voice is silent; the eye is quenched; the brow that awoke the world, is but cold, dead, senseless clay. Oh, Life! how art thou but as a tale that is told? We say a few words *in memoriam*; we take our last look, or feel that the last look is taken; we shed some 'natural tears,' and all is over.

"Oh! in the infinite realm of the unseen life there is a place for all souls. What awaits them there is not decided by what we say here. We bow before the infinite wisdom of God. To His infinite care and mercy we commit the dead, and we commend the living; we commit the dead, who is gone; and we commend the living, who mourn for him.

"Yes, we commit, we yield him up to God's behest; it is all over; the last struggle is past; the struggle, the strife, the anxiety, the pain, the tumult of life is over; the tale is told, and finished, and ended. It is told and done; and the seal of death is set upon it. Henceforth that great life, marked at every step, chronicled in journals; waited on by crowds; told to the whole country by telegraphic tongues of flame—that great life shall be but a history, a biography, a tale told in an evening tent. In the tents of life it shall long be recited; but no word shall reach the ear of that dread sleeper by the ocean shore. Folly will he rest there. Like the granite rock, like the heaving ocean, was his mind! Let the rock guard his rest; let the ocean sound his dirge!

"My respected hearers and friends, I have said these few words on the sad occasion that presses upon your minds this morning. I could not say less of such an one, who is lost to us—of such an one, who has dwelt among you as a neighbor, a friend, and a fellow laborer in the cares of Government. It would not become me to offer you admonition, counsel, or consolation. Your own minds will do this for you better than I can. May God in his goodness grant that the uses of this visitation may be as great as the event is signal and solemn."

"Self-Examining Society."

Mr. EDITOR:—A society of the above name has recently been organized in Cambridgeport for the purposes of gathering those persons who are known to mind their own affairs, and not meddle with the affairs of their neighbors. For the government of this Society, the following is recommended as a

CONSTITUTION.

Art. 1st. This Society shall be known by the name of the Self-Examining Society, and shall be composed of both sexes, whose minds and hearts are capable of moral improvement.

Art. 2nd. The object of this Society shall be, that while they may see each other's faults, to feel and correct their own; to suppress all manner of deceit and hypocrisy, slander and defamation, backbiting and evil speaking, with all that tends to injure or defraud our neighbor, either of his property or character.

Art. 3d. This Society shall be independent of all other societies, each member being vested with full powers and privileges to attend to his own concerns; and he shall make it his duty to mind his own BUSINESS and let others alone. No President, Vice President, Secretary, Spies, Informers, or Committees of Delegates shall ever be chosen by the Society to watch over the conduct of others, and make a report of their neighbor's misdoings, until such work of charity shall have begun at home.

Art. 4th. There shall be no public meetings of this Society on any appointed day to manage its concerns, or hear lectures delivered before it; but it shall be the duty of every member to meet himself alone every day, and listen to the lectures of his own conscience.

Art. 5th. No money shall be raised from time to time to support this Society, nor to circulate Self-Examining Almanacs to convince us how much easier it is to examine others than it is to examine ourselves.

Art. 6th. Every member of this Society shall pay due regard to temperance in eating and drinking, and everything else, but he shall be his own judge what he shall eat, and what he shall drink and wherewithal he shall be clothed—while gluttony, drunkenness and tight lacing shall be left to the gnawings of conscience and consumption, with all the popular reproaches which they deserve.

Art. 7th. Every member of this Society shall be allowed to drink tea or coffee, cold water, buttermilk or lemonade as suits him best, or chew, smoke or take snuff when not offensive to the company he is in, without being excommunicated from good society or delivered over to the buffets of the Pharisees.

Art. 8th. No member of this society shall ever set himself up above his fellows, or seek to establish his own character and consequence, by blackening his neighbor's good name, thinking to make his own appear whiter; but it shall be the duty of every member to examine his own heart and disposition, and set a double guard over the sin that most easily besets himself.

Art. 9th. The members of this society shall seek to do good, and not evil and not hate each other—bear with the faults and infirmities of others, knowing that they themselves are men or women of like passions and imperfections.

This, Mr. Editor, is most respectfully submitted to the aforesigned society, for their mode of government; and it would be well to here suggest the propriety of organizing societies of this nature throughout the land, and gather together individuals of such peculiarities, as it is almost next to an impossibility to meet with a person who makes it a rule to mind his own business, and not interest himself in the affairs of others.

By giving this an insertion you will greatly oblige,

Yours respectfully,

Cambridgeport, Sept. 17, 1855.

And when the cord of life is cut which separates us now, When death his signet seal has set upon each dear one's brow, My harp shall be the first to hymn their welcome to the skies,

My form shall be the first to greet their rapture beaming eyes.

Farewell, farewell, my mission's done; I have not come in vain;

Ye would not if ye could recall my soul to earth again.

Live on, for those who yet remain, to need your living care,

Live on, your heart will not be dark for God's own light is there.

Ship Germany from Matanzas to Green Stadt Wm. Plummer.

8. 8. Set Course Wind. Remarks Sunday May 3rd 1861

1 5
2 3
3 3
4 3
5 3
6 3
7 3
8 3
9 3
10 3
11 3
12 3
1 3
2 3
3 3
4 3
5 3
6 3
7 3
8 3
9 3
10 3
11 3
12 3

SE.

Commences with a gentle breeze
and pleasant.

During the night a fine
breeze & very pleasant weather

Ends with a strong wind & plaus

Lat. 45° 12'

8. 8. Set Course Wind. Remarks Monday May 3. 1861

1 5
2 3
3 3
4 3
5 4
6 4
7 4
8 4
9 4
10 4
11 3
12 3
1 3
2 3
3 3
4 3
5 3
6 3
7 4
8 4
9 4
10 4
11 4
12 4

SE

At 7 P.M. took in Top Galt. Sails

Midnight - gentle breeze and
cloudy.

2 A.M. Set Top Galt. Sails

Ends with a fresh gale &
cloudy - saw two vessels

Lat 52° 20'



THE YOUNG WIDOW AND HER CHILD OF PROMISE.

Oh, tell us not we may not mourn,
Whose hearts with bitter grief are wrung,
When sudden from our arms are torn
The loved, the beautiful, the young,
Grief's lessons are so calm and deep,
'Twere sad indeed we could not weep.

'Tis not in vain the heart is made
To melt with sorrow, nor in vain
Affliction's hand is on us laid,
For holiest joy is born of pain;
The joy serene which lifts the soul
Above the earth and its control.

The glorious bow, which never bowed
In promise o'er a clear blue sky,
Gleams brightly, when the sunlit cloud,
Storm-freighted, reels in terrors by;
So on the very clouds of Death
Heaven kindles in the light of Faith.

Above the gathering clouds of woe,
The eye of Faith, in calm delight,
Rests on the enchanting fields which glow
In radiance divinely bright,
Where saints redeemed, and seraph choir,
Hosannas wake with tongue and lyre.

And stronger, in that strength divine
Which comes from God, his soul shall rise,
Who kneels before Affliction's shrine,
To yield his willing sacrifice;
And they shall reap, who sow in tears,
Rich gladness through the eternal years.

Then let us weep, but not despair;
For, when the clouds of Sorrow come,
HEAVEN writes in rainbow colors there
The promise of our better home;
Our tears of earnest grief may heal
The wounds our broken spirits feel.



VIEW OF PRESTON, ENGLAND.

PART II—COURTSHIP.

Sonnets and serenades—
Sighs, glances, tears and vows—
Gifts, tokens, souvenirs, parades,
And courtesies and bows.
A purpose, and a prayer—
The stars are in the sky!
He wonders how even hope should dare
To let him aim so high!
Still, hope allures and flatters,
And doubt just makes him bold—
And so, with passion all in tatters,
The trembling tale is told.
Apologies and blushes,
Soft looks, averted eyes—
Each heart into the other rushes,
Each yields and wins a prize!

PART III—MARRIAGE.

A gathering of fond friends—
Brief solemn words and prayer—
A trembling to the finger's ends,
As hand in hand they swear.
Sweet cake, sweet wine, sweet kisses,
And so the deed is done—
Now, for life's woes and blisses,
The wedded two are one!
And down the shining stream,
They launch their buoyant skiff,
Blest, if they may but trust hope's dream—
But, 'tis truth echoes—IF.

Oh! there is a glorious friend,
Who will love till time shall end;
Ah! He'll cheer death's gloomy vale,
When all other friends must fail—
For me, He wept a bitter tear,
Sure 'twas the "Rose of Sharon" near.

throws all its burden into the bone called the stirrup, to which it is fastened by a ring to the oral window which opens into the internal ear, to vibrate, and thus tell the story to the nerves which surround it, and through them it is communicated to the brain.

PART I—LOVE.

A glance—a thought—a blow—
It stings him to the core!
A question—will it lay him low,
Or will time heal it o'er?
He kindles at the name—
He sighs and thinks apart—
Time blows and blows it to a flame—
It burns within his heart,
He loves it, though it burns,
And nurses it with care,
Feeling the blissful pain, by turns,
With hope and with despair.

A Creditor?—Present tense active.
A Debtor?—Future tense passive.

Curiosities of the Human Body.

It is established by chemistry that there are seventeen elementary substances in the composition of the human body. More than nine-tenths of the whole bulk of the system is composed of four gases, which are invisible, when in a free and uncombined state; viz. oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen. Besides these substances, there is, in every full man, phosphorous and sulphur to tip a grain of gunpowder matches; enough potash, soda and chlorine to form a lie sufficiently strong to bear a dozen eggs at once; enough iron to make a penknife blade; enough of flint to light a lock of an old fashioned 'Queen's arm'; enough copper to give a flea a heavier burden in proportion to its size, than was ever borne on the back of a camel.

The entire body, that part of it that possesses vitality, is but a collection of *cells* each one of which is a mere round pearl colored bag, filled and far too small to be seen by the naked eye—so small, in fact that 12,000 of the smallest of them could be strung on a single inch in length of the thread of a spider's web.

All the bones before birth are soft, like jelly, only six of the 246, which we find in the adult, being fully formed or ossified at birth; these are the bones of hearing, three in each ear.

Every bone in the body is in the immediate connection with some other bone, except the hyoid bone, which is situated at the upper part of the windpipe, just under the lower jaw. Its length is about two inches, but twenty-two muscles, six ligaments, and one membrane, are attached to it. More than one half of the substance of the bones is composed of the phosphate of lime, that substance about which so much has recently been said as a remedy for consumption. Some physicians appear to have just discovered that phosphorus composes a part of the human system, although the more scientific members of the profession have long used it with great advantage, especially in chemical union with iron.

The muscles of the human system are somewhat over five hundred in number. Some of them, as on the back of an adult, are 27 inches in length; and some, as in the ear, are not over a fourth of an inch long. Muscle is termed *lean meat*. Muscle is divided into fibres; and if we take the smallest of these fibres which can be seen by the naked eye, and place it in the field of a powerful microscope, we shall find that it is in itself a bundle of minute fibres, each of which is not more than a ten-thousandth of an inch in diameter, and some of them are even less than half that size. A rope formed by twisting fifty of these fibres together, would be too small to be seen by the unaided vision. Could we unravel the fibres of a single cubic inch of clear muscle, they would be found to stretch out over six thousand miles in length. Could all the muscular fibres of an adult be placed in a continuous line they would form a thread which would reach more than 400 times round our globe, or over 10,000,000 of miles. Chemically examined, dried blood and dried muscle are found to be precisely the same.

The little glands which produce the sweat, are situated just beneath the cutis or true skin. Each gland sends up through the skin a little tube, about a quarter of an inch long, through which the sweat is poured out. These glands number about 2500 in a square inch of the palms of the hand and soles of the feet, and about 2800 in a square inch of the remainder of the surface of the body. The total number of pores therefore in the human body, is about seven millions, and the total length of all the tubes through which the sweat is poured out is nearly 28 miles.

The weight of the brain and spinal cord of the male ranges between 46 and 53 ounces, but that

of the female is often found as low as 41 ounces. In man, one thirty-sixth of the whole is brain, yet it receives one-sixth of the blood of the entire system. Surrounding and within the convolution of every healthy vein, there are about two ounces of water.

The process by which sound is communicated to the brain, is very curious. The ear is divided into three parts—external, middle and internal ear; first there is the external ear, or porch to the house in which sits the god of listening. Every sound, as all very well know, spreads out upon the air, in the undulatory or wavy manner, just as when we cast a stone in a stream, certain waves are produced, which spread out in constantly widening circles. This wave in the air enters the ear, and raps, as it were, upon the little door called the membrana tympani, which is situated at the bottom of the external ear. Within the middle chamber, and on the inner side of this door stands three little bones, which act the part of servants in the hall, to communicate the message to the brain. No sooner, then, does a sound rap upon this door, than the malleus, or hammer, the handle of which is fastened upon the inner side of the door, strikes a blow upon the anvil. The anvil

Ship's Log from Matansas to Constantine. New Hampshire Eng.

8 P.M. Courses Wind. 8 P.M. Remarks

1 8 E. W SW

Mon Day May 9 1844.

Commences with a strong
breeze and a rain

Ely S.

Midnight Strong wind and pleasant

2 8 1
3 8 1
4 7 1
5 7 1
6 7 1
7 7 1
8 7 1
9 7 1
10 7 1
11 7 1
12 7 1

At a heavy square from the west. Took
the light sails and kept the ship before
the wind

1 8 1
2 8 1
3 8 1
4 8 1
5 9 1
6 9 1
7 9 1
8 9 1
9 9 1
10 9 1
11 9 1
12 9 1

8 S E N N W.

Ely S. N. W.

During the remainder part of this day
a heavy gale with frequent squalls attended
with rain and a very high sea, ship
labouring badly water continually wash-
ing the deck forward and aft. Kept the
pump all the time well attended
Crossed four times & double reefed fore topsail
Passed a Brig laying too under cross
reefed main top sail

Lat. 47° 18'

etc

8 P.M. Courses Wind.

8 P.M. Remarks Tuesday May 10 1844.

8 0 1
9 0 1
10 0 1
11 0 1
12 0 1

Commences with a fresh gale and
squally.

At 4 the gale abated a little leeward
the reefs. set main sail
passed a Brig laying too
7 passed another Brig laying too

During the night a gentle gale
and pleasant. The sea very
high.

At 3 set steering sails passed a brig
going E.

On a with a gentle wind and a
pleasant.

1 6 1
2 6 1
3 5 1
4 5 1
5 5 1
6 5 1
7 5 1
8 4 1
9 4 1
10 3 1
11 3 1
12 3 1

Lat. 47° 48'

O! that was the time
When each man in his prime
Was good at a meal
For three pounds of veal,
Of beef, lamb or mutton,
Yet considered no glutton;
And the reason was this, the quack doctors, odd
rot them;
Had not yet advanced to the rescue of Gotham;
They had not advanced,—those stout scourges
of ills—
Who now are as plenty as pebbles in rills, [pills.
To take wealth, health, and life in exchange for their

But alas! notwithstanding their dancing victorious,
Lest the reader might think by the way they are
prancing;
That the Gothamites formerly lived upon dancing,
We'll here introduce a delicious engraving,
Which for any one's scrap-book is richly worth
saving,
Representing that night,—first, the ball being
broke up,
When the guests, tired of dancing, had sat down
to sup—
By those eyes so exultingly bent on their prey—
By the mode which the dishes are melting away,

One may quickly perceive and admit to a letter,
Though their dancing was good, that their eating
is better!
Their kissings extatic, and suppers so glorious,
Their appetites brilliant, and freedom from quacks,
All those good folk of Gotham were laid on their
backs:—
Old Death in his sin
Has gathered them in,
For which we who come after them care not a pin;
But though they are dead here's a picture will tell
That while they yet lived, they knew how to live
well.



A FASHIONABLE WEDDING SUPPER AMONG OUR FOREFATHERS.

Such was old Gotham in her youth,
Ere yet she cut a wisdom tooth;
But such she is no more.
Scarce stands upon her soil a stone
Which to her youthful days was known;
The very name is dead and gone
She answer'd to of yore.
One scarce might deem that Time's slow tramp
Could make so great a change;
But think it took Aladin's lamp
To work such wonders strange.
And not alone the lamp I wot;
For surely one Old Nick has got
A finger in the pie;
For who beside this same Old Nick
Could fill our mighty town so thick
With things to make us sigh?
For instance—omnibusse grim

That madly threaten life and limb,
Rush by us swift as cock-boats swim,
When driven by sudden squall;
And if they spare your flesh and blood,
At least they paint you o'er with mud,
Which flows throughout a knee-deep flood
From Harlem to Whitehall!
In every quarter pigs abound;
Loafers are prowling all around;
Rogues too, as thick as hops are found,
Where e'er you choose to stray;
And should you stop at window, stuck
Sublimely o'er with fancy truck,
Your pocket-book—or you're in luck—
Takes wings and flies away!
And yet our rulers talk full big
Of laws for loafer, thief and pig,
To make them walk their chalks;

Of sweeping clean the streets also,
But then their honors never go
A whit beyond their talk!
Nor are they like to change their notes
Or darn those breaches in their coats;
For to ensure such rigs,
Loafers and thieves have freemen's votes!
And voters own the pigs!!
Besides, they dare not if they would;
For aldermen are flesh and blood;
And those free voters stout
Have clubs, as well as votes, and can
Demolish a poor alderman,
As well as vote him out!
Here goes a party, piping hot
From an election storm,
Their heads well broke with clubs, I wot—
Their hearts with brandy warm.

WEDDED LOVE.

The following lines are inexpressibly tender. They are dressed by a young wife to a desponding husband:
Come, rouse thee, dearest! 'tis not well
To let thy spirit brood.
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood.
As brooks and torrents, rivers all
Increase the gulf in which they fall.
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
Of lesser grief, spread real fits;
And, with their gloomy shades, conceal
The landmarks hope would still reveal.
Come roase thee now! I know thy mind,
And wot'd its strength awaken;
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind—
Strange thou shouldst be thus shaken;
But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what heaven intended thee;
Throw from thy thoughts this weary weight,
And prove thy spirit firmly great;
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly woe.
Full well I know thy generous soul,
Which warms thee in o' life;
Each spring which can its power control,
Familiar to thy wife;
For deas't thou she could stoop to bind
Her fate into a common mind?
The Eagle like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed with its Promethean flame
The shrine that sunk her so to shame.
Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream,
That fetters now thy powers;
Shake off this gloom! Hope sheds a beam,
To guide each cloud that lowers;
And though, at present, seems so far
The wished for cool, the gushing star
With peaceful ray would light thee on,
Until its bound be won;
That quenchless ray, thou'lt ever prove,
A fond, undying WEDDED LOVE!

DON'T DROWN YOURSELF FOR LOVE.

The following, illustrative of sympathy, is from the pen
Bishop Heber:
A knight and lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran merrily murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.
"Oh never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
"Oh never was maid so deserted before!"
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for sympathy!"
They searched for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble and there was a weed;
"How tiresome it is!" said the fair with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.
They gaz'd on each other, the maid and knight;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height;
One mournful embrace,"sobbed the youth, "ere we die!
"Oh had I but lov'd such an angel as you!"
"Oh had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
"To miss such perfection how blighted was I!"
Sure now they were excellent company!
At length spoke the lass, "twix a sigh and a tear,
The weather is cold for a watery bier;
When summer returns we may easily die,
Till then let us sorrow in company!"

WHISPERING JOHN R."

Dear Spirit,—I seldom scribble for my own amusement, or that of others, but the following is too good to be lost. In what is known as the "upper end" of my county, there resides a man who has the *soubriquet* of "Whispering John R.—". This title he has gained from the fact that he always talks (even in common conversation) like he was a major-general on parade, or, to use a more common expression, "like he was raised in a mill."

This gentleman, who, by-the-bye, is "one of them," mounted his horse one of our coldest mornings last week, before daylight, for the purpose of riding down to M—, in time to take the morning train of cars for N—. He rode up to the hotel just as the boarders and travellers were done breakfast, and were standing around the bar-room fire "picking their teeth."

He dismounted, and walking into the bar-room, spoke to the landlord in his usual whispering tone—

"Good morning, Mr. L—; how do you do this morning?"

"Very well, Mr. L—; how do you do?"

"Oh! I am well—but I'm so d—d cold I can't hardly talk."

Just then a nervous traveller, who was present, ran up to the landlord, and catching him by the coat, said—

"Mr. L—, for the Lord's sake have my horse caught as soon as possible!"

"What is the matter, my dear sir, has anything happened?"

"Nothing upon God's earth, only I want to get away from here before that man thaws."

I left also for the same reason.

Yours truly, SAWBONES.

Tenn., Jan. 23. C. N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

THE STOMACH.—Sir Henry Marsh, attributes the disasters of Napoleon immediately antecedent to the battle of Leipsic, and the loss of that battle, in a great degree to a mess of greasy soup eaten by him a few days before the battle, which produced a great derangement of the stomach.

Mind what you Say.

It is always well to avoid saying everything that is improper. But it is especially so before children. And here parents, as well as others, are often in fault. Children have as many ears as grown persons, and they are generally more attentive to what is said before them. What they hear they are very apt to repeat; and as they have no discretion, and not sufficient knowledge of the world to disguise anything, it is generally found that "children and fools speak the truth." See that little boy's eyes glisten while you are speaking of a neighbor, in language you would not wish to have repeated.—He does not fully understand what you mean, but he will remember every word; and it will be strange if he does not cause you to blush by its repetition.

A gentleman was in the habit of calling at a neighbor's house, and the lady had always expressed to him great pleasure from his calls. One day, just after she had remarked to him, as usual, her happiness from his visit, her little boy entered the room. The gentleman took him on his knee, and asked,

"Are you not glad to see me, George?"

"No, sir," replied the boy.

"Why not, my little man?" he continued.

"Because mother don't want you to come," said George,

"Indeed! how do you know that, George?"

Here the mother became crimson, and looked daggers at the little son. But he saw nothing, and therefore replied,

"Because she said, yesterday, she wished that old bore would not call here again."

That was enough. The gentleman's hat was soon in requisition, and he left with the impression that "great is the truth, and it will prevail."

Another little child looked sharply in the face of a visitor, and being asked what she meant by it, replied,

"I wanted to see whether you had a drop in your eye; I heard mother say you had frequently."

A boy once asked one of his father's guests who lived next door to him; and when he heard his name, asked if he was not a fool?

"No, my little friend," replied the guest, "he is not a fool, but a very sensible man. But why did you ask that question?"

"Because," replied the boy, "mother said the other day that you were next door to a fool; and I wanted to know who lived next door to you."

Deceiving Children.

Dr. A. was called to visit a sick boy twelve years of age. As he entered the house, the mother took him aside and told him she could not get her boy to take medicine unless she deceived him.

"Well, then," said Dr. A., "I shall not give him any. He is old enough to be reasoned with."

He went to the boy, and after an examination, said to him—

"My little man, you are very sick, and you must take some medicine. It will taste badly, and make you feel badly for a while, and then I expect it will make you feel better."

The doctor prepared the medicine, and the boy took it like a man, without the least resistance, and said he would take from his mother any thing that the physician had prescribed; but he would not take any thing else from her. She had very often deceived him and told him "it was good," when she gave him medicine.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF A YOUNG LADY.—1. Keeping her accounts in preference to an album.

2. Generously praising the attractions of that "affected creature" who always cut her out.

3. Not ridiculing the man she secretly prefers—nor quizzing what she seriously admires.

4. Not changing her "dear, dear friend" quarterly—or her dress three times a day.

5. Reading a novel without looking at the third volume first; or writing a letter without a postscript; or taking wine at dinner without saying "the smallest drop in the world;" or singing without "a bad cold;" or wearing shoes that were not "a mile too big for her."

6. Seeing a baby without immediately rushing to it and kissing it.

7. Carrying a large bouquet at an evening party, and omitting to ask her partner "if he understands the language of flowers."

A city bard wants to give "Old Tempus" some good advice through our pages. He says Time is no longer a "fast" man; that the telegraphs beat him, and Collins' steamers are "gaining on him." But he says:

"Yet, old Tempus! don't give up,
But try 'em on some other tack;
Show 'em they can ne'er live up
To you upon a railroad track.

From your wings pull out the feathers,
Doff your jacket—cut your hair;
Take all the patent office gathers,
And my word, you'll soon be there!"

A HEAVY PUN.—A Western paper speaks of a man from Connecticut, whose wife is so fat that he was obliged to make two loads of her when he emigrated.

THE TUFTS FAMILY;
—OR—
SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUD.

BY ABBY JAMESON.

Reader, it may be you have passed by the very home I am about to describe. Its location is in a short court out of a great thoroughfare in this city. It is a small room, but well lighted by two windows, in either of which you may see a long box of daisies apparently always in bloom; how it is I know not, but it does seem as if the humble flower is never content to drop its tiny leaves or change its variegated hue; just so with the moss rose behind it—there is ever a bud or a blossom, and while with scrupulous care the skilful botanist in his elegant greenhouse is pruning and changing the soil of his rare exotics, still the fragrance nor beauty is like unto these simple plants in the widow's windows.

Yes, she is a widow, and has an only daughter dependent upon her needle for their scanty resources. Once and again has the hard fate of the unrequited seamstress been made the subject of story and song; yet nobody has told many bitter tales which have been revealed to mortals—deep, heavy, painful struggles, which ambition has triumphed over, and a sense of pride has subdued, until the friendly hand of death has interposed, and the sepulchre has closed over those sorrows—for ever!

Ah, no; not forever. We believe there is to be a day of righteous retribution, when the oppressed will stand with fearless awe to confront the oppressor; but to our story.

Mrs. Tufts was once the wife of a prosperous merchant on our Eastern seaboard. They were living in an easy, comfortable manner, laying up in store a sufficiency to meet the demands of a growing family; hospitably entertaining their friends, varying the dull routine of care and business by occasional excursions of pleasure, and thus as we say, "keeping the run of things" as they went along. About the time of their greatest prosperity, the fatal "land speculation" was agitated, and Mr. Tufts was unluckily drawn into its meshes.

At the outset, he realized a handsome property by exchanging lands which he never saw, and selling on paper for sound currency. But whoever has watched the progress of speculative action, well knows it seldom keeps within healthful boundaries. There is the love of gaining a little more, and when once a loss varies the excitement of the hour, a ten-fold vigilance is seized upon to repair it—but as this reparation leaves but a disquieted mind, plunge after plunge is made until exhausted, we sink under the mighty torrent.

So it was with Ichabod Tufts. In two years after he engaged in the mania, he was a poor man. While the world went along prosperously, the moral courage or discretion of Mr. Tufts was never denied—but when stricken and brought low by adversity, no man seemed more helpless. He would weep for days over his own folly; but, alas! such repentance does not give back again our lost treasures.

To live in the neighborhood where we have always maintained the first position, after one has become penniless, required more stamina than the Tufts family could muster; so they removed to the great metropolis where so much want and worth is unheeded by the great, passing crowd.

Mr. Tufts soon secured the place of salesman in one of our wholesale establishments, took half a house, and recommenced life with considerable energy. In this, he was essentially aided by two daughters, who found situations as assistants in a female school—Letitia, having a decided taste for drawing, and Laura, being a rare French scholar. The mother was an excellent housewife—the four boys assisted in all sorts of work out of school hours, and altogether, the family had "picked up" very considerably.

They were known as regular attendants in one of our churches; the young ladies taught in one of our sabbath schools, and acquaintances were thus formed by an agreeable keeping with their former prosperity. But a reverse was again at hand. The wholesale firm in which Mr. Tufts was employed, failed—closed up their concerns, went to New York, and left poor Tufts with a quarter's unpaid salary, which he never realized. He, too, followed them to our sister city, where he succeeded in again re-establishing himself, and with sanguine hopes, as he was returning to his family, by some unforeseen step in alighting from the cars, he fell upon the track and was instantly killed.

This intelligence gave such a shock to Mrs. Tufts, that for a season her reason was paralyzed; but slowly, the mediating hand of time and gentle affection, restored her partially to her former self.

And now those struggling daughters were indeed as ministering angels. Yet the bloom was beginning to fade on Laura's cheek; the cheerful, sunlit smile was supplanted by a heavenly, angelic sweetness, which showed a resignation to whatever might befall her. But look at her incentives to labor—a widowed mother with a crushed heart—four small brothers unable to earn their livelihood, and the main dependence resting on herself and sister, whose united salaries were but four hundred dollars per annum.

"I have been thinking, girls," said Mrs. Tufts, as she looked upon Laura's lily face, and Letitia's sorrowful countenance, "that I might usefully employ myself in procuring plain sewing from your patrons. Certainly, I used to stitch and plait, and do nice work for your father and uncle; and, if these eyes are dimmed a little, I can rub them up again by the use of spectacles," said she, playfully.

The subject was fully discussed, and the result was that some half-dozen nice shirts were forthcoming from the wealthy Mrs. A., who had just turned off her former seamstress on account of her non-fulfilment of a contract at a given time.

Nobody ever entered upon the list of work-women with more sanguine expectations than Mrs. Tufts. She rose an hour earlier, and she retired several hours later, until her first task was completed, and the six dollars compensation was already anticipated at the neighboring grocery.

On a clear, cold Saturday evening, Edward, the oldest boy was despatched with the work to the elegant mansion of Mrs. A. He was kindly invited into the warm sitting-room, where the family were gathered, and Mr. A. accosted him by enquiries for his mother and sisters. While this conversation was going on, Ellen, a younger daughter, sat scrutinizing the finished shirts.

"Do look here, mother," said she, pointing to the bosoms; "them plaits are not laid according to the pattern," and giving it a sudden jerk, "do see how awry this will set. Father, before you pay for this work, I think you ought to make trial of the fit," said she, rather pertly.

Edward trembled. He was a boy of rare spirit and had witnessed his mother's efforts to do all by a single thread like the pattern.

"I guess they will need no alteration," spoke he; "mother has worked very hard and very late, too. This very morning, when I awoke, I found she had but just laid aside her work."

"La," said Ellen, "poor people cannot expect to get money without labor. I dare say your mother got a good many naps between the small hours."

"No, indeed she did not," replied Edward, "and her head ached terribly, this morning."

"Hush," said Mrs. A., and softening her tone. "You may take them shirts back to your mother, and tell her I will call round early in the week and see her about the alterations."

The bundle was tied up, and poor Edward wended his way home with a heavy heart. He threw down the work on his return, with some violence.

"Look here, mother," said he; "these are all returned, and if I ever live to be a man, not a single stitch shall you sew for a living—people are so unfeeling"—and he narrated the whole scene he had left.

Mrs. Tufts put her hand to her head. "My dear," said she, "rich people know not the sufferings of the poor—but we will not criminate them."

That night Laura was taken very ill. Her disease was a congestion of the brain; and severe sickness soon disarms us of all resentful thoughts, so no more was spoken of the above affair—and when Mrs. A. called to give particular directions as to the alterations, Laura was dying!

Mrs. A. had never stood by a death-bed—yet somehow she was attracted to remain here. There was a subdued sadness in the whole household, but no violent outbursts of grief. Mrs. Tufts soon laid her hand upon her daughter's forehead and exclaiming—"she is gone!" hid her face in her handkerchief and wept. Then she arose and gave directions to Letitia and the other children, with which there was a sorrowful compliance.

The rich and the poor here met together. Mrs. A. was softened. The idea of the withheld payment rose before her. She turned round to Mrs. Tufts, and emptying the contents of her purse upon the work-table, begged her forgiveness and entreated her to allow her to become her friend.

Mr. A. kindly paid the expenses of Laura's funeral, and received Edward into his store the fol-

lowing week. Ellen, the fault-finder, made the acquaintance of Letitia and loved her as a sister. Through her agency, comfortable homes were provided for the other three boys; Letitia was induced to give up the occupation of teacher, as her mother's precarious health rendered her unfit to live alone, and at the time of the introduction of our readers to the flower pots in the windows, we can exhibit to them one home at least where industry is well rewarded, and the distinctions of society are forgotten.

Yesterday, we looked in upon this mother and daughter. There was a cheerful fire, a well carpeted room, neat but simple furniture, and Letitia's face was lighted up with a sunshining expression which indicated inward peace. Her mother was reclining in an easy chair, being now affected with the chronic rheumatism. Her Bible lay open before her, and while we were conversing upon the translation of Laura's, Ellen A. entered. With a winning face, she placed herself before us.

"I have good news to bring you, Mrs. Tufts," said she; "and you, too, Letitia. Father was yesterday chosen first director of a Retreat for the Insane in a neighboring town, and he has selected you, Miss Letitia, as matron of the establishment. You can carry your mother with you, be amply provided for, receive a handsome salary, and I shall ask the particular favor to visit you every week."

Of course, we need not add the acceptance of such an offer fell gratefully upon the hearts of our friends, and as we discussed the matter over, when Ellen had left, we did conclude that after all, there is a great deal more kindness in the world than we are apt to imagine. We only need to be acquainted with each other, to break the separating gulf between the prosperous and the adverse, and the decent, self-respecting poor will always find themselves sympathized with, and cared for; for all being moulded from the same original material, are easily moved by each other's necessities.



The Mother's Grave. See Page 10.

Edge. Knast

18. 1841.

Fire place.

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and



PORTRAIT OF THE YOUNG COUNT OF PARIS.

Louis Philippe Albert d'Orléans, Comte de Paris, is before you. How beautifully has the painter given to the world the features of the child whose lamented father had already been the subject of Winterhalter's speaking pencil! The Count of Paris, with his silken tresses, and truly Bourbon expression, is now one of the most interesting of children. The heir to the throne of France—what will be his destiny? Is he to traverse with safety the stormy days of an uncle's regency—that uncle being, after his death, the probable representative of the Orleans branch for the Duke of Chartres? Is he so sickly that no hopes are entertained of his life being prolonged for many years? To predict the future, we must glance at the past. The July dynasty, on the birth of the Count of Paris, seemed to have a security for three generations at least. The monarchy of the three days was coldly regarded by its brothers in royalty, and the late Duke of Orleans made the circuit of the European courts before a partner could be found

to share the perils of a revolutionary crown. At length, in an obscure German court, the Protestant Princess—the Princess Helena of Mecklenburg-Schwerin was found to accept the offered hand of the *de facto* heir to the French throne. On the 20th of May, 1837, Fontainebleau witnessed the royal nuptials, and the capital received with tumultuous joy the royal couple. On the 24th of August, 1833, was born the Count of Paris. Was the omission of a princely title, and the revival of one of metropolitan fame merely, a good or a bad sign? The Parisians, however, felt flattered by the compliment bestowed on them, and a costly sword was voted by the municipality to the royal infant. Was this, again, a sarcastic allusion of the citizens to the pacific policy of their rulers? Was it intended to convey the opinion that France was to be ruled by the sword—the France who had sprung out of the barricades, and who had rejected the old branch of the Bourbons, to have the "Best of Republics," and a "Citizen King?" We

answer not these questions, for they appertain to parties, and we are no party.

With infinite ease and grace does the little fellow receive the felicitations so prodigally tendered. Already has the Count of Paris spoken of his sword to defend France, and he goes through the first military rudiments with the most perfect gravity and self-possession. Up to the 10th of July, 1842, all was apparently sunshine for him. But, in one moment, a fatal accident deprived him of his parental guide, and left him to the mercy of interested relatives and of a fickle population. God help the poor child! Why can he not always be as he now appears before you, young, innocent, and beautiful? Must he hereafter be thrown headlong into the vortex of political passions, and of wars of succession?

As a companion Engraving to the beautiful Portrait above, we will next present the reader with a picture of the young heir to the throne of England.



COLLECTING RENT IN THE HEIDELBERG MOUNTAINS.

But there's one sort of sodgering done in New York
Which the dander might raise in a stoic or Turk
And make strangers suppose,
If they gazed on our woes,
That with all our boastings we Yankee Doodles
Were the sublimest of this world's needies.
We speak of our train-band gatherings raw,
Which fools of us make according to law,
And unlet us in fines, which are spent in dinners
To fatten a pack of lazy sinners,
Who study their stupid drills to make

As bad as may be, for their stomachs' sake;
For the more that are shamed into paying the fine
The better that awkward squad can dine!
You dough-heads, whom still we must take into
grace,
And vote up to Albany, if you are true,
And worth half the rhino you get by your place,
Relieve us from this—or go hang yourselves, do
But we have other fish to fry
Than talking of this—which, by the by,
Reminds us of a basket of fish

The finest that ever were laid on a dish,
Which a very pretty young maiden of yore
Purchased one day from a dame at her door;
And in proof of that same
Here's the maid and the dame,
Not forgetting the fish, caught five minutes before,
And by the disdain
In each countenance plain
They mean for to say
Their suspense to allay
That they are to be cook'd in just five minutes

Alice Carey, in a late poem—"An April Rhyme," published in the National Era, uses this very beautiful figure:—

—“Even for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief—death cannot long divide:
For is it not as if the rose had climbed
My garden wall and blossomed on the other side?”

Rather ominous—to be importuned by your young wife to get your life insured.

“That baby,” said the delighted mother, “we look upon as the flower of the family.” Being a boy, and robed in yellow flannel, she ought to have called him the sun-flower.

“Smart Answer.—“Come here, sonny, and tell me what the four seasons are?” Young Prodigy.—“Pepper, mustard, salt and vinegar—them's what mammy always seasons with.”

A boy, whose general appearance betokened the want of a father's care, being asked what his father followed for a living, replied, “He is a Methodist by trade, but he do n't work at it any more.”

“Josh, I say, I was going down street t' other day, and I seed a tree-bark.” “Golly, Sam, I seed it hollow.” “And I seed the same one leave.” “Did it take its trunk with it?” “No, it left that for board.”

W. H. Polk, of Tennessee, twitted a New England member of coming from a section of country too poor to raise anything but calves and jackasses. “True,” said the New Englander, “we do raise calves and jackasses, but we do n't send them to Congress, as your State does.”

A man with a red face, and looking rather shabby, called at a house in the country, on Sunday, and asked for a drink of cider. The good lady of the house refused. He urged, telling her that she had better, for some persons had entertained angels unawares. “Yes,” said she, “I know that; but angels do n't go about drinking cider on Sunday.”

Bathing--the Skin.

Many apologies are made by persons for a neglect of habitual bathing—some urge a want of time, others a want of inclination, and a half belief that it is unimportant, but by far the largest number, a want of convenience for the operation. It has become fashionable to add the boilers, pipes, pumps, and rooms to most new houses for the accommodation of bathing. It is generally a somewhat expensive attachment, but it is all very well for those who can afford to do it without cutting off other conveniences, or embarrassing other of their affairs. A bowl of soft water, a little soap, and a couple of towels, after all, is all that is *really* necessary. A small room is pleasant and convenient, and may be found in most dwellings without expense particularly for it. In the *Farmer and Mechanic*, published by Messrs. Parker and Bidwell, New York, we always find sound and useful instruction, and among many other good things, what follows, in relation to the functions of the skin:

“A knowledge of the various and important offices performed by the skin, in the animal economy, must quicken our attention to bathing, as the best means by which health may be preserved without disturbance or interruption. There are three substances passing from the skin constantly: 1st, an oil exudes for the benefit of the skin itself; 2d, the perspiration, or water portion of the blood, evaporated from the surface to cool the body; 3d, excreted substances of varying character, very injurious to health if not carried off. These substances are very liable by drying to form a gum or glazing upon the surface of the skin, which closes the millions of pores, damages the nervous system, and throws the excretions back upon the lungs. By bathing all these impurities are removed and the skin rendered soft and readily adapted to preserve the proper adjustment between the secretions and exhalations; and more especially assist the respiratory functions of the human body.”

Now, kind reader, that thou seest what important duties the skin has to perform, in order to keep thee elastic and in health, wilt thou not attend to its demands, and straightway *go and bathe*, and do it habitually?—N. E. Farmer.

Kossuth is an orator, and parts of his speeches are always striking, and in good taste. But we don't see how he is going into battle, with that lock of Washington's hair on the top of a flag-staff. He can't put it there so that it will look well, “any way he can fix it.” We've pondered upon the subject a great deal, and we really don't see how it can be done.

THE POOR STRAWBERRY BOY.

BY MANLY.

22

On a New York city, and offered some baskets of strawberries for sale. Having disposed of the fruit, he was about to depart, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of a beautiful girl, some twelve years old, who crossed the hall near the door. She was the only daughter of the gentleman of the house, and though he gazed on her but a single moment, the kind look which she bestowed on him, struck a chord in his heart, which, until that moment had never vibrated.

'She is very lovely!' he exclaimed mentally—but she is the daughter of the great millionaire—she can be nothing to me.'

He returned to the fields in search of more fruit, but the remembrance of that sunny face attended him closely in his rambles.

'I am young,' he continued to himself, 'would I could make myself worthy of her! But then she is so far above me,'—and this thought, though it did not banish the feeling, hushed it.

A week had passed, and the little strawberry boy again stood with a palpitating

heart, at the rich man's door. His fruit was purchased as before, and he received his money from the white hand of the fair being, whom from the moment he first saw her, he had dared to love.

She spoke kindly to him and bade him call again.

He did not forget the order. He called again and again—but the season was advancing, and the fruit had become a scarcity.

'I shall not be able to bring you any more,' he said one morning, 'I am sorry, for it was a pleasure to call here. But we may meet hereafter.'

The young heart which fluttered in the bosom of that lovely girl was touched at the musical, though somewhat melancholy tone in which this was uttered, and she timidly replied that she would remember him.

'We shall meet again, Miss, when, I promise you, you shall not be ashamed to acknowledge the acquaintance of the poor strawberry boy.'

She thought the language singular—but they parted.

Three years elapsed. The tide of speculation which was then swelling in our country, had not yet reached 'the flood,' and the man of wealth, with his beautiful daughter, rolled in his beautiful carriage along Broadway, upon a fine Sabbath morning, on the way to the Trinity Church. Charlotte was 'just turned to sixteen,'—and the bright bud was just changing to the open rose. She was fair, indeed.

The services had ended—the magnificent carriage stood at the Church door; the elegantly caparisoned horses pawed the ground uneasily—the liveried footman held the door—and the wealthy merchant handed his lovely daughter to the coach, amid the low obeisance of her gay admirers.

Why does she not observe the homage of her thousand butterfly flatterers?

A young, plainly dressed stranger stands quietly at the side of the church door—and her gaze, for an instant, is riveted on his features.

'Who can it be?'—she remembers—no, she cannot remember.

The carriage rolls slowly towards the stately mansion of the man of wealth, and he discovers an uncommon quietness in his daughter's demeanor.

'My dear Charlotte, you are ill.'

'No, father, no—I—am—very well.'

They arrived at the door—the stranger was there. They alight—he extends a slight—a very slight—but respectful bow to the 'heiress,' and moves on.

A blush tinged that bright cheek; she recognizes him.

Charlotte retired to her chamber; she was unhappy—but surely the stranger was nothing to her, or she to him.'

It was the poor Strawberry Boy.

Time rolled on. It was the coldest night of the uncommon cold winter of '35—and the memorably 16th of December. A fire had broken out in the evening—in one of the principal streets of the business part of the great commercial metropolis. It raged violently, and at early morning on the succeeding day, a great portion of the city lay in ashes.

The rich merchant—as was his wont—alighted from his carriage at the head of Wall street, and saw the ruins. He hasten-

ed to the scene. Where was his store?—his goods—his all? The smouldering ruins before him answered.

But he was insured—he should save something at least. His policies were looked after during the day—they had expired a week previously.

The millionaire was comparatively a beggar. He had a stout heart, though, that rich poor man; and well he braved the storm. He found, however, that it would be necessary to break up his establishment at home, to meet some immediate pressing liabilities.

His furniture was sacrificed—his mansion was disposed of—his splendid horses and carriages went into other hands—and even 'Jessie,' Charlotte's pretty coal-black favorite, was doomed to pass from them, under the hammer.

But could not some friend be found who would purchase 'Jessie' and retain her until the fury of the blast had passed?

No. Every body was poor—every body had been ruined by 'the great fire'—and nobody had money. Besides, it was expensive keeping horses.

'Poor Jessie!' sighed her mistress. 'I hope she may fall into good hands.'

But nobody wanted 'Jessie,' and she was thrown away upon a stranger.

'Who did you say was the purchaser?' inquired Charlotte of her father.

'A Mr. Manly, I think,' said the father. 'And who was Mr. Manly? He was the poor Strawberry Boy.'

The birds when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the sea away.
* * * * *
And the friends who hover near
When Fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before the storm!

Another year had fled. Misfortune had followed misfortune in rapid succession, and the revulsion of '37 had finally reduced our man of wealth to bankruptcy. The following advertisement may be found in the papers of that day:—

Will be sold at public auction on Wednesday next on the premises, the right of redemption to that beautiful cottage, with about half an acre of land adjoining, laid out in a garden, well stocked with fruit trees and shrubbery, situated on the south side of Staten Island, and mortgaged to John Jacob A. for the sum of ten thousand, three hundred dollars, etc. etc. Sale positively—title indisputable—possession given immediately—terms cash.'

The rich man that was, in vain appealed to his sunshine friends for aid. They must have security—the times were hard—they had lost a deal of money—people sometimes live too fast—it was't their fault—very sorry, but could'n't help him.

From bad to worse he succeeded—and now, reduced to the last extremity, he had retired to this beautiful retreat, with the hope that rigid economy and fresh application to his mercantile affairs would retrieve his rapidly sinking fortune. But his star was descending, and his more lucky brethren forgot that he had been 'one of them.' Unfortunately he had no security to offer—and the cottage was sold.

It was a bright day in autumn; the purchasers were few, there was but little competition—and the estate passed into other hands. The purchaser gave notice that he should take possession forthwith.

And what was to become of the lovely child? His last home had been taken from him, and that fair girl was motherless. The heart of the fond father misgave him when he received information that the premises must be immediately vacated. The daughter wept in silence upon the bosom of her affectionate and unhappy parent.

He had been a proud man, but his pride was now humbled, and calmly he resigned himself to this last stroke of affliction. He too, wept; oh, it was a fearful sight to see that strong man weep.

But his troubles were nearly at an end. The day following that upon which the sale occurred, had well nigh sped. The afternoon was bright and balmy, and the father sat with his daughter in the recess of one of the cottage windows, which looked out upon the road. He had received a note from the purchaser of the cottage, informing him that he should call upon him in the afternoon for the purpose of examining the premises more fully than he had yet an opportunity of doing. They awaited his visit.

A stranger on horseback halted suddenly in front of the court-yard gate, and turning the head of his coal-black steed, he ambled quietly to the door.

'Oh, father,' shouted Caroline, forgetting for the moment her sorrows, 'look, there is my darling little Jessie, and—'

the door called her at once to recollection.

The door was opened by the once princely proprietor of the princely mansion in L—square. Before him stood a curious looking young man, who inquired for Mr. S.

'That is my name sir, and I have the honor of addressing—'

'Mr Manly, sir—now the owner of this cottage. I have just received the deed from the hands of my attorney, and with your permission, shall be glad to examine the estate.'

'Walk in sir, you are master here, and I shall vacate as soon as your pleasure may require it. My daughter, sir,' he continued, as the stranger entered the parlor. 'This is Mr. Manly, Charlotte, the purchaser of our little cottage.'

'The person whom you once knew only as the "Poor Strawberry Boy,"' continued Manly, as he took her excited hand.

'My dear sir,' said Manly addressing the father, 'I am the owner of the cottage. Seven years ago I had the happiness to receive from this fair hand a few shillings in payment for fruit which I carried to the door of the then affluent Mr. S—, of L—square. I was but a boy, sir, and a poor boy too; but poor as I was, and wealthy as was this lady, I dared to love her. Since then I have travelled many leagues—I have endured many hardships—with but a single object in view; that of making myself worthy of your daughter. Fortune has been no niggard with me, sir, my endeavors have been crowned with success; and I come here to-day not to take possession of this lovely cottage alone, but to lay my fortune at the feet of worth and beauty, and to offer this fair being a heart which exists but for her self alone.'

The astonishment of the parent was unbounded. If Charlotte had not loved before, she now looked upon the handsome and generous stranger with aught but displeasure. But secretly she had entertained a feeling certainly 'akin to affection,' for him whom she remembered for seven long years—who had crossed her path so strangely—who had purchased the very cottage from which she had expected to be driven; and—but the sequel is soon told.

Charlotte loved, and shortly after gave her hand to Manly. They remained in the cottage, which was newly furnished; and many times afterwards did she mount her favorite Jessie, at the side of her fond and devoted husband, and roam through the romantic scenes which abound on that famous Island.

The once wealthy Mr. S— is now a happy grandfather; and as he tosses the young Manlys on his knee, he delights in rehearsing the story of 'THE POOR STRAWBERRY BOY.'

TO KATIE.

BY MRS. L. M. GRANGER.

'Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?'

You ask with a sigh and a tear;

Be assured we ne'er can forget thee,

Thy name to our hearts is still dear.

'Do they miss me at home?' Yes, they miss thee,

For blending in music and song,

To thy voice no longer we listen,

Thy smile too has vanished and gone.

'Do they miss me at home?' Yes, we miss thee,

At morning, at noon and at night;

And often we murmur, 'God bless thee,'

And whisper for thee a good-night.

And thy place at the table is vacant;

We miss thy sweet converse and smile,

That helped to enliven the moment,

And each little care to beguile.

When the sun has gone down, and the darkness,

Like a curtain, is drawing around,

The light of thy presence no longer

In thy childhood's home is still found.

Yes, we miss thee at home, and we daily

Pray that where'er thy footsteps roam,

Thy heart still fondly will turn, Katie,

And yearn for the dear ones at home.

May you ne'er want a friend to cheer, Katie,

Thy way o'er the ocean of life;

Health, peace, may they ever attend thee,

And honors and blessings be thine.

And when moments of sadness come o'er thee,

For we know such moments will come,

O, trust then the Love that will give thee,

With thy dear ones, a heavenly home.

Hardwick, Mass.

COL. FREEMONT'S GREAT WEALTH. Colonel Fremont, the son of a poor washerwoman, has arisen to great distinction in fifteen brief years, and is now or soon will be the possessor of land and treasure to the amount of fifteen millions of dollars. However, one box of Russia Silver is worth, in affliction, a mountain of gold. One 25 cent box will cure chilblains, frosty limbs, piles, sores, burns, scalds, &c., in a short time. Sold at 8 State street.

VON SWETZEL ON POLITICS. 'Mein neigbor, Wilhelm, vot you tink of bolities, hey?' asked Peter Von Slug of his neighbor Von Swetzel, the twelfth ward blacksmith, as he seated himself beside him in a "bierhaus."

'I tink much,' said Swetzel, giving his pipe a long whiff.

'Vell, vot you tink?' b'fool.'

'ah!' exclaimed Pete, after taking a long draught from his mug, 'how you makes him dat?' 'Vell, mine frien, I tell you,' replied Swetzel, after a few whiffs and a drink, 'I come to dish place ten years last evening der Dutch Am'rac, mit mine blacksmith shop. I builds a fine little house, I puts up mine bellers, I makes mine fire, I heats mine iron, I strikes mine hammer, I gets plenty of work in, and I makes mine moonish.'

'Dat is geot,' remarked Pete, at the same time demanding that the drained mugs be refilled.

'I say dat I make much friends,' continued Wilhelm, re-lighting his pipe. 'Der beeps all say, Von Swetzel bees a goot man; he bl we in der morning, he strikes in der night, and he minds his business. So they spoken to me many times, and it makes me feel much goot here,' slapping his breast.

'Yew, jaw, dat ish gooter,' remarked Pete, who was an attentive listener.

'Vell, it goes long dat way tree year—Tree?'—Let me see, von year I make tree bould tollar, der next tree hoodred and fifty, der next four hoodred and swony, and der next five hoodred tollar. Dat make five year. Vell, I bes here five year, when old Mike, der watchman, who bees such a bad man, comes to me, and he say: 'Von Swetzel, vot make you work so hard?' To make monash, I dell him. 'I dell you how you makes him quicker as dat,' he say. I ask him low, an den he tell me to go into bolities an' get big office. I laugh at him, wen he tells me dat Shake, der lawyer—dat makes such burly speeches about Funderland—bees again' to run for Congress, an' dat Shake, der lawyer, tells him to dell me if I would go among der people, an' dell them to vote mid him all der while, he would put me in von big office, where I makes twenty thousand tollars a year.'

'Twenty thousand! mine Got!' exclaimed Pete, thunderstruck.

'Yew, twenty thousand. Vell, by shinks, I shust stops der striking an' goes to mine friends, an' all der Yarmans vot for Shake, and Shake bees elected to der Congress.'

Here Mynebeer Von Swetzel stopped, took a long draught of beer, and fixing his eyes on the floor, puffed his pipe in deep meditation.

'Vell, mine neighbor,' said Pete, after waiting a due length of time for him to resume 'vat you do den, eh?'

'Vell, I ask Mike, der swellhead watchman, for der office, and he tells me I gets him de next year. I waits till after der next krount making time, an den I say again, 'Mike, vil Shake give me dat twenty thousand dollars office?' 'In two year, sure,' he say, 'if you work for der party.' 'Vell, I stop blowin' with my bellers agin, an' I blow two years for der party mit mine mouth.'

'Two year mit your mou?' asked Pete in astonishment.

'Xaw, two year. Den again I go to Mike, der swellhead watchman, an' dell him der twenty thousand tollar about, an' he tells me in one mere year I gets him sure. I dinks he fools me, yet I blow for der party anudder year, an' den, vat you dinks?'

'Dinks! Vy you gets him twenty thousand tollar.'

'Geta him! Py shinks, Mike, der swellhead watchman tells me I bees one pig fool, and dat I might go to der bad place, an' eat seur krount.'

'Ho tell you dat?'

'Yaw. Sure as my name bees Von Swetzel.'

'After you do der blowing mit your mou for der party?'

'Yaw.'

'Mine Get! Vat you do den, mine neighbor?'

'I makes a fire in mine blacksmith shop, I blows mine own bellows again, I heats mine own iron, and strikes mine own hammer. I say to mineself—Wilhelm Von Swetzel, bolitics bees a humbug, and boliticians bees a bigger von. Wilhelm Von Swetzel, do yer own blowing, and let der boiticians do dera!'

A CRUSADE has been commenced against Methodism in the lower part of New Jersey, by a Rev. John Quincy Adams, who is delivering a course of lectures, endeavoring to show its anti-American spirit and tendency, and the similarity between Romanism and the Methodist Episcopacy, in managing the temporal affairs of the church; also, as a dangerous foe to republicanism in its influence and avowed principles.

THE ROTHSchilds, according to their own estimates, possess \$700,000,000 in personal property, exclusive of real estate, seignories, mines, &c., which amount to at least half as much more, making the enormous sum of over one thousand millions of dollars, or an amount much larger than the entire valuation of New York city.

NOT A BAD IDEA. We know a gentleman in town

who keeps suit of very old clothes, and a shockingly dilapidated hat, for the express purpose of wearing to market, the grocery stores, etc. He says he saves

from ten to twenty per cent. on nearly every article he purchases, by adopting this plan. The other Saturday night, for instance, he bought a pair of ve-

hansome chickens at a market stall, for 75 cents,

and immediately after saw a richly dressed neighbor

RATHER A STORMY WEDDING DAY.

"Come, come, Miss Eleanor," continued the old servant, "time flies apace. Please to be getting up. There's your hair to be done you know, and that in itself will take me three-quarters of an hour."

"Get up—get up—" answered she mechanically—"and what—what for?—what—?"

"Why to be married, sure and certain," said Cary, half laughing. "Get up to be sure you must, Miss Eleanor, and lose no time."

She attempted no resistance—she got up. For a little while she seemed perfectly passive and patient under the hands of Cary, and suffering herself to be dressed like a victim adorning for, but ignorant of, the coming sacrifice. But when, after having completed the plaiting and arrangement of the most beautiful hair in the world, her maid was proceeding to place the orange-flower coronet upon her head, a sudden rush of recollections seemed to come over her; she uttered a fearful cry, tore the flowers from her, and cast them desperately upon the floor.

"What am I about?—What are you about?—What are we doing?"—she screamed wildly.

"Doing—doing, Miss Eleanor—compose yourself, my dear, dear young lady—do, for goodness sake."

A whispered conversation was kept up between the lady and the attendant.

"I think we may let her lie till a quarter to nine, Cary. You can scuttle up her hair some way. It does not look so very bad even as it is—and there's nothing but the dress and the veil to be put on."

"There, that will do," as Cary inserted the last pin; and Lady Wharncliffe having surveyed herself in the long glass, arranged the fall of a lace or a ribbon, and settled everything at last to her satisfaction, added—

"I will just step down and see how things are going on. You stay here, and for dear life don't utter a word, or make the least noise to disturb her till it is absolutely necessary. She seems to have fallen asleep. We may let her lay till nine. If she is ten minutes behind the time it surely does not signify." And she left the room.

In the hall, at the foot of the stairs, the first person she met was Randal Langford.

At nine o'clock Lady Wharncliffe entered her daughter's room; whilst Randal, feeling every moment more distressed and irritable, vainly endeavored to beguile his impatience by pacing up and down the hall, pausing from time to time to cast a look up the stairs, or at the door by which Lady Wharncliffe had vanished. Then he would place himself before the tall, narrow, arched windows of the hall, and watch the sleet and rain driving against the small panes, or listen to the swell of the winds, which at intervals shook the casements as if they would burst them through, and groaned and whistled around the house or among the trees. The hall clock told the quarter past nine, and then Sir John Wharncliffe, accompanied by Everard, and the other young men, sallied forth from a small breakfast room, where they had been taking chocolate over a blazing fire, and began to look for their hats, great-coats, and gloves; for the carriages were by this time prepared to come round. There they found Randal.

"Heyday!" cried Sir John—"you here, my good fellow. It is dreadfully cold. There is chocolate in the little breakfast room, and a roaring fire—do come in and take something before starting. You have a good four miles to go, and over a rough bad."

"No, thank you, Sir John—I am waiting to see Lady Wharncliffe. Everard, (taking him aside,) listen to me. I must see your sister."

"Well," answered Everard, affecting to laugh, and glancing at the clock, "then just have patience fourteen minutes longer, and I take it the carriages will be at the door, and down the lovely bride will come."

"But you do not or will not understand me, Everard. Every one seems in a league, I think, wilfully to misunderstand me this morning. I want—I wish—I must—and I will—speak to Eleanor for a few minutes alone—before she comes down to enter your father's carriage."

He spoke earnestly, angrily, passionately. Everard cast a hasty, alarmed, scrutinizing glance at him.

The glance did not escape Randal. But the other recollected himself, and, with a laugh which he intended to sound careless, turned away, saying—

"You must be clever if you get it. Women, the deuce take them, can think of nothing but their dress on a wedding morning. I'll be bound they are all too busy with their toilet to remember you. But,"—observing the increasing gloom of Randal's face,—he added, "but, if you really do wish it, I'll run up stairs to my mother and see what can be done."

And lightly he ascended the stairs. The red door closed after him. He did not return any more than his mother had done.

Randal remained standing at the foot of the stairs, his eyes riveted upon the door. He could scarcely contain his rage and impatience.

And now the carriages are heard coming round. Sir John Wharncliffe's draws up to the door—whilst the sleet and rain beat pitilessly against the windows, and the wind roars and howls furiously.

Mrs. Langford, who had been sitting quietly by the fire in her own dressing-room, now entered the hall, accompanied by two or three young ladies who were to act as bridesmaids. They had arrived early that morning, and had been taken up stairs to breakfast and warm themselves. The hall began rapidly to fill with wedding guests and their attendants.

Servants were seen hurrying up and down, preparing people for the departure; helping the gentlemen to their cloaks and great-coats, and holding shawls and cloaks, whilst the young men attended upon the young ladies. There was much laughing, chattering, and bustling going on; whilst the wind without burst out at intervals into the most furious blasts—howling and shrieking—and the rain and sleet drove more violently than ever against the clattering windows.

Such a day of tempest had scarcely ever been known!

"What weather—what the deuce shall we do? We shall all be blown over. How horrid cold!" &c. &c. &c.—and small feet kept stamping in pretty impatience upon the marble floor of the apartment, and there was great calling for boas and mantles, with—

"Oh, wrap me up well, for goodness sake!"—and—

"Do give me my victorine!" and—

"Quite a shame to muffle yourself up so!"—and so on.

And, in the midst of this confusion of cheerful voices, and pretty affectations, and all the lively hurry incident to the occasion, there that tall figure stood—his eyes riveted upon the red door, and suffering from an agony of mingled vexation, anger, distrust, and impatience impossible to describe.

At last Sir John Wharncliffe himself began to grow impatient as he saw his fine horses standing at the door, exposed to all the fury of the wind, rain and sleet—and began to swear a little, and to exclaim in no measured terms against women, for their endless delays—and at last ordered one of the female servants, in attendance, to go up stairs and inquire when Lady Wharncliffe would be ready.

She obeyed and passed through that red door, which, as it stood there so obstinately closed, as it were, against him alone, seemed, at last to fret Randal beyond bearing. Feeling desperate, and resolved to force an explanation at any risk, he set his foot upon the stairs, and was beginning impetuously to ascend—when the hated obstacle was suddenly thrown aside—the door flew wide open—and, at the head of the stairs, as if about to descend, the bride at last appeared; she was leaning upon her brother's arm, and supported, as it were, behind, by her mother. Her white dress floated round her—the beautiful hair was half hidden, half displayed by the light folds of the rich Brussels veil. Her fair forehead was surmounted by the pale greens and the white blossoms of her bridal coronet;—and beneath them appeared a face far paler than all these. The cheek was colorless, bloodless, ghastly—wan, greenish shades were around her lips and beneath her eyes, which were wide open, and seemed to gaze into vacancy with a dreamy, unmeaning stare. She moved forward, as if impelled by others only, and by no will of her own, in a strange, spectral, silent manner. He was inexpressibly shocked. It was with a feeling approaching almost to horror that he stood there for a moment gazing upon the altered face of her he so passionately loved:—then, no longer master of himself, he was rushing vehemently forward to address her,—even now,—but Everard waved him impudently back—saying, in an angry tone—

"Are you resolved to drive my father mad?—For Heaven's sake get along, Eleanor—do you hear how it rains?—you will be drowned before you get into the carriage."

And he passed, with her, hastily on—and even while he was speaking the hall door was opened, and such a whirlwind of rain and storm burst in that everything was thrown into the most unutterable confusion. And in the midst of this, scarcely

sensible of what was going on, he saw that pale spectre hurried forward, followed by Lady Wharncliffe,—who saluted him with a nod and a smile as she passed.

The first sound which awakened him from the sort of trance into which he fell, was the loud banging of the carriage door,—the cry of "All rig it," by the two footmen, as they sprang up behind,—and the rolling away of Sir John Wharncliffe's carriage. What followed was all confusion,—the wind roared through the door, and hissed against the casements; the rain poured down in torrents with deafening violence. People laughed, and cried out; and the young ones enjoyed the hurry and disorder to the utmost;—but he heard nothing—for the roar of many waters was in his ears—and he stood there like one bewildered. He started, and was awakened; for now his grave and formal mother came up to him in her coldest and most composed manner—and, as if this morning were the most ordinary morning in his life, addressed him with—

"You go with me, Randal; and Miss Montague and Mr. Wharncliffe are of our party. Come, if you please; the carriage is at the door I believe, and we must not keep anybody waiting this horrid day," &c.

And his servant came up with his hat and gloves, which he took mechanically, and followed passively into the carriage, whilst the winds lifted their loud voices, and whistled, and roared, as if in wild and gloomy mockery—the huge trees bent and bowed their huge branches to the earth, as in bitter irony of congratulation; the vane upon the roofs shrieked and cried, and all nature seemed rushing together in wildest uproar, like that which was raging in his own breast.

[From "Ravenscliffe," by the author of "Emilia Wyndham."

"Well, Sambo, is your master a good farmer?" "Oh, yes, massy be berry good farmer—he makes two crops in one year." "How is that, Sambo?" "Why, he sell all his hay in de fall, and make money once—den in de spring, he sell de hides of de cattle dat die for want of de hay, and make money twice."

SATURDAY MORNING, JAN. 8, 1853.

THE LATE FEARFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

The Rev. Mr. Fuller, of Manchester, N. H., was in the car at the time of accident, and furnishes the editor of the *Mirror* with the following interesting account of the late fearful railroad accident at Andover:

"I was looking out at the window, when we felt a severe shock, and the car was dragged for a few seconds, its axle of the front wheel being broken. Perfectly conscious of our situation, I remember thinking what was the matter. I retained through the whole my consciousness. In another second, the coupling which joined our car with the other, broke, and our car was whirled violently round, so as to reverse the ends, and we were swung down the rocky ledge. For once I had no hope of escaping death. I shall never forget the breathless horror which came over us during our fall. There was not a shriek, nor an exclamation, till the progress of the car, after having turned over twice on the rocks, was arrested, and with a violent concussion, having parted in the middle, and being broken into many thousand fragments. I received personally a few bruises and flesh cuts, of no particular moment, and found myself amid a mass of broken glass and splintered wood, and groaning men and women, with no limbs broken, and with a heart to praise God for His sparing mercy. I had no need to get out at any door or window, for the car was a fragmentary ruin. The next moment, a man covered with blood himself—a noble fellow—said 'we are alive, let us help others.' I passed from one frightful part of the scene to another, and the whole is before me now as a fearful vision. Men came up on every side dripping with blood, and few escaped some cuts and bruises. Before all were rescued, the top, covered with oil cloth, took fire from the stove, and added to the general horror and suffering.

Two incidents, among the many terrible ones, are especially present to my memory. On the bank sat a mother, (Mrs. Stokes of this city) clasping her little boy of some three or four years of age; he had been rescued from the ruin which had strewed the rock with shattered fragments, and her own person was considerably burned by the fire, but she was shedding tears of gratitude over her rescued child, and rejoicing in his safety, unmindful of her own pain. But a few steps from her I saw the most appalling scene of all. There was another mother, whose agony passes beyond any description. She could shed no tears, but overwhelmed with grief, uttered such affecting words as I never can forget. It was Mrs. Pierce, the wife of the President elect; and near her, in that ruin of shivered wood and iron, lay a more terrible ruin—her only son—one minute before so beautiful, so full of life and hope. She was supported by her husband and Prof. Packard.

Gen. Pierce was himself bruised in the back, but not severely, and the wounds of the spirit far exceeded any bodily suffering; yet, while deeply affected, he showed all the self-possession and nerve which only characterizes great-hearted and noble men, and which few would manifest under similar circumstances. He gave all needful directions about the recovery of his little boy, still entangled in the wreck about him, and then afforded all that comfort and sympathy to his partner in sorrow which was appropriate to the time. She was conveyed to a house near, and there she gave vent to the grief which rent her heart, while he consoled and comforted. I may not draw the veil from that picture. Sacred is the holy privacy of sorrow, and the hearts of those who have suffered can feel what my pen must not describe.

Soon we were able to convey the wounded and the dead to the nearest house, which happened to be that connected with the poor-farm in Andover, where every possible kindness and attention were rendered. Go with me, Mr. Editor, to that house, and look with me awhile on that scene of suffering and sorrow. In one room were Gen. Pierce and his lady; in the opposite apartment lay the mortal remains of their little boy—and oh! so sad a sight! The blow, by which he was instantly killed, struck his forehead, and was so violent as to remove the upper portion of the head, leaving a part of the brain exposed. The face, with the exception of a bruise about the right eye, still remained uninjured, but bathed in blood. Gen. Pierce and lady, meanwhile, retired to the house of Mr. Aiken.

In the same room was a lady, Mrs. Newell, of Hillsborough, considerably bruised, and her face cut. Her little daughter, twelve years of age, lay near, with her foot so badly injured injured, that amputation will be necessary. She bore her pains sweetly and patiently. In another room Mr. Kittredge, of Pelham, lay with his leg broken, and a Mr. Childs, of Henniker, sat bravely up, though with a face covered with blood. Others, much bruised, had gone on in the train which returned for us from Lawrence. Every attention which could possibly be paid to those injured was given at this house, where most of the wounded were carried. The physicians were prompt in their services, calm, kind, and, as far as one not of the profession can judge, judicious. After the head of the little boy had been tenderly cared for by the physicians, and all possible done to restore the tools of life, he was carried by us to the house where his afflicted parents were. I shall never forget the look of extreme pain that child's face wore; and yet there was something resigned and tender impressed even by the awful hand of death. He was not yet cold when he was in the room of Mr. Aiken's house, dressed just as he had been at the moment of the calamity. The form which had left that house but little more than an hour before, full of life and happiness, with a heart full of hope and bright aspirations, was borne back to those who had parted from him—that heart no longer beat and still—that form motionless, and the limbs fast growing rigid under the icy touch of death.

In closing his narration of the sad accident, Mr. Fuller says:—

"And now, Mr. Editor, I have stated all which you desire from me, very imperfectly of course, but I believe as correctly as any one can immediately after so heart-rending and confused a scene. To me the greatest cause of wonder and gratitude is that any escaped who were in that car. When I looked down at that jagged, rocky steep, while sympathizing with the bereaved, I felt that all who stood there had great cause for gratitude, that we were yet among the living."

To the whole nation how appalling would have been the stroke had he, so recently chosen by them to the highest office in the world, perished there by the fearful disaster. May the wounded recover from their severe bruises, and may the bereaved ones obtain that real consolation which the Gospel affords in such a calamity. Their only child has been taken away, but there is a balm in the thought that our Saviour declared of children, 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' Terrible is such a grief, and a mother's heart is now wrung with anguish, while the father feels deeply his bereavement.

On entering the scene of his future public labors, this personal grief must cast a shade over his mind and heart the solemn thought of mortality. May he be spared further sorrows, and the feeble health of his wife not fail beneath this heavy grief. In efforts for his country's welfare, and consecration to her service, may he find some alleviation of his sorrow."

My Wife.

Long years ago I met a child,
As through the world I past,
She was the first star of my life—
The dearest, and the last.
An angel child, by some strange fate,
To earth a dweller driven,
Who brought her virtues to my heart,
And left her wings in heaven.
I dreamt not, that this child of love
Would mine forever be,
That she had come to tread this world,
This weary world, with me.
But as in kindness, side by side,
We wandered, day by day,
The more I loved her, and the more
She seemed inclined to stay.
I was strange, that from that very hour
I never knew a care,
But seemed, through me unearthly power,
A pleasant thing to bear;
And if perchance her gentle eye
Ever marked a tear in mine,
'T was turned to smiles by her kind heart,
And treasured on its shrine.

Around my growing destiny
Her hopes all centered were,
For much I tried to make this world
A pleasant home to her;
And still withal she seemed content
To bear its rougher part,
Together with the joys she found
Whilst nestling at my heart.
And thus together, hand in hand,
We trod this vale of tears;
Our youth departing, but our love
Increasing with our years.
Forgetting all that outward world,
Made up of grief and sin,
But loving more the world above,
And a bright world within.
The cheek that closely presses mine,
Is furrowed now by years,
For we have known the cares of life,
And we have wept its tears;
But God was ever kind to us,
Although the world was cold,
And we are growing happier,
As we are growing old.
There seems a brighter world in view,
A home from sorrow free,
A dwelling of eternal years,
For my dear wife and me.
And O! the angel of my youth,
So good, and very fair,
I know will take her wings again,
And be my angel there.

A. H. S.

Sunset Hour in the Churchyard.
Scene of beauty, fare thee well;
O'er my soul thou'st cast a spell
That will long remembered be—
Twilight scene and golden sea.
Lovingly the tall trees rest
'Gainst the gleaming sky their crest,
Where the day's departing gleam
Flings back many a rosy beam,—
Lighting up the churchyard gloom,
With gilding ray the darksome tomb;
Where the vines luxuriant creep,
And the waving willows weep
O'er the dead long passed away;
Holy spot, I love to stray
'Mid thy quiet shades at eve,
All life's busy scenes to leave.
Night has cast its deep'ning shade
Over hill, and glen, and glade;
Now the silver moon sails high
'Mid the stars that gem the sky.
Hushed is now the birdling's note,
Softly perfumed zephyrs float
From each fragrant flower and tree.—
Lord, pure heart-felt thanks to thee,
From our altar's heart doth rise,
Like sweet incense to the skies,
For these scenes of beauty rare
Spread by thee through earth and air.

artford, Conn. C. A. R.

MT. AUBURN GENE. BUS leaves 43 Brattle St., Boston, every 15 minutes, from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M. Returning, leaves Mt. Auburn 15 minutes from 6 to 8 P. M. Streets watered to Mt. Auburn gate. Cambridge, Mass. 1854.

SOMETHING TO DIE FOR.

PRENT was sick, single, and singular.

It was of no use to do any thing for him; he was going to die; that is, he was coming to his end. Of what? Will you have the answer of last month, or last year? It's quite important to me which. Last week he was dying of consumption; last month of apoplexy; last year of cancer; and it was as likely the year before to have been an aneurism as a palsy. But he thought of dying, and had thought of it off and on (generally on) for three years. Three years—till finally he reduced it to a certainty (he feared) and himself to a shadow; a pretty distinct shadow, it's true.

He looked at his hand one day; there was a little blue spot on it. Mortifying, no doubt—very. What would become of his penmanship? Off-hand, at least Four-and-twenty hours relieved him: all right—only a stain. He walked in a perspiration of delight to the open window; but where was his happiness, when two minutes after he put his hand upon his brow and felt cold drops standing there! Oh! there was it! Going in a consumption; last stage & hasty at that; named in two words, cough and coffin.

Bed, blood-root and a blister.

Prent was a whig and a wag, and both together sometimes—unsteady.

'Not so much my feelings as my friends,' said Prent, feebly; 'nor my pain as my principles, I grieve for. What'll become of the party? not that which comes to t—' (tea he was about to say, but growing short of breath got out 'tut' instead, which was just as well,) 'but which goes to the polls. I'm going, and my friends know it; it's *expect-oration* with me, but not with them.'

'No, no,' said his friend Prattle, the lawyer; 'don't give way to such feelings; cheer up!'

'Cheer up!' said Prent; 'on what? spirits of nitre?'—poor cheer, I take it.' He did; 'and as for giving way, there's no help for it nor from it. I tell you my friend, I'm gone coon!' He smiled feebly. 'I've felt like it ever since the last election.'

'Stuff!' said Prattle; 'stuff!'

'Which?' asked Prent, 'my medicine or my meals? I haven't eaten any thing so large as a cracker since yesterday. I'm an unsound liver, though not billious.'

'Well,' said Prattle, 'if you really think so, I'll send for the doctor; and,' suggested he, 'perhaps I'd better make out your will.'

'The best thing you can do; and give me my testament,' said Prent.

'Won't you just sign this petition?' said Prattle: it takes a week back, and you can sign it at the head.'

'A week back,' said Prent, 'contains a complaint does it? Well, yes, I'll sign the petition, and say my prayers. But look here; don't send for the doctor it's no use.'

'Yes,' said Prattle, imploringly.

'No,' said Prent, decidedly, and coughed. Coughing loudly for a sick man, he frightened Prattle into making out his will immediately, for there was some danger of its shaking his intention.

The will was drawn up in due form, and without ceremony.

As I sat by the bed, he thought during the intervals between Prent's remarks, and when Prent said, 'I feel easier now,' he thought 'so do I.' 'In my mind,' said Prent.

'In my pocket,' thought Prattle.

'I'll lengthen my life full twelve hours,' said Prent.

'And my purse full twelve shillings,' thought Prattle.

After half an hour Mr Prattle went away, and after him went a week from that date.

Not so Prent, he got better. He got so he could sit up and take things—so that he could stand. 'It leaves me with a rheumatism,' said Prent; 'I wish it had left me alone.' 'Ah!' continued he, 'I'm only twenty-five, but I've a presentiment that I shan't live long. I'm a single man, too; nothing to mar my happiness. Why should I die? I have not done any thing very bad, save that last painting.' 'Well,' thought Prent, 'if I've got to die, I'll get married and have something to die for, I will.'

And he would have done it directly, only that the rheumatism attacked him just then; but at the first opportunity, that is, as soon as he could, he took the preliminary steps. He took the steps to a three story house.

'Mr Prent?' said the waiter.

'That's me,' said Prent, walking into the parlor.

'How is Miss Bachelor?'

Miss Bachelor was a young lady of about thirty, with a very fresh countenance and a very red nose—exceedingly red; she bore the appearance of one having the influenza all her life, and never using any thing for it but her pocket handkerchief.

Miss Bachelor was 'Pretty well as common, thanky,' and 'Miss Latelle,' said Prent to a very pretty niece of Miss Bachelor's. 'How are you?'

'Very well,' she warbled.

Prent was the only gentleman present. He sat himself down, and in five minutes thereafter was 'in town,' as the saying goes.

He felt happy and he looked happy. He thought perhaps he would have some difficulty in getting Miss Latelle, but even that produced a pleasurable excitement. The reasons for his belief were good, too.—He was not handsome, and Miss Latelle had refused three already. But she was the first girl of his acquaintance, and he determined to commence at 'A No. 1' and try down to 'etc.,' with no number.

To his surprise he advanced rapidly; from the weather to love in a single leap, to matrimony in one more. 'How well I feel,' thought Prent.

He was about proposing, when Miss Bachelor said in a voice to which a coffee-mill would have been music, 'I declare, I feel quite chilly.' There was no doubt of her veracity, but it was, Prent thought, awkward to say so at that moment. Supposing she was—it was not his fault. He wished her in the south of France, or the kitchen stove, rather than there.

'It is rather chilly,' said Prent.

Miss Bachelor was troubled with teeth. Prent knew it. 'I'm told,' said he, 'that a slight chill in the air, is worse than really cold weather for the teeth. Have you heard it?'

'Dear me! no,' said Miss B., 'I mustn't stay here then.'

She ascended the stairs with rapidity, and they heard no more of her for the evening.

Mr Prent wasted no time, but proposed without delay. Miss Latelle accepted—all comfortably.—Now it puzzled Prent to know how to act. It struck him rather forcibly that he ought to say something

sentimental. But what? He was new to the business and felt awkwardly. He had heard that 'actions speak louder than words,' and he acted. Acted admirably: on the supposition that she must be lovesick he kissed her, and repeated the dose at intervals; but it had no visible effect, and after the very last, she said, 'Oh!'

Ten o'clock—Prent was almost ready to leave—Half past—the same. Eleven, ditto; half past—one more kiss. Well then—'Oh! Twelve—a desperate effort, and two kisses 'Oh! oh!' gone.

'My dear fellow,' said Prattle, 'you don't mean to say you are to be married?'

'Of course I do,' said Prent.

'Married, eh?' Hadn't Prattle eaten supper with him, all for his pleasure, regularly, and as regularly told him, the next day, it was unhealthy, but hamor-

ed him by helping him to eat another every evening; drank with him, smoked with him, and performed various like disinterested services? He had. Well then, there could be no doubt of his friendship, and he told Mr Prent it was a foolish idea.

'And your object is to have some one to bother you while you live,' said Prattle, 'or grieve when you're dead? Something to die for?'

'It is,' said Prent.

'If you believed you were destined to live twenty years, don't you think you would be better off single?'

'I think I should,' said Prent. He answered this, as Prattle asked it, in view of late hours and champaigne suppers.

'Hum,' said Prattle, and straightway went to a doctor friend of his. 'It lies in the stomach; it's disordered,' said Prattle: 'take this note and say I sent you. He's rich, and his name's Bill; foot it.'

'It's of no use, doctor,' said Prent, 'it's destined.'

'What are the symptoms?' asked Physic.

'Various,' answered Prent.

'Instance,' said Physic.

'Rheumatism; palpitation; cold sweat; pain in the chest,' etc., etc., said Prent.

'Let me try to remove them,' said Physic; 'it's eating that does it.'

'No,' said Prent; 'I've experimented on that.'

'Drinking, perhaps?' suggested Physic.

'I thought it might be,' said Prent, 'and left off beer and drank nothing but brandy-and-water. Never, tried it for a week. Took to beer again, and dropped alcoholics. It wouldn't do. No; no; the fact is, it's constitutional. I wish it wasn't I'd have it before the Judge in less than a week.'

'Do you think you have a standing complaint? asked Physic.

'No; I rather think it's seated,' said Prent.

'Try me one month,' said Physic, 'and I'll cure you.'

'I've no objection to trying any thing,' said Prent.

'Well, one blue pill every night for a week; said. Litz powder in the morning; diet, crackers and cold water.'

'Stop! stop! doctor; I couldn't live so.'

'Only for a month,' said Physic.'

'Say one potatoe and a half a glass of wine at dinner.'

'You'd better not,' said Physic; 'but you may alternate days, commencing to-morrow.'

'I'd rather commence every day,' said Prent.

'Wo'd do!' said Physic.

It is strange, but Prent stood it 'like a man' for a month. It was much stranger, to him, that at the end of that time his arms, hands, legs, feet, all seemed to be sound. He breathed more freely, and didn't wake up o' nights and hear strange sounds and his fingers were less inclined to travel round every article he endeavored to handle.

'What was the matter with me?' asked Prent of the doctor.

'You injured the coat of your stomach,' said Physic.

'And it could'nt make a shift to use it's shirt-sleeves?' muttered Prent.

'You're not well yet, said Physic.

'But the month's up,' said Prent.

'So it is,' said Physic; 'but live moderately, or you'll bring it on again; and by-and-by there will be no curing you. Air, exercise, and temperance, or hyposchondria; those are the tickets.'

'And the last shan't receive my sufferage,' said Prent.

That night he drank a glass or two on the strength of it; then one or two more temperately.

'I'm sorry,' said Prent, 'that I'll have to marry, hiccup.'

'You can break it,' said Prattle.

'Supposing she sues for breach, said Prent.

'Supposing she does? said Prattle; better try the breeches before marriage than after. She can't prove it.'

'Well I'll—'

'Yes—'

'I'll see you (hiccup) to morrow.'

To-morrow Mr Prent felt the symptoms again.

'I guess I'll take a wife,' said Prent.

'Better take a blue pill,' said Prattle.

'But this, and all he could say, did not turn Prent one hair's breadth. He married. What was better, he got well: sacrificed his suppers, and wasn't at all sorry. Instead of dying, he lived. Lived as a man, having something to live for—a fire-side and a home.'

THE FIRST KISS.

In a German tale, published some time since, is a description of 'the first kiss' in the following sensation style:

'Am I really dear to you, Sophia?' I whispered, and pressed my burning lips to her rosy mouth. She did not say yes, she did not say no; but she returned my kiss, and the earth went from under my feet; my soul was no longer in the body; I touched the stars; I knew the happiness of the seraphim!'

The above is all of this deeply exciting story we can publish. The remainder will be found in the Blower of July 25th, which has four millions more subscribers than there are inhabitants in the world! Korn Kob writes for it—Pea Nuts writes for it—Tadpole writes for it—everybody writes for it—and it is sold every where in the world, and out of it!—Germantown Telegraph.

Dancing.

We perceive that several of our dancing schools have commenced their terms for the winter. The recreation which they each should be availed of by the young of both sexes, not only as a graceful accomplishment, but as one of the best modes of the physical development of the human system. Those children who have a tendency toward spine complaints and otherwise give symptoms of neuralgic disturbances, should be taught to walk straight, and to move with an elastic step, and this is one of the provinces of the dancing master.

We are fully aware that a portion of our New England population have ever been averse to having their children taught to dance. The old prejudice against it, which was derived from our Puritan ancestors, has not yet died out, and the evidence is unmistakable in the awkward gait and stooping posture of too many of our people. But there are some sensible people left, and the children of these, who suffer from the want of proper exercise at home, should be encouraged to attain both exercise and grace, at some of the many dancing schools with which our city abounds.

The objections which are commonly urged against dancing are that it induces a spirit of levity which is inconsistent with what our good people call piety; that it leads to late hours and sometimes causes associations with improper company; and that it too frequently engrosses the minds of young people so that they become negligent of the duties they owe to their parents and themselves. But these objections are common to almost every diversion which the young can indulge in, and are equally, if not less harmful in reference to dancing than in regard to many other recreations.

Our religious friends, who make up their faith from their Bibles, will not contend that dancing is prohibited by that book, and we will not implicate their knowledge of the sacred scriptures by supposing that they cannot call to mind the dancing which is noticed, and that without disapprobation, in the pages of inspiration. As to the objections drawn from improper associates and late hours, these are not necessarily involved in dancing. If sensible people would have their children supplied with a proper arena at home for dancing, and allow them to invite their young neighbors for associates, they could control the tendency for late hours within proper bounds, and always select the company with which their children should associate. But if they neglect to do this, they must not be surprised if, when children outgrow parental authority, (as most New England children do before they emerge from their teens,) they manage matters contrary to the wishes of their parents, and dance all night to make up for the denial practiced in their earlier years, when they were not allowed to dance at all.

That very many young ladies injure their health by dancing in over-heated rooms, in ball-room apparel, and then going home without proper protection from the weather, every one is aware. And it is equally true that late hours and late suppers, which too commonly attend the assembly room, are equally injurious to health. But when people thus injure themselves, it commonly shows an absorbing taste in dancing, which has been generated by parental opposition to it when the party was younger. Parents should therefore foster the taste and enable their children to acquire the accomplishment of dancing. They would then be able to control it, as they do the other amusements of their children; and then it could not be objectionable, in any respect.

As a gymnastic exercise, dancing is superior to almost any other. It is eminently social in its character, and does not detract from its health-restoring power by making the individual conscious of physical exertion while tripping over a room. Properly pursued, it is a better tonic for the physical, and particularly for the nervous system, than all the drugs of the apothecary, while in its effect on the spirits, it is probably better than any other diversion. This, we believe, will be endorsed by every intelligent medical man; and yet we every day hear people denounce dancing who would be indignant if we demonstrated, as we easily could, that on that subject they had parted with their common sense.

The undue austerity of the New England character, and particularly the false relations between parents and children, is the main cause of the opposition to dancing. Parents almost always forget that their children are not, and should not be, men and women. The spirits of youth are more buoyant and elastic than those of age. They need scope for exercise. The child cannot, like its parents, confine himself to books or sedentary employment. It needs muscular activity. The parent foolishly supposes he can control this law of nature. He demands that quiet and desirous from his child which will enable him to pursue his studies or reflections undisturbed. He seems to think that as he, who has been active all day about his business, needs no physical recreation in the evening, his children also, can sit in their chairs and devote their time to

reading. But the parent who so concludes and manages his children that in their earlier years they cannot take the diversion which their nature craves, will find that those children in later years will overstep the bounds of prudence and perhaps be overcome with danger, which a wise parental supervision in earlier life might have prevented. We therefore recommend to all sensible parents to have their children early instructed in dancing. It will give vigor to their development and grace to their movements, and the evils incidental thereto may easily be controlled and prevented.

Independence Day.

The song of 'Independence Day,' as sung by Mrs. Barney Williams, at the Boston Theatre, was written over fifty years ago, by Royal Tyler, father of Gen. John S. Tyler of this city, and was originally printed in the *Farmer's Museum*, published at Walpole, N. H. It was 'set up' by J. T. Buckingham, Esq., then an apprentice in that office. We find the poem in a rare book, entitled 'The Spirit of the Farmer's Museum,' published in 1801, only one or two copies of which are now in existence:—

Od, composed for the Fourth of July, calculated for the meridian of some country towns in Massachusetts, and Rye in New Hampshire.

Squak the fife, and beat the drum,
Independence day is come!
Let the roasting pig be blazed,
Quick twist off the cockerie's head,
Quickly rub the pewter platter,
Heap the nutsakes, fried in butter.
Set the cups, and beker glass,
The pumpkin, and the apple sauce,
Bind the keg to shop for brandy;
Maple sugar we have handy,
Independent, staggering Dick,
A noggin mix of swinging thick,
Sal, put on your ruffel skirt,
Jotam, get your boughen shirt,
To-day we dance to tiddle didde,
Here comes Sambo with his fiddle;
Sambo, take a dram of whisky,
And play up Yankee Doodle frisky.
Moll, come leave your wretched tricks,
And let us have a reel of six;
Father and mother shall make two;
Sal, Moll and I stand all a row,
Sambo play and dance with quality;
This is the day of blest Equality.
Father and mother are but men,
And Sambo—is a Citizen,
Come foot it, Sal—Moll, figure in,
And mother, you darce up to him;
Now asw as fast as e'er you can do,
And Father, you cross o'er to Sambo.
Thus we dance, and thus we play,
Our glorious Independent day.
Rob more rosin on your bow,
And let us have another go,
Zounds, as sure as eggs and bacon,
Here's the squire Sneak, and uncle Deacon,
Aunt Thiah, and their Bets behind her.
On blundering mare, that beetle blinder.
And there's the Squire too with his lady—
Sal, hold the beast, I'll take the baby.
Moll, bring the Squire our great arm chair,
Good folks, we're glad to see you here.
Jotham, get the great oase bottle,
Your teeth can pull its corn cob stopple.<br



A GARRET IN CROSS STREET.

But themselves are to blame, for they cling to their lot,—
When by shifting the scene, they might baffle
As if they preferred in a city to rot,
To the plenty and joy that await them elsewhere.
Let them out to the west,
Where on Nature's full breast—
They may nestle like children, and get their full
Of all the good things
Which from teeming earth springs,
Man's toil to reward, and relieve him from care.
To the West, oh! ye poor,
From your pestilent haunts,
And you'll find a full cure.

For your sorrows and wants!
Oh, look on that picture, and then look on this—
The one full of sorrow, the other of bliss;
The one stands a garret in city contest,
The other a cottage, far off in the West,
Where the cabins of logs have commenced their
retreat,
To give place to the old English cottage so neat.
Then you, who are sick of your poverty, pack
Up your tatters, and show your gran garrets your
back,—
And forth for the West with velocity steer,
And you'll soon be as bless'd as the folk we have
here.



A COTTAGE SCENE IN THE MODERN FAR WEST.

But away, away
With such grumbling lay,
It befits not the region of Christmas day;
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer,
Such as we have beneath us here:
Besides, on the whole,
She's a good old soul,
Our matchless city—
And it were a pity

To vex her ear with one word of dole,
Moreover, her virtues so brightly glow,
That they dazzle our sight
So much with their light.
It is hard to discover the flaws below.
This is Gotham, dear Gotham! thy bounds we blest,
And oh, may thy shadow never be less;
May you still wear, as now,
The crown on your brow
As the queen of free cities, which all confess.

COTTON.



We understand, says the Cincinnati Microscope, that Parson Mills, at a prayer meeting, not long since, in order to pray as comfortably as possible, put one foot on a seat behind him, then placed his elbow upon a desk, then, with a fan in his right hand, fanned himself while going thro' the exercise of prayer. Rather a curious and original posture for a minister to assume during worship.

“Go on, I'll follow thee,” as the thunder said to the lightning.

“Who you looking at?” as the comet said to the moon and stars when he shot along between them.

A Good Salve.

“Take an egg and boil it hard, then take out the yolk and fry it in half a tablespoonful of clean lard for about 5 minutes, and you have an excellent salve. It is especially good for sore nipples and requires just to be rubbed on as occasion may require.”

One of our subscribers sends us the above from Hamilton Co. Ohio, and we must say that it is a good salve. We have seen it tried and judge of its merits from a practical experience.

A Chain Pump.

This pump consists of a tube, made by nailing together two pieces of two inch plank each of which has a semi-circular groove, and thus forming a tube.

This tube is the entire length of the well through which passes an endless chain, which is moved by a wheel and crank at a convenient distance above the well curb. At proper distances apart on the chain, flat discs of iron or leather are placed, their diameter being somewhat less than that of the tube.

Chilblains or Frosted Feet.

Mix, in a glass vial a quarter of an ounce of pure muriatic acid with two ounces of water. Wet a piece of sponge or soft cloth with the liquid and gently bathe the parts that have been frozen. Let it dry on, and wrap the feet in bandages, or draw on a pair of old stockings to keep the bed linen from contact with the acid, which will drop into holes wherever it is touched by it. This speedily cools the inflammation, allays the intensely painful itching, and, when the frost is not very deep, it cures by a few applications.

When the chilblains are of long standing, and the skin has cracked, or when sores are formed, the first two or three batheings are apt to cause a smarting pain that is somewhat discouraging to persons unacquainted with the virtues of this simple remedy; but if they will persevere they will be rewarded by a complete cure.

How to dislodge a Fish Bone from the Throat.

It sometimes happens that a fish bone accidentally swallowed will remain in the esophagus, and occasion serious inconvenience; in fact, instances have been known where so much irritation had arisen that death has followed. In such cases it is advisable, as soon as possible, to take four grains of tartar emetic, dissolved in one half pint of warm water and immediately afterwards the white of six eggs. The coagulated mass will not remain in the stomach more than two or three minutes, and the probability is that the bone will be ejected with the contents of the stomach. If tartar emetic is not to be found conveniently a teaspoonful of mustard dissolved in milk warm water and swallowed will answer the same purpose.

A solution of alcohol with a very little camphor brushed over the backs of books, will keep them from mildew.

102 SUMMER STREET,
Gale & Taik.

John Short

Lived in Shortville, near Briarcliff. Having married a stately dame, after a short courtship, he found it necessary to provide a short ladder for the purpose of ascending it to kiss her. In short he lived a long time with his wife, and long after her decease. But death ent him short with a short summons. He was put into a short coffin, lowered into a short grave, and a short sermon was preached on the occasion, respecting the shortness of life. To make a long story short, Mr. Short was recollected a long time as having been the shortest man in Shortville.

“Patrick,” said an employer one morning, “I am one of his workmen; you came too late this morning, the other men were at work an hour before you.”

“Shure and I'll be even with them to night.”

“How, Patrick?”

“Why, I'll quit one hour before 'em all, sure.”

The Difference.—The question “why printers do not succeed in business as well as brewers,” was thus answered.

“because printers work for the head, and

brewers for the stomach; and where

twenty men have a stomach, but one has a head.”

“Terrible pressure in the money market,” as the mouse said, ven the keg o

specie rolled over him.

From the United States Gazette.

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW.

The Spirit of Hope is an angel of light, whose smile is serene, and whose features are bright, As the clear blue expanse of the soft glowing skies, Where beauty abounds and where mystery lies; Unseen is the spirit when hovering near; The altar of faith, to religion so dear; But her presence is felt when her bright wings are spread. O'er the heart, when its fondest affections are dead.

The Shadow of Hope from the scene of our birth, In the dream of our youth wanders over the earth; And the fair fond deceiver's a phantom so bright, When she stands betwixt us and that angel of light— The heart she beguiles, when in childhood and youth, We renounce for the shadow the substance of truth; But when disappointment like a dark cloud appears, The fair one has vanished and left us in tears.

The Spirit of Hope then returns to impart, If attended by faith, brighter hopes to the heart; As an angel of peace, and with outspreading wings, To the fountain she guideth us whence happiness springs. From the cold world estranged, and from envy and strife, She bids us there drink of the waters of life; And there, if the light of the gospel abound, Can Hope shed a halo each bosom around.

If then and forever hope's shadow has fled, Like a dream half remembered—if then we are dead To the sins of the world, hope's promise shall give This blessed assurance—again we shall live! The visions and dreams, and false phantoms of bliss, Which crowd round the mind in a bleak world like this, Shall die in the heart when we live in the Lord,” And the promise of hope shall insure its reward. Philad. August 18th, 1830.

TREMONT.

Lines on the Death of Harriet M. Putnam.

Who died at Middletown, Conn., July 18, 18—

BY REV. T. P. AEBEL.

Gone in the fitful morning smile
Of life's uncertain day:
Gone to a better home the while
From our hearth-stone away:
Gone where the weary are at rest,
In the green gardens of the blest.

We saw her drink the bitter cup,
While pain her vigils kept;
We saw her yield her spirit up,
As nature drooped and slept;
No murmur came of dread or doubt,
As earth's fair pictures faded out.

A cypress wreath! for ties are riven,
Hallowed by hopes of years;
And for these, to fond hearts, is given
The heritage of tears—
The grief gloom struggling souls put on,
When their idols to dust have gone.

Farewell! Hours to memory known,
Scenes brightened by thy love,
Kind deeds along thy life-path strown,
Thy faith-pointings above,
Shall comfort us in thoughts of thee,
Dweller in the home of the free!

Orig

THE PRETTY CONFECTIONER.

BY J. B. D.

‘Sweets to the sweet’—tis even so—
And here are both of them, I know,—
In the glass jars the luscious store
I see, and, on the counter, more;
But, ah! behind that counter stands
Something far sweeter—by all hands!

There's red upon the almonds, there;
And white is the cream-candy, fair;
But, see, upon that cheek, the red!
The loveliest rose may hang its head,
Outdone by blushing cheeks like these;
And the snowdrop, beneath the trees,
Is not so white as her fair brow;
The fairest lillies that ere blow
May shut their leaves, in quick despair.
What flower is like her glossy hair?
What with her blue eyes can compare?

Talk of the rose, even as you please;
Of snowdrops, till you're like to freeze;
Of lillies, till you hang your head;
Of heart's-ease, glowing in their bed—
I see them ALL, and more than all,
Whene'er at —'s shop I call—
Except the heart's-ease—ah, I find,
At such times, little in my mind!
But, in my breast, a raging fire,
Prompting the most intense desire,
This star, not only to see shine,
But to secure and make it mine!

Interesting Experiment.

An amusing and also interesting experiment may be performed as follows:—Take four glass tumblers, invert them upon the floor, lay a board on them, let a person stand on the board, and another standing on the floor, beat him over the back a short time, with a fur cap, muff, or anything made of fur or silk plush; then apply your finger to his nose and a spark of fire will be seen to flash from the nose to the finger. The room should be dark, when the experiment is made, so as to be able to see the flash.

“I wish I owned an interest in that dog of yours,” said a neighbor in our hearing the other day, to another neighbor, whose dog would dart toward the legs of any one with whom he might be talking, and then “back up again,” and look up in his master's face, as much as to say, “Shall I pitch into him?—shall I give him a nip on the leg?”

“An interest in my dog!” said his master; “what could you do with it?”

“Why,” replied the other, “I'd shoot my half within the next five minutes!”



HARNDEN & CO.'S

AMBITION AND REVENGE.

"My dear, what are we to do with our girls?" asked Mrs. Gayland of her husband, one fine evening in May.

"Our girls!" repeated the gentleman, in apparent astonishment, "why, what's the matter with them?"

"How provoking you are, Mr. Gayland!—you know very well what I mean!"

"How should I, my dear? our girls were all well enough at dinner time, and I hope nothing has happened to them since."

Mrs. Gayland bit her lips with vexation, as she rose to leave the room, but before she had reached the door, her maternal solicitude prevailed against her anger, and again she seated her husband's side, and said in herents.

"I think my dear, it is time some were married."

"Ha, ha, ha," burst from the lips of the old man. "Is that all? how relieved I am."

But Mr. Gayland, Kate and Irene, (they were twins) are now twenty-two years of age, and after they are disposed of, there is Lucia and Florette, who are now even old enough to marry."

"Yes, and you forgot my sweet Lillie here," said Mr. Gayland stooping to a pale, sober looking little girl that sat by his side.

A look of contempt was cast on the innocent child by her mother as she answered—

"Pshaw! I will keep Lillie to tend the kitchen; she is too homely ever to get a husband."

This was the most unfortunate remark Mrs. Gayland could have made, for Lillie was her father's pet. He loved her better than either of his grown-up daughters, and for this simple reason—she best deserved his love.

Mr. Gayland was a very good tempered man but one word against his darling child, was enough to excite his anger a long time. On this occasion, he jumped up, walked the floor a few minutes, then sitting down and taking Lillie on his knee, he said to his wife in a voice of stern calmness—

"Maria, how can you be so unnatural a mother as to hate your youngest born, because she is weakly and not handsome? I tell you," he continued, raising his voice, "her heart and mind are priceless gems in comparison with the vain beauty of Kate, Irene and Lucia. And Florette, my gay and beautiful Florette, were it not for the strong love she bears towards Harvey Leston, would be as heartless as your ambition has made her sisters."

Mrs. Gayland smiled disdainfully at the conclusion of this speech, but only answered—

"Florette has more sense than you imagine."

Again she turned to leave the room, and again did the thought of her daughters bring her to her husband's side.

"Morton, my errand here was to procure money to take our beautiful girls to Saratoga."

"Yes to dispose of them there I presume."

"Certainly, if I can find suitable matches."

"Success attend you," said the husband bitterly, as he arose and took from his desk notes to the amount of a thousand dollars—"but stop, Florette is not to go with you!"

"No—her superior beauty would attract all attention from her other sisters. I shall leave her for your portage Harvey Leston."

Mr. Gayland muttered a few angry words as his ambitious wife left the room, then taking again his darling Lillie, he caressed her long and lovingly, while the poor, despised child, uttered words so wise, so deep, that even the fond father himself was astonished.

We will follow Mrs. Gayland to her parlor.

"Well, mamma," exclaimed the three eldest girls in a breath, "did you succeed?"

"Yes, after preaching me a long lecture about that stupid Lillie, he gave me one thousand dollars."

"Oh well," said Irene, "that is better than I expected; you know he always vowed we'd never go."

"Yes, and I suspect the reason why he consents now is, that he wishes to be rid of us for a while."

"Am I to go, mamma?" asked Florette.

"No, my child, you must wait till next summer, but you can amuse yourself with Harvey Leston, while we are absent."

The girls all burst into a merry laugh—"Yes it is so amusing to listen to him sometimes;—what a simpleton he is to think that Florette, with all her beauty, will ever marry him."

"Oh well," said the beauty; tossing her head, "I shall let him think so, till Harry Berwick gets home, then to finish the sport I shall refer him to papa, and end it all by saying, 'I was only in jest,'"

Poor Florette! She was indeed as heartless as her sisters. Harvey Leston, poor fellow, never suspected the plot laid against him; so while mamma and the Misses Gaylord coquetted at the Springs, papa and Lillie studied in the library,—he became the constant companion of the beautiful Florette—anticipated her slightest wishes, and breathed into her ear the soul-stirring effusions of youthful genius.

Harvey Leston, despite his boyishness and awkwardness, was destined for a high place among earth's nobles; destined to shine the brightest star in the proud galaxy of genius. Mr. Gayland loved Harvey as a son. He appreciated the noble qualities of his heart, and it was his earnest wish to see him united to Florette. But such was not the intention of Mrs. Gayland. Florette was her most beautiful child, and she was taught to believe herself at least destined for the wife of a "lord"—so while her mother and sisters were enjoying themselves at Saratoga, she was amusing herself by jesting with a most true and faithful heart.

Harvey was not thought rich, but he knew what no one else did—that he was heir to the immense possessions of a bachelor uncle. He wished to be loved for himself alone, and so Florette and her family were kept ignorant of his wealth. Had Harvey told them all he might have gained Florette, even though he could never be an English lord; but we think he acted wisely in keeping the secret.

Autumn returned; and with it came Mrs. Gayland and her daughters, rejoicing in their good fortune. Kate had married a French Count, who accompanied them home. Irene was "engaged" to a rich Southerner, while Lucia had made rapid progress in the affections of a New York exquisite.

"Well, Florette," says Mrs. Gayland, about a week after her arrival, "how speeds the gallant Mr. Leston in his wooings?"

"He is to ask papa's consent to-night," answered Florette, somewhat sadly. He will be very much disappointed, I fear; but I cannot think of marrying him, after seeing sister Kate's husband."

"Yes," said Irene, "and Mr. Northfield is much handsomer than the Count."

"And Frederic Augustus Dash is handsomer than either," drawled Miss Lucia.

"But," said Lillie in a pleading voice, lifting her large dark eyes to the face of Florette, "Harvey is good."

A torrent of abuse drove the unhappy child to her father's study, and with him she found Harvey Leston.

"Lillie, my love," said her father, "go call Florette."

The child obeyed, and soon returned with her sister, who asked very innocently, "what do you want of me, papa?"

"I want to congratulate you my dear child, in your happy choice of a husband."

"A husband! papa, what do you mean?"

The good old gentleman looked first at Harvey, then at his daughter, Florette, "did you not send Harvey to me?"

"La, pa, was he so foolish as to ask you? I really was only in jest."

"In jest!" said the young man rising from his seat and turning deadly pale, "and perhaps it was in jest that you have so many times promised to be mine. Speak, Florette, is it so?"

The young girl trembled as she gazed upon his pallid face, yet with a smile she answered, "certainly, dear Harvey, I was only in jest all the time, and I thought you were also."

Mr. Gayland had listened in stupefied astonishment to Florette's heartless confession. He had never imagined that one of his eldest daughters could be guilty of so base an act, much less her whom he believed so pure and guiltless. He spoke not, but pointed to the door, and as Florette closed it, Harvey fell upon his knees, and the large tear-drops rolled rapidly down his cheeks.

Lillie wept bitterly. She loved Harvey, and throwing her arms around his neck, she whispered, "don't cry, Harvey, I'll be your wife."

These childish words instantly dried up the young man's tears. He pressed her to his heart and answered—

"You will be my own wife, Lillie; you will never leave nor laugh at me, as Florette has done?"

"Oh, no, no, never, dear Harvey," sobbed the child; "I will always be your own Lillie."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the old gentleman, who had now recovered the use of his tongue, "you shall yet be my son. Harvey, Florette has cruelly wronged you, but don't mind it, we will have our revenge, harmless though sweet."

"Harvey, do you really wish me to give you my Lillie?"

"Yes sir, she is not beautiful, but she has a heart."

"Right, my boy, but she will be handsome when she is as old as Florette. At seventeen, Harvey, she is yours, that allows me five years to educate her, and during that time you must travel. Our plan must be kept a profound secret between us three. Remember, Harvey, when you return, it must be incog, and then comes our revenge."

It was even so. In one week, Harvey Leston had left the village, and Lillie, much to the astonishment and anger of her mother and sisters, was sent to an excellent female seminary.

Mr. Gayland seldom spoke of Harvey Leston—but when his name was mentioned jeeringly, there would be a smile of deep and quiet meaning play over his benevolent features.

Summer came round again; and again was Mrs. Gayland, Irene and Lucia at Saratoga; but Florette was not allowed to go. In vain her mother coaxed—Mr. Gayland was inexorable. Florette thought it was on account of her youth, but as summer after summer rolled away and found her still at home, she knew it was a punishment, and felt it to be just.

Five years had passed away. Mr. Gayland had been from home a week, and his wife and daughters wondered that he stopped so long.

"Mamma," said Florette, "I should think you would know where he is gone, did he not tell you?"

"No. I asked him but he refused to tell me," said Mrs. Gayland, looking very sour.

Oh! I can guess, exclaimed Florette, who seemed to be in high spirits. he has gone to bring his darling Lillie home." Strange! the mother had almost forgotten that she had a child, and that they had a sister.

"Well," said Mrs. Gayland, coldly, "I hope he has—for the chambermaid is going to leave me, and Lillie can take her place."

"La, mamma," lisped Lucia, "do you think after keeping her five years at — Seminary, papa will allow her to come home and make beds for us?" Lucia's New York exquisite had deserted her, and alas! she was now twenty-five.

"We shall see," answered Mrs. Gayland, with a very decided air, "but hark! I hear a carriage—it must be your father."

"Yes," said Lucia, "looking out of the window, "and there is a lady with him, but it cannot be Lillie, for she looks very handsome."

The door opened—Mr. Gayland entered, leading a young and beautiful girl. Advancing towards his wife and daughters, he presented her, "Maria, your daughter, Lillie—Lucia, Florette, your sisters." Lillie with a sweet smile extended her hand, and notwithstanding an evident coolness on the part of her mother and sisters, would press her pretty pouting lips to their s.

"Well, Maria," said Mr. Gayland triumphantly, "do you want Lillie in the kitchen now? or perhaps next summer you would like to exhibit her and Florette at Saratoga."

A bitter smile was the only reply. Mrs. Gayland saw that her poor, despised, insulted child was beautiful—even more beautiful than Florette—for there was a brightness in the dark eye of Lillie that spoke of heaven-born thought; an expression of lofty purity sat enthroned on her placid brow, while the soft cadence of her voice was sweeter music than the zephyr's harp.

Lillie was divesting herself of her travelling dress, and Florette, instead of assisting her, was gazing out upon the lawn. Suddenly she exclaimed, while a slight blush tinged her cheek, "Papa, look, do you know this gentleman who is approaching? He was introduced here by Mr. Berwick, on the day after you left, and is the most agreeable man I ever met with. He must have travelled over the whole world, for his knowledge is boundless; and then his manners are so distinguished, I am sure he has lived in the best society. At times when he is speaking very earnestly, his voice resembles Harvey Leston's, and sometimes he fixes his eyes upon me just as Harry used to."

"Indeed, Florette," answered her father, somewhat sadly, "I hope you have not lost your heart. I know that gentleman well, and he is engaged to a young lady of this village."

"Engaged! impossible, papa," said Lucia. "He only visits here, and his eyes are always on Florette; but hark, he rings."

Mr. Gayland himself opened the door, and welcomed the gentleman by a hearty shake of the hand; then leading his youngest daughter forward, he said, "Harvey Leston, this is my daughter Lillie, and your affianced bride." The young man gazed upon her face a moment, in admiring wonder, then kneeling he said, as in days gone past, "you will be my own wife, Lillie—you will never leave me, nor laugh at me as Florette has done;" and again Lillie threw her arm around his neck, and answered

with a face of smiles and tears, "Oh no, never! dear Harvey; I will always be your own Lillie."

The rage of the mother, the chagrin of Florette can better be imagined than described.—Mr. Gayland noticed them not, but taking the hand of his future son, he said, "Rise, Harvey, our revenge is complete. Maria, your despised and neglected child is now superior in beauty and wealth to either of your daughters. Florette, there is not a lady in New England that would not be proud to call Harvey Leston husband. May the lesson you have learned be profitable. Florette, without visiting Saratoga, gave her hand to Mr. Berwick, who had long sought it; but she never looked upon the beloved and honored Harvey Leston without regretting that she had ever played the dangerous game of "sporting with hearts."

THE SHORTEST WAY. Some twelve years ago, Napoleon, King, was celebrated for two things, one for the carousing propensities of its citizens, and the other for the great number of cross roads in its vicinity. It appears that an Eastern collector had stopped at Dayton to spend the night and get some information respecting his future course. During the evening he became acquainted with an old drover, who appeared well posted as to the geography of the country, and the collector thought he might as well inquire in regard to the best route to different points to which he was destined.

"I wish to go to Greenfield," said the collector; "now which is the shortest way?"

"Well, sir," said the drover, "you had better go to Napoleon, and take the road leading nearly north."

The traveller noted it down.

"Well, sir, if I wished to go to Edinburg?"

"Then go to Napoleon, and take the road west."

"Well, if I wished to go to Vernon?"

"Go to Napoleon and take the road southwest."

"Or to Indianapolis?" added the collector, eyeing the drover closely, and thinking he was being imposed on.

"Go to Napoleon and take the road north-west."

The collector looked at his note book; every direction had Napoleon on it; he began to feel his mettle rise, and he turned once more to the drover with—

"Suppose, sir, I wanted to go to the devil?"

The drover never smiled, but scratched his head, and after a moment's hesitation said:

"Well, my dear sir, I don't know of any shorter road you could take than to go to Napoleon."

THE physical appearance of a man sometimes changes the current of events. A case in point occurred yesterday on Front street. The children of two neighboring families had their daily quarrels and fights, which resulted occasionally in bruised faces and torn garments. The father of one family, believing his children to have been sadly maltreated, and being a passionate man, concluded that the surest way to settle the difference between their households permanently, would be to chastise the head of the other family, although, as yet, he had never seen him. He thereupon procured a raw-hide, and abruptly entering his neighbor's tenement, inquired in a threatening tone for the "man of the house."

"I am here, sir," said a personage of upwards of six feet and weighing over two hundred, as he approached to learn the business of his neighbor.

"Did I understand you, that you were the gentleman of the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I—I just dropped in, sir, to see if this was your rawhide."—Statesman.

THE GRAY DIGGER GONE. The following touching paragraph is contained in the Norfolk correspondence of the Petersburg Express.

"Wm. Loring died last night. Mr. Dubbs is also dead. Mr. D. deserves more than a passing notice. He had had the superintendence of burying the dead in the three Protestant burying grounds of the city, and most faithfully has he performed his melancholy duties. From the commencement of the fever he has been incessantly engaged, and assisted during that time in consigning twenty-three hundred to the grave. About three days ago his wife was interred, when he was taken with the fever, and has now shared the fate of the many hundreds who preceded him. He leaves several small children, who in less than one week have been deprived of both father and mother."

THE DEVIL RIGHT FOR ONCE. The New York correspondent of the Congregationalist writes—

"Dr. H., who is pastor of an Orthodox church, had been for some time annoyed by the forwardness of a lay brother to 'speak' whenever an opportunity was offered, to the frequent exclusion of those whose remarks had a greater tendency to edification. This had been carried so far that the pastor, whenever he stated that 'an opportunity would now be afforded for any brother to offer an exhortation,' had always a secret dread of the loquacious member. On one special occasion the latter prefaced a prosy, incoherent harangue, with an account of a previous controversy he had been carrying on with the great adversary. 'My friends,' said he, 'the devil and I have been fighting for more than twenty minutes; he told me not to speak to-night, but I determined I would; he said some of the rest could speak better than I, but still I felt that I could not keep silent; he even whispered that I spoke too often, and that nobody wanted to hear me; but I was not to be put down that way, and now that I have gained the victory, I must tell you all that is in my heart.' Then followed the tedious harangue aforesaid. As they were coming out of the session room, the good pastor inclined his head so that his mouth approached the ear of the militant member, and whispered: 'Brother, I think the devil was right.'"

THE DEATH OF WEBSTER.

In another column will be found a brief account of the last illness and death of one, who, for forty years, has been almost uninterruptedly connected with the public councils of this nation, and who, during that time, has probably attracted a larger share of public attention than any other American. Daniel Webster died yesterday morning, at his residence in Marshfield, in the seventy-first year of his age.

This event was entirely unexpected a week ago, except, perhaps, by the very few who were near his person, or by those who were in their confidence. To the nation it was known that he still held the relation of Secretary of State to Mr. Fillmore's administration and that he was supported by a large body of friends in several states as a candidate for the Presidency, if not with his permission, at least without his dissent. Though for the last two days his decease was hourly expected wherever the telegraph could bear the solemn tidings of his illness, yet the universal awe and gloom with which the fatal intelligence has been received, show how entirely unprepared the country was to receive it.

Mr. Webster was, we believe, the last of the revolutionary statesmen left in public life. He was born the last year of the revolutionary war, and saw and talked with many of those whose heroism and sagacity brought that war to its successful issue. He was first elected to Congress forty years ago next November, from the Portsmouth district, in New Hampshire. Since then he has been almost constantly in public employment, eight years as a representative, nineteen years as senator, five years as a Secretary of State, a few months as a member of the Massachusetts Constitution Reform Convention, and ten days as a member of the Massachusetts legislature. During most of his public life he was extensively employed at the bar, and for many years enjoyed the reputation, in New England, of being the greatest living barrister.

As an academical orator, as a lawyer, as a diplomatist and as a statesman, Mr. Webster achieved a fame which, separately, almost any of his contemporaries, living or dead, might have envied. His anniversary addresses are almost the only specimens of that species of oratory in this country, that will survive their authors. His efforts at the bar, like most achievements in that arena, however memorable, will only possess a traditional fame, which in this country is never lasting.

The Senate has been his great theatre, where if he did not lay the foundations of his fame as an orator, he certainly erected the monuments which are to perpetuate it. His forensic oratory has rarely been surpassed either in ancient or modern times, and there is no doubt that his example in that body did more than is now easily appreciated, in elevating its standard of parliamentary eloquence and decorum.

He never betrayed the politician in the tone or the language of his speeches; whatever might be the secret motives of his heart, he always rested his policy upon professedly public grounds, and discussed them from a national, and never from a personal or a partisan, point of view. In this respect Mr. Webster's political speeches stand in admirable contrast with the style of parliamentary oratory which ordinarily prevails at Washington, and we cannot but think that the loss of his admirable example, in this respect, has been sensibly felt by the Senate since he ceased actively to participate in the deliberations of that body.

His life has left few lessons of greater value than may be gathered from the elevated tone of his Congressional speeches, in which he never made one undignified appeal, or indulged in one personal or an unparliamentary allusion. We do not recollect an instance of Mr. Webster's being called to order, or of his being out of order during the whole of his parliamentary life. This can hardly be said of any other person who ever held a seat in the Congress of the United States more than a single term.

As a statesman and as a diplomatist, Mr. Webster will continue to be estimated variously, as he always has been, by his countrymen. His greatness in these capacities have been more frequently questioned, especially by political adversaries, than as an orator or a lawyer. It has been the lot of this journal to differ with him upon most of the public questions which have been agitated during the past quarter of a century, with which his name has been specially identified. The grounds upon which that difference rested have been frequently and fully stated, in our columns, and if they had not, this is not the appropriate occasion to enumerate them.

When his name and memory shall belong exclusively to history, his public career will again become, what for nearly half a century they have been, prominent subjects of public discussion. We shall then probably avail ourselves of a suitable opportunity to offer such reflections as may be suggested to us by the life and death of one from whom fate can never snatch the rare distinctions of having been employed in the higher grades of public service for a longer period than any man whom his country had produced at the time of his decease, and of being one of the most eminent orators, produced by any nation in any age.

For the present we conclude with the following brief synopsis, of the leading events of Mr. Webster's life:

Daniel Webster, the youngest son of Ebenezer and Abigail Webster, was born at Salisbury, in New Hampshire, on the 18th of January, 1782, the last year of the Revolutionary War. He was, therefore, aged seventy years, nine months and six days, when he died.

In May, 1796, and in his 14th year, he was sent to the Exeter Academy, where he remained only a few months.

January 24th, 1832, spoke against confirming the nomination of Martin Van Buren as Minister to Eng-

In February, 1797, and in his 15th year, he was sent to reside and study with the Rev. Samuel Hood, the minister of the neighboring town of Boscowen, where, for his board and tuition, his father paid \$1 per week.

In the fall of the same year he entered Dartmouth College.

In 1801 he completed his college course, and entered upon the study of law in the office of Mr. Thompson, a next door neighbor of his father, a respectable lawyer, and subsequently a representative of New Hampshire in both Houses of Congress.

Part of the year 1802 he spent in teaching an Academy at Fryeburg, in Maine, on a salary of \$1 a day, acting at the same time as assistant to the Register of Deeds for the county.

In September, 1802, he resumed his studies with Mr. Thompson, and remained with him 18 months.

In July, 1804 he took up his residence in Boston and pursued his studies with Christopher Gore.

In the spring of 1805, and in the 23d year of his age, Mr. Webster was admitted to practice in the Court of Common Pleas, of Suffolk county, (Boston.) The same year he opened a law office at Boscowen, near his father's residence.

In May, 1807, he was admitted as attorney and counsellor of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire.

In September, 1807, he removed to Portsmouth, where he continued in the practice of the profession nine years.

In June, 1808, he was married to GRACE FLETCHER, daughter of Rev. Mr. FLETCHER, of Hopkinton, New Hampshire, by whom he had four children—GRACE, FLETCHER, JULIA, and EDWARD—of whom only FLETCHER now survives. GRACE died early; EDWARD was killed in the Mexican war; JULIA married one of the Appletons, of Boston, and died a few years since.

June 10th, 1813, (an extra session,) he made his maiden speech, on moving a series of resolutions of inquiry relative to the Berlin and Milan decrees.

During this Congressional term he spoke against the incorporation of a United States Bank and in favor of increasing the navy.

December, 1813—His house, library, furniture and manuscripts at Portsmouth, were destroyed by fire.

August, 1814—Re-elected to Congress.

Takes his seat in 14th Congress, December 1815.

1816, opposed the tariff bill, and avowed the doctrine that a tariff for protection was unconstitutional.

April 11—Again spoke against a National Bank, and against any participation of the government in the management of such an institution if incorporated.

At the close of the first session, in August, 1816, and in the 84th year of his age, he removed his residence to Boston, Mass.

March, 1818, argued the invalidity of the acts of the New Hampshire Legislature altering the charter of Dartmouth College.

In 1820, was a member of the convention to revise the constitution of Massachusetts, representing in part the city of Boston.

December 22, 1820, and while a member of the convention, he delivered his famous Plymouth oration.

Two or three years after, he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature for ten days. This, with his service in the convention, covers the only part of his public life which was not connected with the National Government.

In the autumn of 1822 was elected to represent the town of Boston in the 18th Congress, which commenced its session December, 1822.

10th January, 1824, he delivered his speech on the Greek question, and in favor of sending a commissioner to Greece.

Same year he argued the case of Gibbons and Ogden, before the Supreme Court, opposing the constitutionality of the grant by the state of New York to the assignees of Fulton, of the exclusive right to navigate the rivers, harbors and bays of New York.

Same year he opposed the protection clauses in the tariff bill of 1824, and made a speech in opposition to Mr. Clay.

In the fall of 1824 he was re-elected to the Nineteenth Congress, by a vote of 4,990 out of five thousand votes cast, "the nearest approach to unanimity in a Congressional election," Mr. Everett says, "that ever took place."

During this session he made his speech in favor of the Panama mission.

1825, as chairman of the Judiciary Committee, he reported the act of the 8th March, 1825, "more effectually to provide for the punishment of certain 'crimes against the United States and for other purposes,' supposed to have been drawn substantially by Justice Story."

June 17th, 1825, he delivered his first Bunker Hill speech, on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the monument.

August 2, 1826, he delivered his eulogy on Jefferson and Adams, whose deaths, by an impressive coincidence, had occurred on the 4th of July previous.

June, 1827, he was elected to the United States Senate by the legislature of Massachusetts.

Near the close of this year Mrs. Webster died, while accompanying him on his way to Washington.

In 1828, made his first speech in favor of protection, on the "Bill of Abominations," as it was called, embodying what has since been termed Mr. Clay's "American System."

January 20th, 1830, made his first speech in reply to Hayne, of South Carolina, in the debate on a resolution offered by Senator Foot, of Connecticut.

January 26th, 1830, made his celebrated speech in reply to Hayne, which Mr. Everett pronounces the most celebrated speech ever pronounced in Congress.

Same year, we believe, married, second time, Caroline Le Roy, daughter of Herman Le Roy, of New York city, by whom he has no issue. Mrs. Webster is still living.

January 24th, 1832, spoke against confirming the nomination of Martin Van Buren as Minister to Eng-

15th and 16th February, 1833, made his speech in opposition to Calhoun's nullification resolutions and in favor of General Jackson's "Force Bill."

In the recess of Congress in 1833, visited the Middle States and made public speeches at Pittsburg and Buffalo.

At the next session opposed Mr. Clay's Compromise bill, providing for the gradual reduction of all duties to one uniform rate of twenty per cent.

7th May, 1834, addressed the Senate in censure of General Jackson's protest against the resolution of the Senate, expressing their disapprobation of the removal of the government deposits from the United States Bank.

March, 1834, read a protest against the resolution expunging from the records of the Senate its expressions of disapprobation at the removal of the deposits.

March, 1837, in response to an invitation from the merchants of New York, made a public speech at Niblo's Saloon.

At the extra session of Congress, called in September, opposed the Sub-Treasury bill.

January, 1838, opposed a resolution, offered by Mr. Calhoun, against the interference of Congress with slavery in the District of Columbia, declaring that it would be a "direct and dangerous attack on the institutions of all the slave holding states." Also a resolution offered by Mr. Clay, as a substitute, declaring that such interference would "be a violation of the faith implied in the cessions by the states of Virginia and Maryland, a just cause of alarm to the people of the slave holding states, and have a direct and inevitable tendency to disturb and endanger the Union."

—Mr. Webster taking ground that there was nothing in the act of session, nothing in the constitution, and nothing in the history of this or any other transaction, implying any limitation upon the power of Congress to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over the ceded territory in all cases whatsoever.

1839. In the spring, made a hasty tour through England, Scotland and France.

1840. Advocated the election of General Harrison.

March, 1841. Appointed Secretary of State under President Harrison.

April, 1841. Retained in office by John Tyler, acting-President in place of General Harrison, deceased.

1842. Negotiates the treaty of Washington.

1843. Resigns his seat in the Cabinet, and retires to Massachusetts.

Sept. 22, 1843. Made a speech in defense of his administration as Secretary of State, at Faneuil Hall, Boston.

Dec. 1845. Took his seat in the Senate in place of Mr. Choate, resigned.

1845-6. Opposed the annexation of Texas—the Mexican War, the Sub-Treasury bill, and the tariff bill of 1846.

1847—In the spring made a tour through some of the southern states. His health prevented his going further than Savannah.

1847—Opposed the ratification of the treaty of Mexico.

1848—Advocated the election of General Taylor to the Presidency.

7th March, 1849, made his speech in favor of the admission of California, New Mexico and Utah without the Jeffersonian proviso.

Same year, appointed a member of Mr. Clay's Committee.

Same year, appointed Secretary of State by Mr. Fillmore, acting President, vice General Taylor, deceased.

May, 1851, made a tour through the state of New York, on occasion of celebrating the opening of the Erie Railroad.

Died October 24, 1852.

At three o'clock on Sunday morning,—twenty minutes after Mr. Webster had expired,—Messrs. J. H. Long and J. F. Marsh were entrusted with special dispatches to President Fillmore, from Messrs. Abbott (Mr. Webster's Private Secretary) and W. C. Zautzinger, of the State Department, announcing the mournful event.

These gentlemen arrived in Boston at 6:30 A. M. yesterday, and were the first to break the sad intelligence, which enveloped our city in one universal gloom.

At the request of Messrs. H. A. Lyman and Charles A. White of the Webster State Committee, then at Marshfield, one hundred minute guns were fired by the artillery, occupying some three hours.

The church bells were also tolled between the hours of nine and ten, flags of all parties were shrouded in mourning, and the solemnity which everywhere prevailed, was of the most marked and impressive character.

All political movements here have been suspended and the grand democratic torch-light procession announced for to-night, has been postponed until after the Presidential election.

A meeting of the Common Council was held this morning, to adopt suitable manifestations of regret, and respect for the memory of the departed.

The funeral pageant here, will be the most extensive ever got up; either Messrs. Choate or Everett will deliver the eulogy.

The burthen of the sermons in the various places of worship yesterday, was the death of Daniel Webster. His dying words were: "I STILL LIVE!"

Jean Paul has many fine thoughts. Here is one—Man has two minutes and a half to live—one to smile—one to sigh—and a half to love—for in the middle of this minute he dies. But the grave is not deep—it is the shining tread of an angel that seeks us. When the unknown hand throws the last fatal dart at the end of man—then boweth he his head, and the dart only lifts the crown of thorns from his wounds.

THOUGHTS, Suggested by Visiting the Grave of a Child.

ANDREW J. FISHER

I stood beside the lowly bier,

I then was but a child;

And now, as long I linger here,

Emotions strange and wild

Arise and throng my inmost soul,

As wave on wave doth toss and roll.

I'm thinking of the happy days,

That since have passed away;

I'm thinking of the hopes and fears

That came with every day,

To cheer, encourage, or depress

My spirit in this wilderness.

I'm thinking of the varied scenes,

Through which my path has led;

I'm thinking of life's sunshine gleams,

The shades that o'er my head

Have gathered round in silent gloom,

Since thou wert laid within the tomb.

I'm thinking how thy spirit's been

From all these changes free;

Thou hast escaped the shafts of sin,

And in eternity

Thy soul doth hymn thy Maker's praise,

In sweetest and most holy lays.

I'm thinking, as I stand within

This city of the dead,

Of storms that sweep with noisy din

Above thy lowly bed;

Of howling blasts, and drifting snow,

Of tears and grief, of strife and woe.

But these thou hast not seen or felt

In brighter courts above;

With white robed seraphs thou hast knelt

To praise thy Savior's love.

No storms can come, no tempests wild,

To balm thee, sweet and lovely child.

As endless ages onward roll,

Thy body here may lie,

But thy heaven-born, immortal soul

Can never, never die.

It lives! it lives, in heaven above,

In mansions of the God of Love!

The peace and rest that now are thine,

Never to pass away,

I pray to God may soon be mine,

When fled my earthly day.

I hope to dwell with thee above,

And with thee sing our Maker's love.

My life is but a fleeting breath,



CHRISTENING OF THE ROYAL BABY.

The christening of the latest of what promises to be a most numerous brood of English Princes, took place at Windsor Castle on the 6th of Sept. last. The above illustration, as well as the following description of the ceremony, we copy from the "Illustrated London News":

At half past six o'clock in the evening, her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, accompanied by her Majesty the Queen Dowager, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, his Royal Highness Prince William of Prussia, and as many others of the royal and illustrious guests as the chapel could conveniently accommodate, entered the sacred edifice, which was brilliantly lighted up for the occasion, and had a most imposing and magnificent effect. Her Majesty was

dressed in a robe of pure white, and looked remarkably well. During the time the company were taking their seats, Dr. Elvey played a voluntary, and, previously to the commencement of the sacred ceremony, the Hymn of Palestrina, "Oh! be joyful all ye lands," was sung by the full choir.

During the performance of the solemn rite the "Amens" were chanted, accompanied by the organ; and at its conclusion, and before the blessing, the "Hallelujah Chorus" was given by the full choir.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishops of Oxford and Norwich, stood in front of the font, which was placed upon a purple velvet cushion, fringed with gold.

The baptismal service was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury; when he came to that part of the service for naming the Prince, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, as proxy for his

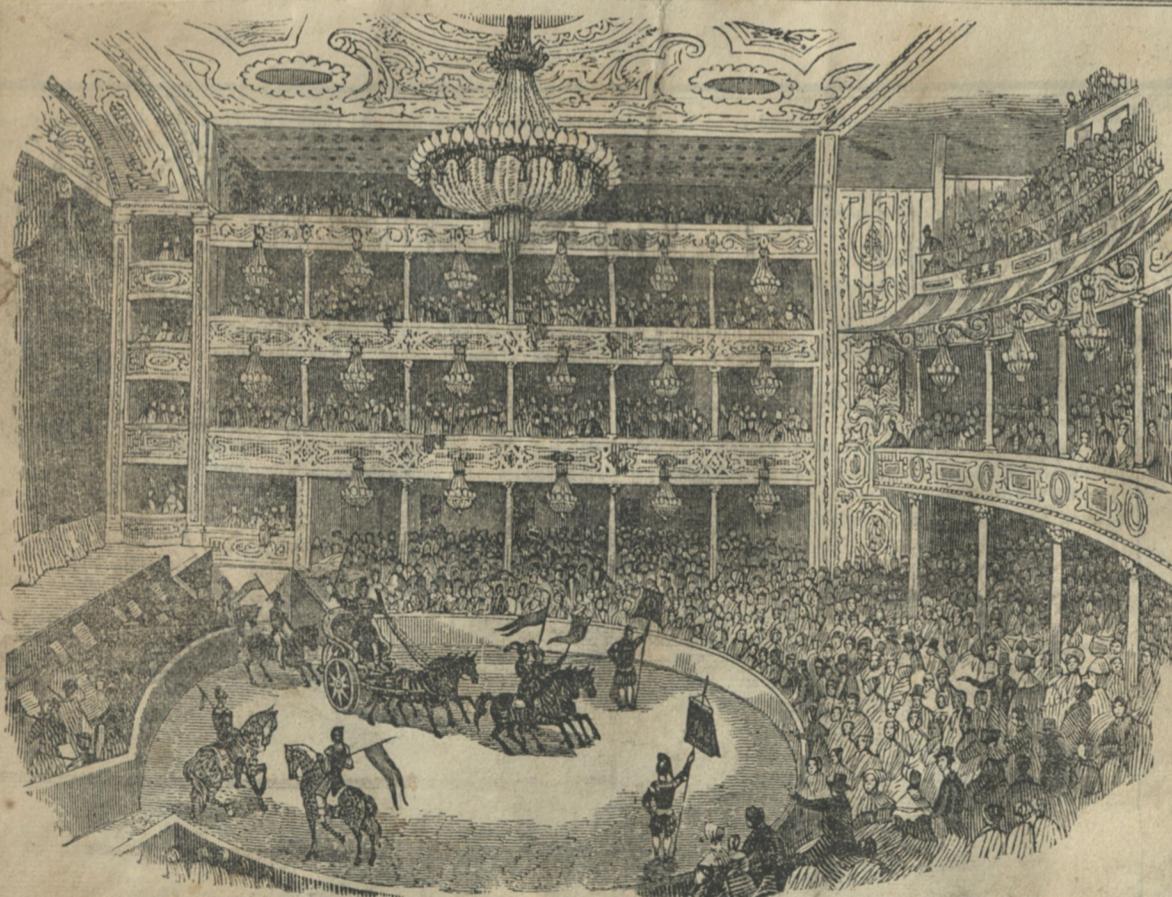
son, Prince George, named his Royal Highness ALFRED ERNEST ALBERT.

The other sponsors were his Grace the Duke of Wellington, proxy for the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

Upon the conclusion of the baptismal service, his Royal Highness the Prince Alfred was conveyed from the chapel, and the Queen, Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, and the other royal and illustrious visitors retired. The royal infant was dressed in a robe and cap of Honiton point lace over rich white satin.

At eight o'clock the grand banquet took place in St. George's Hall, covers being laid for ninety-five.

The company retired at half past ten o'clock.—During the evening, the magnificent castle, seen from without, had a truly festal appearance, with a flood of light in nearly every apartment.



NEW YORK AMPHITHEATRE ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Tis true, that at last
The legitimate plays
Have rather lost cast,
As not one of them pays;
But then in their place
We have spectacles tragic,
Hunt, bull-fight, and race,
And all kinds of magic;

Flying griffins and dragons,
With talons like prongs,
And bears that draw wagons,
And dogs that sing songs;
And dancers that spin
Like teetotums or tops,
And get money like sin
In exchange for their heps;

And men that eat bullets,
Nay, anvils red hot,
And stick scythes down their throats,
And the dickens knows what!
For one can't say too much
Of this wonderful crew;
But here is a touch
Of what some of them do.

Parley.

FEEDING CORN IN THE EAR. A very intelligent Irishman tells the following incident of his first experience in America:

I came to this country several years ago, and as soon as I arrived hired out to a gentleman who farmed a few acres. He showed me over the premises, the stables, cows, and where the corn, hay, oats, &c., were kept, and then sent me in to get my supper. After supper he said to me: "James, you may feed the cow, and give her corn in the ear."

I went out and walked about, thinking, "what could he mean? Had I understood him?" I scratched my head, then resolved I would inquire again; so I went into the library, where master was writing very busily and he answered without looking up—

"I thought I told you to give the cow some corn in the ear."

I went out more puzzled than ever. What sort of animal must this Yankee cow be? I examined her mouth and ears. The teeth were good, and the ears like those of kine in the old country. Dripping with sweat I entered my master's presence once more.

"Please, sir, you bid me give the cow corn in the ear, but didn't you mean in the mouth?"

He looked at me a moment, and then burst into such a convulsion of laughter, I made for the stables as fast as my feet could take me, thinking I was in the service of a crazy man.—*American Farmer.*

NEW USE FOR A KETTLE. On Tuesday last Mr. William Tibbets, and son, a lad of twelve years, left Addison in a small open boat having on board a large iron kettle or boiler holding one hundred gallons to go "around to Jonesboro" a distance of some fifteen miles.—When near Shorey's Island the wind commenced blowing furiously, which made so much sea that the boat filled, but fortunately the kettle did not, when both man and boy got into it and succeeded in freeing the boat from water by means of a boiling dish and arrived safely at their place of destination. A tough story to believe, perhaps to tell, yet our information is so direct we believe its authenticity.—*Machias Union.*

QUEEN VICTORIA has her bread baked in gold pans, the baker first washes his hands in milk of roses and then wears white kid gloves to make up the bread, pastry, &c. The queen has her corned beef, cabbage, and potatoes in rose water in large silver pots. She has fifteen elegant ladies to wash her face and hands, and put on her clothes in the morning. But she says she prefers Russia Salve to all other articles for curing burns, scalds, tetter, sores, corns, &c. Sold for 25 cents a box, at 8 State street.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF MR. WEBSTER.

We gather from the Boston papers and the telegraphic despatches to journals of this city, such incidents of the death of Mr. Webster as the event makes generally interesting. Our information of Saturday left our readers apprised that his disease had taken a fatal turn, and that his departure might be momentarily looked for. He was calm and collected, during the day, conversing, at the intervals of pain, with his physician and those of his friends who were around his bed. At six o'clock it was distinctly announced to him that his end was near. He received the intimation without emotion, and desired that the female members of his family might be called into the room.

Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Fletcher Webster, Mrs. J. W. Paige and Miss Downs, of New York, entered, when, to each, calling them individually by name, he addressed a few words of farewell and religious consolation.

Next, the male members of his family, and the personal friends who were in the house, were summoned, viz.: Fletcher Webster, (his only surviving son); Samuel A. Appleton, (his son-in-law), J. W. Paige, Geo. T. Curtis, Edward Curtis of New York, Peter Harvey and Charles Henry Thomas, of Marshfield, and Messrs. Geo. J. Abbott and W. C. Zantinger, both of the State Department at Washington. Addressing each by name, he referred to his past relations with them respectively, and one by one bade them an affectionate farewell. This was about half-past six. Mr. Peter Harvey was then called, and the dying man said, "Harvey, I am not so sick but that I know you—I am well enough to know you. I am well enough to love, and well enough to call down the richest of Heaven's blessings upon you and yours. Harvey, don't leave me till I am dead—don't leave Marshfield till I am a dead man." Then, as if speaking to himself, he is reported to have said: "On the 24th of October, all that is mortal of Daniel Webster will be no more."

He then prayed in his natural usual voice—strong, full, and clear—ending with "Heavenly Father, forgive my sins, and receive me to thyself, through Christ Jesus."

At half-past seven o'clock Dr. J. M. Warren arrived from Boston to relieve Dr. Jeffries, as the immediate medical attendant. Shortly after Mr. Webster conversed with Dr. Jeffries, who said he could do nothing more for him than to administer occasionally a sedative potion. "Then," said Mr. Webster, "I am to lie here patiently till the end; if it be so, may it come soon."

Between ten and eleven o'clock he repeated some what indistinctly the words, "Poet, poetry—Gray, Gray."

Mr. Fletcher Webster repeated the first line of the elegy—"The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

"That's it, that's it," said Mr. Webster; and the book was brought, and some stanzas read to him, which seemed to give him pleasure.

From twelve o'clock till two there was much restlessness, but not much suffering; the physicians were quite confident that there was no actual pain.

A faintness occurred, which led them to think that his death was at hand. While in this condition, some expressions fell from him, indicating the hope that his mind would remain to him completely until the last.

He spoke of the difficulty of the process of dying, when Dr. Jeffries repeated the verse:

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me—thy rod—thy staff, they comfort me."

Mr. Webster said immediately: "The fact—the fact! That is what—Thy rod—thy rod! thy staff—thy staff!"

The close was per-

iod and easy, and

minutes before three

clock.

[Original.]

The Departed Mother.

WHAT NITED spirit lingers here,
Fr and from care set free?
What angelic hovers near,
An ones in dreams alone to me?

'Tis thine, dear mother, 'tis thy form,
In these still watches that I see,
'Tis thine angelic spirit borne
From heav'n, the spirit land, to me.

And art thou come from that bright land,
Where richest flowers immortal bloom,
Where live the just, a happy band,
Beyond the dark and silent tomb?

Say, is there aught in life so fair,
Is ought on earth so strangely sweet,
To tempt thy willing footsteps where
No sight of heav'n thine eyes may greet?

'Ah no,' the spirit softly sighs;
'Tho' back to earth I wing my flight,
'Tis but to win thee to the skies,
To fill thy soul with purest light.

Tho' of a mother's care bereft,
Doom'd in the world awhile to stay,
A mother's love unseen is left,
To cheer thee on thine upward way.

Then faint not of the ills of life—
Its storms and conflicts fearless brave,
Above its sorrows and its strife,
There's rest for thee beyond the grave.

Newburyport, Mass. 1843.

[C. L. F.

U. S. Circuit Court—Oct. 25.

At the opening of the court, at eleven o'clock, the District Attorney (J. Prescott Hall) arose and addressed the court as follows:

May it please your Honor: Since the last adjournment of this court, the intelligence, sad but not unexpected, has reached us that Daniel Webster is no more. He died yesterday morning, in the full possession of all his mental faculties, exhibiting in death, as he had always exhibited in life, the entire superiority of his mind over all corporeal infirmities.

When we consider his greatness as a man, his public services, his glowing patriotism, his political distinction, his official station, his matchless eloquence, and, as a lawyer, his professional eminence—which placed him, without dispute, and beyond doubt, at the very head of the American bar—it seems fit, that the occasion of his death should not be suffered, by this tribunal, to pass by without some special notice of the event, and some evidence to endure upon its records, of the high consideration with which he was here regarded.

I rise not, sir, to pronounce an eulogium upon this great man. "The world knows that by heart," and a

single tear is at this moment poured out upon the bier, where he lies in the solemnity, the repose and majesty of his death.

He died sir, as we all would have wished him to die, when the inevitable hour should come; his profound

intellect, clear, serene and unclouded; triumphing over all the infirmities of physical decay, and relying upon those religious consolations which are the only

soothing elements in the dread hour of mortal dissolution.

I knew Mr. Webster well. I had the honor of his acquaintance. I hope it is not too much to say, of his friendship, for more than a quarter of a century. It was his counsel and advice which led me to this great city, where I met with professional encouragement far beyond my deserts. I have seen him under every variety of circumstances; in the secluded hours of consultation, where his client's interests seemed to absorb all his remarkable power of attention.

I have seen him, in the midst of his family circles, dispensing and enjoying a genial hospitality. I have partaken of his innocent and manly amusements. I have walked with him alone, at twilight, upon the shore of the "far resounding sea." I have seen him in the *forum* and in the Senate Chamber, his gigantic intellect, towering above all his competitors; and under no circumstances, nor on any occasion, did I ever know him to forget his own dignity, or cease to impress, if not overwhelm, with the sense of his surpassing greatness.

From his lips I never have heard an irreverent, a profane, or an unseemly expression; while his playful wit, his deep philosophy, his varied acquirements, and unrivaled powers of conversation, are among the richest treasures of my recollection.

He has gone down to the grave full of years, and full of honors. His voice will no longer be heard in the court-room, or in the halls of legislative debate; but his example will remain, and his fame undying, and wide-spread as the world will be cherished among the chief treasures of his country. His sun is set, but it leaves behind that long and luminous track, which shows what glorious orb it is which has descended beyond the horizon.

The Philosopher, the Patriot, the "great man eloquent," has gone to his "recompense of reward," and there remains not upon the whole earth another intellect to supply his place.

I move you, sir, in consideration of our professional loss and the national bereavement, that this court do now adjourn, and that the cause of its adjournment be entered upon its records, to remain there, in perpetual remembrance of the sad event.

At the close of the remarks of the District Attorney, the Court (Judge Betts) said that no one in this community could feel more sensibly than he the great loss that the country had sustained by the event whose announcement had just been made.

The court had known Mr. Webster for many years, he had always held him in the highest esteem, and he concurred with the District Attorney in the propriety of adjourning.

The court then directed that the remarks of the District Attorney, together with the order of adjournment, be entered upon the records of the court.

Supreme Court—General Term. Oct. 25.

BEFORE JUDGES MITCHELL, ROOSEVELT AND EDWARDS.

At the opening of the Court this morning, Mr. Bradstreet addressed the bench in a few brief, but eloquent remarks, upon the absorbing topic of the day, the death of Daniel Webster.

He recapitulated the leading events in the life of the illustrious statesman, and dwelt at some length upon the services which he rendered his country in the times of nullification; he alluded to his matchless abilities as a lawyer, orator and statesman, and concluded by moving that the court do now adjourn.

Judge Edwards remarked that he concurred in the propriety of the motion, and pronounced a brief eulogium upon the deceased, and said it was a source of consolation to his countrymen that he died among his friends, at a ripe age, with his abilities untarnished and in the active discharge of his duties. The court then adjourned.

—Superior Court—General Term—Oct. 25.
BEFORE JUDGES DUE, CAMPBELL AND ROOSEVELT.

At the opening of the General Term this morning, Daniel Lord, Esq., addressed the court as follows:

May it please your honors, since the adjournment of the court, the sad news of the death of Daniel Webster has reached the city. I move that the court shall notice this event by adjourning. They owe it as a mark of respect to his great reputation as a lawyer; to the high civil offices which he filled; to the great talents which he has exhibited; and to his great intellectual achievements in behalf of the constitution and laws of his country.

It is improper, at this time, while the emotions occasioned by his death are so strong, to go into any details in relation to his life or character. But, perhaps it may be permitted me to say, that in our day, no man has exhibited an intellect so massive, so comprehensive, or learning so extensive, particularly in that department to which he had devoted himself; and no man's genius was so truly American, or so wholly devoted to the exposition and support of American institutions, and to the interests and welfare of the American people. With these sentiments, said Mr. Lord, in conclusion, I beg leave to submit the following, to be inserted on the minutes of the court:

"The death of Daniel Webster was suggested to the court as having occurred since its last adjournment, and thereupon it was moved, on behalf of the Bar, that the bench and the bar receive, with sentiments of the deepest regret, the information of this loss to the profession of the law, and to their common country; that they hold in the highest respect the learning, the eloquence, the acquirements and achievements of the illustrious deceased, and glory in them for the reputation of their profession and of their country; that, as a mark of their respect, the court do now adjourn."

Mr. Lord's motion was seconded by J. W. Gerard, Esq., after which Judge Duer ordered the minute submitted by Mr. Lord to be inscribed on the records and adjourned the court till to-morrow morning.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BAR IN RELATION TO THE DEATH OF MR. WEBSTER.

—A meeting of the members of the New York Bar was held this morning, in the U. S. Circuit Court room, to take measures indicative of their respect for the memory of the late Daniel Webster. The meeting was numerously attended, and the greatest interest was manifested in its proceedings.

On motion of the District Attorney, Mr. J. Prescott Hall, Judge Jones was unanimously elected President and Mr. Bonney and E. C. Benedict, Esq., subsequently appointed Secretaries. The President then stated briefly the objects for which the meeting had been called, and at the close of his remarks, William M. Evarts read the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Bar of New York have heard with profound regret, of the Death of Daniel Webster, and respectfully offer their condolence to the family of the deceased upon this sad event.

Resolved, That the large capacity and varied powers of his intellect, in the culture and discipline of these powers in the great opportunities, and the success of great achievements, Daniel Webster stands first among the men of his day and generation, and his name and his fame will be a treasured possession to his country forever.

Resolved, That while the great abilities, thorough and extensive learning, powerful and splendid eloquence, of Mr. Webster, call forth our highest admiration; the vast public labors, and eminent public services, to which for half a century he has devoted these noble gifts and large acquirements, from a love of country so pure and enthusiastic, have imposed a great debt of gratitude upon his countrymen, which they and their posterity, to the latest generation, can never, by the fullest tribute of affection, respect, and honor to his memory, too deeply acknowledge.

Resolved, That we feel a just pride in the knowledge that the foundations of Mr. Webster's greatness were laid in the learning and discipline of the profession of the law; that the first triumphs of his fame were gained in its arena; and that throughout a long life he ever honored it and its votaries; and that we esteem his uniform support of the constitution and the laws of the land, his habitual reverence for the judicial tribunals, and his perpetual efforts to sustain, extend, illuminate and defend the administration of justice among men, in the several spheres of municipal, constitutional, and international law, one of the chief glories of his character, and one of the most lasting.

Resolved, That to the glory of his life, the manner of his death was a fit and majestic close, and leaves no ground of lamentation for his sake who has departed, but for his country only, to which he is lost forever.

Resolved, That in testimony of respect for his memory, such of our number as may be so deputed by the chairman of this meeting, do attend his funeral as representatives of our body, and that we all wear the usual badge of mourning.

When the foregoing resolutions were read, the meeting was addressed by Seth B. Staples, Esq. He commenced by alluding to the death of Daniel Webster and the general sorrow which had been felt in consequence. A great man, he continued, has fallen in this Republic, a man who was truly great in his intellectual, moral and physical power.

He was gifted by nature beyond most men, but the great qualities of mind which he possessed were only the foundation of a character he has by his industry and learning established. And let it be remembered by all that the gifts of nature are of very little importance unless he who possesses them gives them a right direction.

The differences between men consists in the differences between their industry and the direction they give to their efforts.

I knew Mr. Webster very early in life at the commencement of the late war with Great Britain. I was then in the Legislature of Connecticut, and when he appeared before the people of the east, upon that subject, I became acquainted with him.

I had an opportunity of obtaining an intimate knowledge of his great abilities and his virtues, and I have been, from that time to the present, his warm and devoted, but not his pliant friend. I often consulted with him, and never without being greatly benefitted by the knowledge he imparted; and I have only to remark, that the time will come when his character will be set forth to this nation. But let him who undertakes to write his life remember that he can study well that character before he can be qualified to do it justice.

Mr. Staples was followed by Hiram Ketchum, Esq., who addressed the meeting as follows: Mr. President: The office which we have to perform this day belongs less to grief and sorrow than to congratulation and joy. It is true that our illustrious countryman Daniel Webster is no more; but it is a subject of congratulation that he was permitted to pass the ordinary period of human life; that he was permitted to die, as he had for thirty years lived, in the service of his country; that he was permitted to die surrounded by his family and friends.

I consider it a subject of congratulation, too, that Mr. Webster lived long enough to prepare and supervise his own works, and give them to the nation. Other great men of our country live rather in tradition, but Daniel Webster lives in a record prepared by himself—a record which discloses, clear as the light, his political, his moral, his religious principles; and that record contains no word "which, dying, he might wish to blot," nor any friend of his desire to see erased.

He has lived to prepare his own monument "There it stands, and there it will stand forever." The rock on which the Pilgrims of New England first impressed their footprints, is destined to be long remembered among men; but not longer than that oration which was pronounced in commemoration of the event two hundred years after.

The monument which marks the spot where the first great battle of the revolution was fought, will stand as long as monumental granite ever stood, but long after all trace of it is obliterated by the hand of time, will the oration pronounced at the laying of the corner stone, and the other oration delivered nineteen years after, at its completion, live to tell that such monument once existed.

The names of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson will be known to a far distant futurity, but I believe among the last records that will tell of their fame and make their names known among men, will be the oration of which they were the theme, delivered by Daniel Webster.

We all hope, and some of us perhaps believe, that the Constitution of our country will be perpetual, but we all know that the speeches and the orations in defense and commendation of that Constitution, shall be as large as the English language shall be known upon earth.

Mr. President, I will speak of other great things which he has achieved. I might refer to the capital to every important institution in the country; I might refer to every great man living or dead, to prove that his name is intimately connected with them all, shall occupy the attention of this meeting for a very few moments longer, in speaking of what I know of the personal characteristics of Mr. Webster.

I have been long acquainted with him, and from all that I know, and that I have ever seen and heard, I can bear testimony here that, as a public man, his character was of the highest integrity. It always seemed to me as if he acted under the immediate conviction that whatever he did, was not only to be known to his own generation, but to posterity.

He was always clear in office; he regarded political power in his own hands as a trust, and, though always willing and desirous to gratify his friends, he never felt himself at liberty, for any private reasons, to violate his great trust.

I have known Mr. Webster in private circles in domestic life, and I bear testimony here to the fact that though I have received numerous letters from him, many of which I now have, and some of which I have destroyed at his own request, written in the most confidential manner; though I have had the pleasure of meeting him, on many occasions, even at the festive board, I can bear witness here that, never in my life, did I hear him give utterance to an impure thought, or hear a profane expression from his lips.

I bear further testimony that never, in writing or in my hearing, did he ever assail private character. No man was ever slandered or spoken ill of by Daniel Webster; and I desire to bear still further testimony, that never, in my life, have I known a man whose conversation was uniformly so unexceptionable in its tone, and so edifying in its character.

Mr. President, I may say that no man ever possessed greater tenderness of feeling than Daniel Webster. He never yet had an enemy—and we all can bear evidence that he had enemies of the most malignant character—that came to him in distress, with whom he would not share his last dollar, and mingle his sympathies with him.

To say that these virtues and great qualities were not mingled with weakness and failings, would be to say that Daniel Webster was not a man. These weaknesses and failings have been spread before the public time and again, and no friend of his can regret the effect they had. And let me say here, no talents, however great, no public services, however splendid, ever saved a man from slander.

It was one of the characteristics of Mr. Webster, that he abhorred all affectation. I take pleasure in saying that the affectation which is displayed by many professional young men, in saying things without confirmation, of speaking on the spur of the moment and without previous thought, is an affectation which of all others Mr. Webster despised.

He never spoke without previous thought, without laborious preparation, and as my venerable and learned friend (Mr. Staples) who early knew him, he was industrious to the last extreme. In early life, when he first came from college, and when he at first assumed the principal of an academy in one of the interior towns of New England, it was predicted that he would be the first man of the country.

When he made his first speech before the bar, the judge said that he would be the greatest man in America; not that he would be great or distinguished, but that he would be the first man of the nation. Although these predictions were made, yet Mr. Webster always devoted himself with great attention to what he had to say. I have often thought from my acquaintance with him, that if other men could think as long, as closely, and as profoundly, their public efforts would equal his.

I have known a man who made such preparation before he addressed a court, a senate, or public assembly. He did not think he had any right to offer extemporaneous thoughts to his countrymen; he thought he was to dress himself in his best garments and deliver his best thoughts, if men would stand to hear him. As he always gave thoughts that were the result of preparation, the public were always anxious to read what he had to say, knowing that whatever he said was worthy of consideration.

Mr. President, it seems proper to me to make these remarks at this time and in this place, for the benefit of all here, and especially for the benefit of young.

It must be admitted, whether it be ranked among his virtues or his weaknesses, that Mr. Webster was an ambitious man—a very ambitious man to the last hour of his life.

He desired high positions, and his ambition was, to surpass every other man that had occupied the same position. He labored to accomplish that result, with great assiduity, whether he has succeeded or not, is for posterity to say.

That he labored to procure the highest positions in this country is a fact not to be denied; that he thought that position worthy of his ambition, is a fact not to be denied; and that he thought he earned a claim to it, is also a fact not to be denied, and because that claim was not acknowledged, I believe his days were shortened.

Mr. President, I came not here to blame nor censure, but to speak of facts as they are—whether what has been done, has been well done, or what has been omitted has been well omitted is not for me to say.

But before I take my seat may I be permitted to say, that although no man-worshipper, I deeply sympathized in that desire which he had to be the first in political station in the United States. I have sympathized and fought for him in word and act, and carried my sympathy to the last hour of his existence.

If there is honor in this, I desire that honor may be attached to those who may come after me; and if there is disgrace in it, I am willing it shall be visited upon my children.

At the close of his remarks, Mr. Ketchum offered the following



A CHRISTMAS FAMILY MEETING IN VIRGINIA.

When holly leaves and ivy green,
With berries bright and dark between,
Around the cottage room are seen,
The simple place adorning—
What joy before the cheerful blaze,
The almost conscious fire displays,
To sit in Christmas' merry days
Ay! sit up till the morning!

And hear the early carillon
Of village bells—while old and young
Are mingled in that festal throng,
Through life we ay remember!
To feel the heat of summer's glow,
In frosty depth of winter's snow
And think we're Maying it, although
'tis flowerless December!

To join the hearty laugh around,
When some coy damsel's eyes are found
To thoughtless tread the larey ground
The Mistletoe boughs under,
And see some longing lover steal
A kiss from cheeks that ill agree
The secret joy they inward feel,
'Neath frowns and boding wond.



REPRESENTATIVES' HALL, MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

Above we present our readers with a capital engraving giving them a view of the Representatives' Hall as it appears at the present time, while the concentrated wisdom of our State is in full operation. The Hall is a handsome and spacious one, and the seats are well arranged for the comfort of the occupants,—and some of

these gentlemen are so well pleased with them, that they cannot forbear manifesting their approbation by frequently nodding in a complaisant manner to the benches in front of them.

The present session of our Legislature is a pretty busy one; and we trust it will render

of the most noble schemes ever—
ture—the new Liquor Bill.
be the heart-felt prayers of joy and thanksgiving
which will rise from the souls of the slaves, as
well as the other sufferers, of alcohol, when the
news shall go forth through our Commonwealth
that this Bill has become a Law!

A Curious Sermon.
The Brandon (Mississippi) Register reports the following curious sermon preached at the town of Waterworks, not far from Brandon:—
I may say to you, my brethering, that I am not an educated man, an' I am not one o' them as bleves that education is necessary for a gospel minister, fur I bleuve the Lord edicates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be educated, an', although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the state of Indiana, whar I live, that's no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here to-day, my brethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv.—Well, I may say to you, my brethering, that I'm a Hardshell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hardshell Baptists, but I'd rather hev a hardshell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day my brethering, dress us in fine close; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethering, and although I've been a preacher uv the gospel fur twenty years, an' although I'm captiv of that flatboat that lies at yure landing, I'm not proud, my brethering.

I'm net a gwine fer tell you edzactly whar my tex may be found; suffice it to say it's in the led's of the Bible, an' you'll find it somewhar 'twixen the first chapter of the Book uv Generations and the last chapter uv the Book uv Revolutions, an' of you'll go an' sarch the Scriptures, as I have sarched the Scriptures, you'll not only find my tex ther, but a great many uther texes as will do you good to read, an' my tex, when you shill find it you shill find it tu read thus:

"An' he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—
spirits of just men made perfect."

My tex, brethering, leads me to speak uv spirits. Now thar's a great many kinds of spirits in the world—in the first place, thar's the spirits as sum folks call ghosts, and then thar's the spirits of turpentine, and then thar's the spirits as sum folks call liquor, and I've got as good an artikl of them kind uv spirits on my flatboat as ever was fished down the Mississippi river, but thar's a great many other kind of spirits, for the tex sez:—

"He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—
spirits of just men made perfect."

But I'll tell you the kind uv spirits as is meant in the tex, it's fire. That's the kind of spirits as is ment in the tex, my brethering. Now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the first place, thar's the common sort uv fire you lite a cigar or a pipe with, and then thar's can fire, fire before yure toddy and fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex sez:—

"He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—
spirits of just men made perfect."

But I'll tell you the kind uv fire as is meant in the tex, my brethering—it's hell fire! and thar's the kind uv fire as a great many uv you'll come to, of you don't do better nor what you have bin doin'—for "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits uv just men made perfect."

Now, the different sorts of fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the first place we have the Papalions; an' they are a high sillin' and a high fal' in so, and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the first thing you know he comes down and down, and down and down, and is a fillin' h'mself on the karkis uv a dead hoss, by the side uv the road—and "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits uv just men made perfect."

And then thar's the Methodist, and they may be likened unto the squirrel, runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodist b'lieves gwing on from one degree uv grace to another, and finally on to perfection, and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up, and he jumps from lim' to lim' and branch to branch, and the first thing you know he falls and down he comes kerflumox, and that's like the Methodist, for tae'y is allers fallin' from grace ah!—And—"He played on a harp of a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

And then, my brethering, thar's the Baptist ah! and they may be likened unto a possum on a 'simon tree, and the thunders may roll, and the earth may quake, but that possum wings there still ah! And you may shake one foot loose, and the other's that, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail round the lim', and he clings furor, for—"He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

A FEW months since, a lady belonging to this city went to New York and put up at one of the Broadway hotels. After going to her room for the night, she took out her pocket-book and watch, laid them on the table, and sat down to read. While engaged in reading she thought she heard breathing from some one apparently near by, but finally concluded it must be imagination. Soon after, she began making preparations to retire, and in adjusting her hair she dropped one of her hair-pins. While stooping to pick it up she discovered a hat under the bed, and a closer observation revealed to her sight the full length figure of a man.

Without evincing any emotion, she quickly threw a shawl over her shoulders, went out of the room, locking the door after her, and stepping into the hall she rung a bell which summoned to her assistance the proprietors, who called in the assistance of a police officer, and the intruder was arrested. There was found on the prisoner a bottle of chloroform. He was convicted on the evidence of the lady, and sent to the State Prison for six months. The sequel to the whole was in dropping the hair pin.—*New Haven Register.*

60° 33' 10th,



WILLIAM HENRY MARSH, THE LITTLE DRUMMER

The Infant Drummer.

We this week present to our readers a good likeness of this infantile wonder. The following interesting sketch we copy from the *Waverly Magazine*. It is written by the New York correspondent of that paper.

I went to see the Infant Drummer the other day. Some of your readers have, no doubt, heard of the little boy, and may want to know more of him. He is not three years old; and yet he can perform on a drum almost as well, for aught I can perceive, as a man who has been practising for years. Really, he is one of the wonders of the age. His name is William Henry Marsh. It seems, from the account given by his father, that at the early age of eight months, when he heard music, he would show a great interest in it, and would make regular motions with his hands during the singing or playing of a tune. When he was about a year old, he would beat a sort of a tune on the table, with a knife, or fork, or spoon, or whatever else came within his reach.

His father noticed the accuracy with which the infant beat time, and purchased him a small drum. When the drum was first struck in the hearing of the child, he seemed to be perfectly delighted. He commenced playing upon the instrument at ; and in a very few weeks, without any instruction, or with but little, he performed with such precision as to astonish everybody who heard him. Just before he was two years old, while recovering from the measles, and before he could sit up, he would cry for his drum, and lie in his cradle and play upon it, although so weak he could scarcely hold the sticks. At the age of two, having worn out the first one, his father purchased a new drum, which he was permitted to play upon in the front yard, to the great amusement of the crowds who gathered in to the streets to listen.

I heard him perform in public. The little fellow seemed to be half disposed to retreat when he was brought upon the stage. The sight of so many people—for it was in Tripler Hall, the largest musical hall in the country—frightened him. But as soon as the conductor of the performances tapped a few times on the drum, the enthusiasm of the child was so much excited, that it completely overcame his fear, and he commenced drumming with as much assurance as if he were in the nursery instead of Tripler Hall.

A gentleman performed on the fife, while the little prodigy accompanied on the drum. He marched back and forth on the stage, with an air of a drummer twenty years old. His march was regular, too, for the most part. The fifer would play one tune awhile; and right in the midst of it, break off from that, and play another, perhaps of an entirely different character, and in a different time. But the drummer would instantly notice the change, and vary his drum accordingly.

The audience applauded him a good deal. This disturbed him. He was not prepared for such noises as the clapping of hands, and the pounding of canes and umbrellas on the floor, and evidently did not know what make of such performances. Doubtless

it seemed to him that the music ought all to come from the stage; and perhaps he was suspicious that the audience was setting up something of an opposition. However that may be, he was confused when they applauded, and several times stopped playing, apparently dissatisfied. He cannot speak plainly; but he managed, after a fashion, to say "stop," two or three times, accompanying the command with rather a threatening motion of his drum-stick towards the audience.

The portrait here introduced, is a pretty good one. Perhaps it makes him appear a little too old. His face is fair, and there is nothing in it that would indicate him to be older than he really is. The forehead, as will be seen, is very full, and phrenologists could not help noticing, at once, that there is something peculiar in the formation of the front part of the head.

On the whole I regard the child as one of the wonders of the age. I have never seen one so young take such an interest in music, and I have never heard of one at that age, who could perform such wonders on the drum. What this early development of genius will lead to, I am sure I cannot tell. If he lives, and his musical powers keep pace with his years, he will astonish the world. I say, if he lives.—Were he a child of mine, I should tremble for him. I should fear that the mind, or a portion of it, would be developed at the expense of his body. To speak as an engineer, I should be afraid that the engine would be too strong for the boat, and shake it to pieces. On that account, I should hesitate, I think, before I consented, however agreeable it might be to others, to foster his musical genius to any great extent, while still a mere infant. But of that, his parents must be the judges, of course.

There was a time when I was very small, When my whole frame was but an ell in height, Sweetly as I recall it, tears do fall, And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms, And rode on horseback on blest father's knee; Alike were sorrows, passions, and alarms, And Gold, and Greek, and Love, unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in size, Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far; Like points in Heaven, I saw the stars arise, And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the Island fade, And thought, "Oh were I on that Island there, I could find out of what the moon is made, Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wandering, I saw God's sun, through western skies, Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night, And yet upon the morrow, early rise, And point out the eastern heaven with crimson light.

And thought of God, the gracious, Heavenly Father, Who made me and that lovely sun on high, And all those pearls of Heaven, thick strung together,

Dropped, clustering, from his hand, o'er all the world, With childish reverence my young lips did say, The prayer my pious mother taught to me: "Oh, gentle God! On, let me strive alway, Still to be wise, and good, and follow Thee?"

So prayed I for my father and my mother, And for my sister, and for all the town, The king I knew not, and the beggar brother, Who bent with age, went sighing up and down.

They perished, the blythe days of boyhood perished, And all the gladness, all the peace I knew! Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished, God! may I never, never lose that too.



LITTLE EMMA.

'What a pretty evening this is!' said Emma, as she walked home from school by my side, after a happy Sabbath day. It was indeed, a lovely evening. The sun was setting slowly in the Western sky, and I could not help thinking its bright beams were unwilling to close a Sabbath so still and so heavenly.

'O that it were to rise,' said I, 'upon a race so happy and so enlightened as, blessed be our God, we are.'

'Do you think,' asked little Emma, 'that the poor children who live where the sun is now rising, know anything about God and the Sabbath day? Was to-day their Sunday, do you think?'

'Alas, my dear child,' replied I, 'many thousands who are about to be warmed by our glorious sun, I fear, know nothing of that Sun of Righteousness which has to-day shone upon us. Suppose you, Emma, had been taught to worship that sun. It is cheering and beautiful to be sure; but you could not feel that pious love for it that you do for Jesus Christ, who so kindly said,—"Suffer little children to come unto me," and took them up in his arms and blessed them.'

'O no!' said the dear child, 'I have never loved, nor could I ever love any one as I love my Savior. I love my father and mother very much; and when my father takes me in his arms, I love him more than I can tell you. But then I think Jesus was kinder still; for he loved all children alike—he blessed all. Sometimes I wish I might die while I am young, that I might be a child forever and sit at the feet of Christ.'

'Happy child!' thought I, 'how many Christians would envy thee such feelings! As I looked at her little pleasing, pale face, I felt that her wish would most likely be realized; but giving over that thought, and looking forward to her womanhood I said,—

'May the God in whose hand thy breath is, my dear child, ever keep thee from falling. Emma, never forget to pray that the grace of God may grow in your heart more and more; that you may be wise enough to teach others.'

'O yes! I hope if I live it will be to tell other children that good conduct is always attended with great happiness.'

The cottage of Emma's parents was now in sight; and she tripped away, saying she should learn that pretty Psalm I had been reading to the children,—"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! my soul thirsteth, &c. 'Do Emma,' said I, 'that will be ending the day well.'

I walked on, thinking of this little girl, whose soul, I believe, did really thirst for the courts of her God. I looked upon her as my reward. She was what I wished all others to be, and perhaps, thought I, they will repay me as she does, in time.

You, my dear children, who may read this, listen to what I must now say. My little Emma is dead, and I have not found such another child in all my acquaintance.

Sorrow is at the bottom of human joys.—Nature attaches pain to all our pleasures; and when she cannot deny us happiness, by a last pang she minglest with it the fear of its loss.

THE GROWTH OF GOOD.

Far where the smooth Pacific swells, Beneath an arch of blue, Where sky and wave together meet, A coral reeflet grew.

No mortal eye espied it there, Nor sea-bird poised on high; Lonely it sprang, and lonely grew, The nursling of the sky.

With soft caressing touch, the wind In summer round it play'd; And murmuring through its tiny caves, Unceasing music made.

The ministering wind, so sweet With mountain perfume, brought A changeful robe of emerald moss, By fairy fingers wrought.

Thus day by day, and year by year, The little islet grew; Its food, the flower-dust wafted by; Its drink, the crystal dew.

By night the lonely stars looked forth, Each from his watch-tower high, And smiled a loving blessing down, Gently and silently.

And forest birds from distant isles, A moment settled there; And from their plumage shook the seeds Then sprang into the air.

The islet grew, and tender plants, Rose up amidst the dearth— Bloom'd, died, and dropped upon the soil Like gifts from heaven to earth.

Thus ages passed; a hundred trees Graced that once barren strand; A hundred ships its produce bore To many a distant land.

And thus in every human heart A germ of good is sown, Whose strivings upward to the light Are seen by God alone.

I think of thee when winter binds The stream with frost; I think of thee when stormy winds Are raging most; And when the summer sun looks bright O'er land and sea, And by the pale moon's tender light I think of thee.

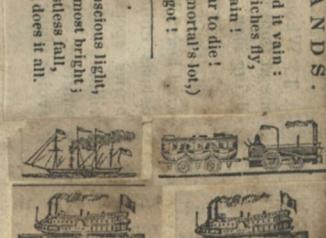
There is no place, sweet lady, where Thou art forgot; I mingle in my daily prayer Thy dearer lot; And when the voice of beauty blends With melody, I turn away from present friends To think of thee.

Then, lady, sometimes let thine eye With tears be wet, For happy days, alas! gone by, In which we met; And though the fount of sorrow flow No more in me, This heart at least where'er I go, Shall think of thee!

As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light, So modest esse in beauty shines most bright; Unanimous charms with ease resistless fall, And she who means no mischief, does it all.

To live, to love, to hope!—and find it vain: To see friends falling, and that riches fly, A youth of follies,—an old age of pain! To pine for freedom, and yet fear to die! Then add to those (for such is mortal's lot,) To die at last—unpitied and forgot!

M O D E S T Y .



LOT OF THOUSANDS.

Ship Gellahy, from Constadt, to Boston. W. P. & Co. face East.

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street, I we
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Rip
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ous, was married that
f this gala so bright.
The v
nd to explode with de

small, There is one thing

The owners to blame
Of such beautiful ankles for showing the same.
Another thing strikes me as rather amiss,
That each damsel seems vastly inclined for a kiss
Yet were I at that frelic, which here you may view
I think this an offence I might pardon them too.

SLIPPERS. A little incident
in the Parisian circles. It is
whether the heroine
ll it not suffice to
Pretty?
and this hus-
band, or to your temperament, was in
diffe- to nothing that could amuse him. It
was his right, and you shall see how he ex-
er- cised that right.
One day last week, it happened that his
wife, in managing about her chamber, found
among her effects a pair of slippers. These
slippers were of white satin.
"Good," said she, "there is to be a ball this
evening. I will wear them."
She took them out and tried them on. The
slippers were too small, and her feet would
not go into them.
Meanwhile the husband made his appear-
ance.
"Whose are those slippers?" demanded the
wife, pushing her foot into the white satin.
The husband looked down and became red.
The careless fellow.

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The husband looked down and became red.
The careless fellow.

"These slippers! they belong to you," he re-
plied at once.

"To me; don't you see I cannot get them
on?"

To find slippers and not be able to wear them
—what a disappointment.

"It is because your feet have been swelled
so," continued the husband, "you dance so
much."

The wife rejoined, the husband would not
relinquish the point, and the slippers went fly-
ing out of the window.

Eight days afterwards, the husband looking
for a pair of gloves, found some which he
wanted to wear; he slipped in a finger, he
slipped in two, but the glove would not go on.
Moreover the gloves had been worn.

The husband frowned.

"Eh, madame! what is this?" he demanded
of his wife on presenting himself before her
with the gloves on the tips of his fingers.

"This? It is a pair of gloves," said she
calmly.

"Pardieu! I see that very well—but whom
do they belong to?"

"To you, apparently."

"Indeed! look you! it is impossible for me
to get into them, and besides some one has
worn them."

"Ah, then the gloves belong to the same
person who owned the slippers. You recollect
the slippers the other day."

The husband flew into a passion, the wife
burst into a laugh.

"I have found slippers, you find gloves; we
are quits," said she.

The husband pouted for 24 hours; after
which he asked for a treaty of peace. The ne-
gotiations were made and the wife agreed to
them. A fit-out of a cloak of Russia sables
defrayed the expenses of the campaign.

In accepting it, the wife smiled. "See how
good I am," said she; "I am willing to ac-
knowledge that these gloves, these famous
gloves, belong to my cousin, who lent them to
me to assist in taking revenge upon you; give
them to me, and hereafter if I find no more no
slippers, you shall find no more gloves."



CHRISTMAS AMONG THE GERMANS.—RIP VAN WINKLE'S WEDDING BALL.



THE CUSTOMS OF OUR FOREFATHERS—A MAYPOLE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

"In the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man (except impediment) would walk into the several meadows and green woods, there to rejoice the spirits with the beauty and savoury of sweet flowers, and with the notes of birds—praising GOD in their kind."—JOHN STOW, the Chronicler.

Our blessing on the olden time,
When flourished merrie May;
When lord and hind flung to the wind
All cares on that bright day.

When queen and king would join the ring,
Where revelled mirth and glee;
And youth and age, and cleric sage,
Danced 'neath the greenwood tree.

While flew the flag from the old church tow'rt,
And cheerily rang the chimes;
And all in praise of God's good power,
In the days of the olden times.

All that is fair for eye to see—
All that to ear is MELODY—
All . . . mind an charm'd survey
Belongs . . . EET MONTH OF MAY!

A SERMON,

BY REV. R. BREARE.

'Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see.'—Rev. iii. 17, 18.

This was the message of the Saviour to one of the seven Asiatic Churches, imparted through the agency of his beloved disciple and faithful servant, John. This individual, distinguished for his early attachment to Jesus, (for he was the *nest* of all the apostles,) and as being the object of the Saviour's warmest love and friendship, was honored through a long and eventful life, by the work he was permitted to perform for his Master, and by the special and extraordinary revelations which were from time to time committed to him. Besides being favored with the vision furnished in this book, he was the author of the *Gospel* and the *Epistles* which bear his name. Tradition says, he lived to be nearly a hundred years old, and suffered great persecution for the truth; and after enduring a variety of tortures, he was cast into a cauldron of boiling oil, from which he emerged alive and unharmed; and that then he was employed to work in a mine on the Island of Patmos, whither he had been banished by the Emperor Domitian.

Whether these traditions be founded in truth or not, this apostle was for some time on the Island of Patmos, and was there favored with visions of a very extraordinary character respecting the condition of the world, and the Church, in future coming ages. There also he received a new commission from Christ, to act as his special agent and messenger in conveying the word of Christ to some of the Apostolic Churches, which were then in existence in Asia.

For the instruction and profit of men in all ages of time, these messages are recorded; and the record is handed down to us. The description given of the state of these churches, at the time the apostle addressed them, is so striking, that we have in one or the other of them a true picture of the state of religion as it is found in Christian Societies, and in individuals, in all ages and countries. So that we cannot read these messages of the Saviour to these individual churches, and not find in one or the other of them, a word applicable to our own condition and circumstances.

The message to Ephesus was a gentle warning and reproof, not because there was any visible decline which could be seen by the eye of man, any falling off in external works. The fervor of first love was gone, and the door was opened for further declension, and complete apostacy. They were reminded of their position in time to prevent any further departure from light and purity, if they acted upon the advice here tendered to them—Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the ith works.

The Church of Smyrna needed encouragement. Its members and its pastor were somewhat inclined to despondency. They were in that state of mind and feeling, which induces self-distrust and weakness from having too low an opinion of themselves. A sense of their unworthiness was becoming so strong upon them, it was likely to produce a paralyzing effect, and to unfit them for the struggles and trials through which they would soon have to pass, and which were already approaching them. The word to these is, 'I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, (for thou art rich),' &c. 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'

In the Church of Pergamos a temporizing spirit was manifest. There had been no visible declension, but there was a yielding to the spirit and fashion of the times, which led them to dissemble the Christian faith and to conform to the established superstitions, in order to avoid persecution. This conformity to public feeling may appear at the first an innocent, harmless thing, but it will in the end prove fatal to the best interests of religion. The view which the Saviour entertained respecting their conduct is thus expressed:—'I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is: and thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith, even in those days wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth. But I have a few things against thee, because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balak to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornication. . . . Repent; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against them with the sword of my mouth.'

The condition of the Church of Thyatira is similar to the preceding, and calls for a similar message.

The Church in Sardis had fallen from the life which it once possessed, it had a name to live, it kept up its profession of Christianity in forms and ceremonies, but vitality was gone. The message was, 'Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die: for I have not found thy works perfect before God.—Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast, and repent.'

The message to the Church in Philadelphia is one of approval and encouragement. There is in it also an exhortation to steadfastness, and a promise of protection in time of disaster and danger. How cheering and comforting must this communication from the Master have been to them. How they must have been stimulated by it to greater zeal and faithfulness, both in resisting temptation, and performing all necessary duties. Approval and encouragement given under such circumstances, can rarely produce a state of spiritual pride and self-sufficiency. The heart that knows its own weakness, will resist temptation to a spirit of arrogance, come from what quarter it may.

The message to the Church of the Laodiceans is a very alarming one, and shows there was nothing whatever redeeming in their condition. It was alarming inasmuch as it showed them how sadly mistaken they were as to their real spiritual state. It was benevolent and merciful, because its aim was, their restoration to a healthy state of knowledge and grace. Let us notice the condition of this Church. It was the very opposite in imagination to what it was in reality. And this may be said to be the worst feature in this truly sad and deplorable picture. 'Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.' Here we have the *imaginary* and the *real* condition of these parties. Many regard this as a true picture of a fallen Church; and it is certainly a condition of all others to be most dreaded; to keep up the form of religion—and to be so completely satisfied with what we have of religion, and with what we are in relation to it,—to its duties and requirements,—and to the measure of it which it is our privilege to possess,—as to say and feel, we are 'rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing' more,—there is no state into which an individual can be brought, which is so pitiable, so much to be deplored, and of which so true a picture can be presented, as is furnished in these words—'Wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.' No state can be more unacceptable to the true spirit of Christianity than this—there can be nothing more truly averse to it. Both its soil and atmosphere are such, that the fruits of the Spirit cannot grow, much less progress to maturity. Christ says to this Church, 'I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would that thou were cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth.' Now where this is there is the form, the pretence of religion, joined with so much indifference as shows that all interest in it is completely dead, all necessary action is paralyzed, and there is no more vitality than in a painted image.

The common characteristic of this state is an *utter destitution of all the true principles of religious vitality*. And one of these is a feeling of need, of poverty, and want. The first moving of the good Spirit in the mind produces this. It follows the great announcement of the *Gospel*, that God has provided a feast of fat things for all people,—that there is in the divine Being an infinite fountain of goodness and blessing, which is set open for the gratification of those cravings which are felt in the human soul for happiness, peace, strength and purity, which all the beauty, pleasure, and riches of the natural world, cannot in any measure or degree supply. These heavenly riches are opened up in the *Gospel*, as well to promote the desire for them, as to show that that desire, however ample and extended, may be supplied.

This sense of want stands in the same relation to religious vitality in the soul, as hunger and appetite are to a healthy state of the body. A person destitute of these latter sensations would neither desire food nor enjoy it. It would be an evidence of a diseased state of the system, which, should it continue, would soon terminate in death. This was the state of the Laodiceans. They felt rich; they did not feel to want any thing; they had no desire, no craving for any thing more. This is a very correct likeness of those persons, in every place, who go to meeting every Sabbath and hear the preaching, and see nothing in the *Gospel* they need beside this. Because they fancy they have received possession of all the *Gospel* contains for them, they are satisfied and easy; and as they feel no want, they say they are rich. But it is only in their own fancy they are so, their wealth is only imaginary. In religion those who have the most, feel their need the most; they 'seek' and 'ask' the most, and 'find' and 'receive' the most. With respect to religion the Saviour said, 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' Hunger and thirst will produce the action necessary to a supply—it is in this its blessedness consists. When there is no want, no need, there is no desire—there is no seeking—no asking,—and without these there is no true religious life.

2d. Another principle of religious vitality is *Dependence*. A feeling of dependence produced by a sense of our own weakness and nothingness. A feeling that we are nothing, *apart* less than nothing. But we have nothing, *what* we have received,—and the more the *nothingness* and infiniteness of the Divine *and* made to appear to us, the sense of it is *leisure* and nothingness becomes stronger within us. The very character of the religious action shows the necessity of this. The most prominent feature in the religious feeling, is a confiding trust in the Infinite above us. The great object of Divine *Revelation* is to give to men a trusting confidence in God,—to take away all dependence upon self, all self-sufficiency, and to make the Supreme Being 'all in all' to us. It is to the humble and confiding that the manifestations of Divine grace are made apparent. To these all the promises of grace and comfort are given, both in the Old

Testament and in the New. 'For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.' Isa. lvii. 15. This is the principle which was extolled by the Saviour, when he showed the difference between the religious state of the Pharisee and that of the publican. The former stood up in a spirit of self-confidence and inflated pride, and what he said, was in substance what this fallen Church said of itself. The publican bowed his head in a spirit of self-abasement, weighed down by a sense of his own unworthiness, all his dependence being on God, he uttered the prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' The Saviour assures us, 'This man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.' Luke xviii. 9—14.

This feeling is ever the accompaniment of religious vitality, and the more of the life of God there is in the soul, the more of this spirit of humble dependence on the mercy and power of God there is. There was nothing of this in the Church of the Laodiceans. It said, 'I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing.' There was no feeling of dependence, there was nothing to call forth the exercise of confiding trust in the rich mercy, and infinite goodness, and power of God.

There are many persons in the world, who are called Christians, who are very benevolent, moral people, with goodness and kindness of heart, and a host of virtues which cannot be too highly prized, who feel that they have 'need of nothing, in a religious sense, when at the same time, they are in a state of the *very lowest destitution*.

3d. Another principle of religious vitality is *A Sense of Imperfection*. The best of men, notwithstanding their attainments may be of the highest order in goodness and blessing received from God, must be sensible of many imperfections. However high they may rise in virtue and goodness in this changing world, they find themselves to be far below the required standard. Take the standard of moral purity, as set forth in the life of the Saviour; the best and holiest feel they are far below it. Their best services, their holiest aspirations, are marked with imperfections,—their words, their tempers, and even their devotions, are all tinged with the same imperfection. They can never receive so much that there shall be nothing better to come after it. Paul, with all his zeal, and love, and self-sacrifice, and visions, and revelations, never pretended to have attained to perfection. He says, 'Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' Phil. iii. 12—14.

This kind of imperfection is inseparable from finite creatures, for, however much we may have received, there is always more to come. The infinite fulness of God can never be exhausted. This feeling of imperfection is absolutely necessary for our continued growth in goodness and grace, in purity and happiness. The very same feeling which caused Paul to say, 'I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus,' induced David to cry, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit with me.' Psa. li. 10. And every religious man and woman is encouraged to desire to look for, and to expect more than they have ever yet received of God's goodness and blessing, by the following declaration of Paul: 'My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.' Phil. iv. 19. And however much we may receive, there is still infinity before us.

The Church of the Laodiceans felt none of this imperfection. 'I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing,' thus nothing was desired, nothing expected—they looked for nothing. There could be no religious growth, because there was no religious life. There was, as we have shown, an utter destitution of all the true principles or causes of religious vitality. There was no sense of need, and dependence, and imperfection. The door to the kingdom of heaven was closed, and locked, and bolted, and they did it themselves. How true is the Saviour's description of the real state of this Church,—'And knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked?'—What infatuation! What insanity! To be in this condition in reality, and yet to fancy they were rich, and increased with goods, and had need of nothing! Yet such is the spiritual religious condition of thousands. They think they are rich when they have not one morsel of spiritual food; and have never tasted of it; they have never eaten of the bread of life; they have never been to the *Gospel* feast—to the fountain of living waters. They know not what is meant by intercourse and communion with God; they know not what that hidden life with Christ in God is, which Paul enjoyed. In reality, how poor, and wretched, and miserable those persons are who are strangers to vital religion, and yet say they are rich and have need of nothing. The real cause is, they are blind, their eyes have not been opened. May God open all our eyes, that we may understand our real condition—that we may not think we are rich, when we are in the lowest depths of poverty and wretchedness.

Grumblers.

Every community 'yelept' civilized is infested by bipeds of both sexes, who make the lives of place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, grumbling. It matters not how much one may quest are complied with, inattention or want of promptness in regard to the thirteenth is the occasion for crimination and rebuke. And even when a person is trying to discharge every obligation towards such people, his motives are questioned and his acts are tortured into selfishness on his part.

Such persons are not fit to live in such a world as this. They give no one credit when any thing is accomplished in accordance with their desires, and they make their friends accountable for every failure they experience. Extremely selfish themselves, they fancy every body else as selfish, and with a pride and vanity as disgusting as it is abortive, they vainly attempt to procure enjoyment. But as enjoyment, in a refined sense, can be experienced only in promoting the good of others, such people are only miserable. They have no correct notion of what happiness is. Vain enough to suppose that every body is opposing and thwarting them, when, in fact, those who are not assisting them care nothing about them at all; they magnify every trifle and do injustice to every body with whom they come in contact.

And it matters little to such people that after denouncing a friend or acquaintance, they find the denounced have been really, all the time, exerting themselves in their behalf. The very next minute after they discover this they are ready again blindly to denounce the very same persons. These pests of society everywhere. They do not live, neither any one live who is subjected to their company. Instead of cultivating qualities which would make them agreeable, they force their obnoxious qualities into company, and compel their acquaintances to accept and approve them.

We need not say that such people are mistaken, both in their aims and ends. Their relatives may live in the same house with them but it is only because they cannot afford to change their residence. They may submit to their whims and caprices, however unjust those whims and caprices may be; but the submission is that with which one yields to any intolerable nuisance which he does not possess the power to abate. Thus we stand the grumbling, which from some persons is the only emanation. We pity them, for the grumbling is a disease which grows by what feeds upon. It destroys the vitality of those who are exposed to it, and so degrades the grumblers that every one shuns his presence.

We are aware that those who have long been subject to disease, especially when that disease is irretrievably chronic, seem to have a propulsive right to grumble. They first begin by describing their symptoms to everybody, and by asking every one's sympathy and advice. In time, they wear out the patience of their acquaintances, especially when their reiterated complaints become more annoying to others than the disease can possibly be to themselves. Then, if they really grow worse, they are neglected, for their story has been told so many times that it is disregarded and perhaps disbelieved.

Were we to inform a young person how in the least time, and with the least trouble, he could make himself utterly unbearable, we should say,—Pursue an unmitigatedly selfish career. Acknowledge no obligations to anybody, but impose every obligation you can upon all your acquaintances and friends. If everything don't go to suit you, don't stop to enquire what the reason is, but denounce those who are trying to assist you. If you find you were mistaken, make no apology for your error, but denounce them for something else. You will soon accomplish your object, for your friends will avoid you as they would a pestilence, and then you can have the pleasure of grumbling to yourself.

Many an acquaintance has pursued the path we have marked out, and the result has been uniform. Wearied at length with themselves after having exhausted the patience of everybody else, they want to know why their company is undesirable? It is too late to ask this question. Their unjust and impudent course would have excluded them from any company which did not consider itself, in some sort bound to put up with their impudence, and when they have effected the alienation the may find its cause in the cultivation of the absurd propensity of grumbling. The young man reform this. The more advanced must grumble themselves and their companions into the grave.

Lat 47° 30'

What course did Jesus pursue with regard to this fallen Church, when in this pitiable and wretched condition? Did he cast it aside as beneath his notice? Did he command those in a better state to trample upon it? to prevent its rising again? No: he tried to restore this lost one,—to give new life to the dead,—to clothe the naked,—to make the poor rich, and the miserable happy. How his conduct harmonized with this description of his merciful mission,—‘A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench.’ ‘This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’ ‘The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost.’ Jesus gives this fallen Church counsel:—‘I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see.’ How good was this counsel; it was exactly suited to their state—it was calculated to restore them. Jesus is an able counsellor. He knows the weaknesses, the disease and the wants of men, and he knows the proper remedy for every malady; and he is full of compassion. In this instance how mild and gentle, how good and gracious are his words. His counsel is that of a friend; our best interests are near his heart; he looks upon us and bids us live.

‘I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich.’ This gold implies spiritual and heavenly graces, particularly that ‘living faith which works by love.’ ‘Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith?’ Again: ‘That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire.’ This faith we may buy ‘without money and without price,’ for it is ‘not of ourselves, it is the gift of God.’ And whoever has this faith, is rich beyond all the wealth of the world.

‘And white raiment that thou mayest be clothed.’ This is an emblem of purity, of holiness. True vital religion promotes this; without virtue and purity there cannot be true happiness. And neither churches nor individuals can long maintain the semblance, the outward show of piety, after they have lost the life and power of godliness—the spirit and fervor of true devotion. They must go to Jesus, and buy of him white raiment, or the shame of their nakedness will soon appear before the eyes of the world.

‘And anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see.’ This ‘eye-salve’ is a figure of the word of God, and the counsel implies that they should take for their guide the teachings and revelations of the Gospel,—to study the Gospel, and apply its teachings to their individual state and condition. The Gospel is sent to open men’s eyes, and to turn them from darkness unto light; and there would be less of spiritual blindness among professing Christians, if the word of God should become the subject of more general study and search. ‘Search the Scriptures,’ said the Saviour to the Jews of his day, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me.’ If people thought more of this in our day, there would be more of vital religion in the world than there is. Those who imagine themselves to be rich, and interested with goods, and have need of nothing, would, in the light of the glorious riches offered in the Gospel, see that they ‘are poor, and miserable, and naked,’ and would ask of God in prayer with faith, that he would give them the bread and water of eternal life. And they would not ask in vain. Divine light would penetrate the darkness of their minds, a new life would diffuse its influence through their hearts, and they would become ‘rich’ in the possession of unknown joys and blessings. Such is the counsel of Jesus to the fallen.

The most affecting part of this message is the following, where Jesus represents himself as waiting to be admitted as the guest of his Church: ‘Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.’ Jesus, in his religion, waits for admission at the door of every heart. He is anxious that this heavenly guest should be introduced to the acquaintance of every human soul. He, therefore, stands at the door, and intimates his wish to be admitted. He is not a partial visitor; he goes to every heart, to the young as well as to the old. ‘Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: If any man hear my voice, and open the door.’ It must be a free act—a voluntary thing; he will not break the door and force himself in. He will not have recourse to harsh measures to effect an entrance. He does not call to his aid thunder and lightning, and tempest—the fires of endless torments, and the shrieks of the damned, to alarm those within, and by this means gain admission. Jesus has nothing to do with these things. He knocks, and speaks with gentle voice, in tones of love and friendship. He stands, waiting patiently, and though he has been repulsed and denied admission so often and so long, he waits still, he is waiting now; O, make up your minds to receive him. Hear what he says,—‘I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.’—He will bring a feast of goodness and love,—real communion will be established, and the wisdom of God take up its abode within you.—we all open our hearts to receive him.—each soul now say,

‘Come quickly in thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.’

AMBITIOUS HOPES



Pizarro draws a line on the sand.

equally with each



Scene at a New England Thanksgiving Dinner. See Page 17.

Philip Gammie, from Stockdale to Boston, published by Master.

one of the days are
with bright hopes of
the safety of her fatherless boy,
so sadness melts in the
eyes of her faith. It is a
picture which addresses itself to
the tenderest feelings of the hu-
man heart, and it is calculated to
make a permanently moral im-
pression upon them.

The following beautiful lines
were written by a much esteem-
ed friend, on our presenting him
with a proof impression of the
annexed engraving. He will ac-
cept our thanks for the offering.

THE FATHER'S GRAVE.

BY REV. G. W. EVEREST.

Aye, child, an orphan's lot is thine,
Thro' all earth's pilgrimage of woe;
For he whose heart reposed on mine
Sleeps in the solemn grave below!

Weep not, my boy! vain, vain are tears:
Look upward to the glorious skies:
Far, far above the rolling years,
A Heavenly Father marks thy sighs.

A mother's voice remains to cheer,
A mother's hand thy steps shall guide:
To shield thy heart from anxious fear,
If woe beset—if woe betide!

Nay, fear not, child: a promise bright
Of heavenly hope, still whispers joy:
Run thou in Virtue's path aright,
And God shall bless my orphan boy!

HAMDEN, CT., Nov. 4, 1844.



THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN....A NEW-YORK BOY IN WISCONSIN.

I think on the whole I am happy enough,
With my dogs so devoted, and poney so tough,
Which is, you must know, such a sly little elf,
That he'll not treat a soul to a ride but myself.

We are here in Wisconsin, a beautiful place,
Though as wild as a buffalo caught in a chase;
Yet I doubt if there's any thing wilder throughout
Than myself and my dogs, and my poney so stout.

I came from New-York, wherein had I remain'd,
To a shop or a counter I now were half chain'd,
With a boss twice as rough as my poney so dear,
Still making me smart with a box on the ear.

So blythe may I be, that my parents are dead,
Of your over-grown city, so vastly admiring,
And came out to Wisconsin, so fruitful and free,
Where we all are as happy as happy can be.

And I am the pet of the house, you must know,
For my father and mother they doat on me so,
That they think I'm the very best boy in the west,
Which I often times doubt, but of course they know best.

But my poney is snorting as though he would say,
"Leave your song, master Tommy, and let us away;"
And my dogs, too, seem vastly inclined for a run,
So I think I'll be off—it's such a capital fun.

Augt 17 1844.
also very pleasant.

July 20, 1841.
x pleasant.

10

Philip

light moderate wha

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ship going to
Lat 42° 38'

Grace fatal to Sin.

Moreover the law entered, that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto life, by Jesus Christ our Lord. What shall we then say? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? forasmuch as by sin one may be forbidden: how shall we, that are dead to longer therein?—Rom. v. 20, 21; vi. 1, 2.

This is a most important passage. There is scarcely one more so. God foretold the offence would abound; he did not prevent it; he permitted it for wise and holy purposes. But by his grace he always intended to circumscribe sin. Sin is limited; it is under control; it can never abound more than grace.

But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. This is plain preaching. What Universalist ever preached, on the subject of divine grace, with more plainness than this? It is pure Universalism too. Sin can never outstretch divine grace. If sin abounds, grace shall abound much more; and where sin abounds, grace shall abound much more. Grace always has had, and always must have advantage, according to this rule. Such is the teaching of the great apostle to the Gentiles.

At the point of doctrine to which we thought perfectly true, was very liaison, from persons not versed in the Christian. ‘Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.’ According to this proposition, an indiscreet opposer might say, bad doctrine, bad doctrine. It is dangerous, it will lead men into sin. The more sin the more grace, according to this. If where sin abounded, grace did much more abound, then, to have much grace, let us have much sin, and it will bring it. Against this objection, Paul proceeds to reason, and inquires ‘shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?’ As though he had said, ‘some persons come hastily to this conclusion, that sin must bring grace, if it be true that where sin abounds, grace much more abounds.’ But, to prepare his reader for an answer to that objection, he inquires, ‘shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?’ He replies, immediately ‘God forbid;’ and adds the true reason against such a course. ‘How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?’

Now, reader, stop and reflect. ‘We that are dead to sin.’ Are you one of that number? Have you felt the influence of divine grace upon your heart?—If so, you can live no longer in sin. It cannot be. ‘How can we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?’ Thus Paul answers his former question. ‘Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?’ It is impossible, for this plain reason, that it is the direct tendency of a knowledge of God’s grace to produce a deadness to sin. If it produces a deadness to sin, a man under its influence, cannot live in sin; and of course, to attempt to ‘continue in sin, that grace may abound,’ is an utter impossibility.

There are many persons who suppose, or rather, who say they suppose, that the doctrine of divine grace and love, is of injurious influence on men.—Why? It encourages sin, they say. How do they now? Did they ever try it? No. Well, did they ever hear a person who believed, say it encouraged? No. This is always said, by those who do not believe it. There is only one question remaining, which knows its influence best, those who believe it, or those who do not? those who have tried, or those who have not? Evidently the former.—They all know that the influence of this grace on the heart, is good; they know it cannot be otherwise.—It produces a deadness to sin, and of course cannot use men to live in sin. O, that all who profess to believe in divine grace, did really believe in it. We are more fearful that we shall believe too little than too much in God’s goodness. The more strong, penetrating, searching, our faith in God’s love, the greater purity and happiness we derive therefrom. Christian, think of these things.

TO-MORROW.—Who can tell how much is embodied in this expression? Though a few hours intervene between it and us—though it will soon commence its course—who is there that can read a single page and pronounce the character of its events?

To-morrow! Those who are gay may be sad. Those who are now walking the avenues of pleasure, led by the hand of hope, may be the subject of intense sorrow. Prosperity may be changed to adversity.

Those who are now on the mountain summit may be in the valley. The rosy cheek may be overspread with paleness—the strong step may falter. Death may have overtaken us.

To-morrow! It may have entirely changed the course of our lives. It may form a new era in existence. What we fear may not happen. To-morrow! away with anxiety. Let us lean on Providence. There is a Being to whom all the distinctions of time are the same, and who is able to dispose of every thing for our wise improvement.

Written for the Freeman and Visiter.

The Invalid to her Mother.

BY MISS LAURA EGGLESTON.

Dearest mother, I am thinking
Of that better land on high,
Where no invalid is sinking—
No pale blossoms droop or die.

Come, and sit beside me, mother,
And converse of heavenly things;
Of the glorious ‘elder brother,’
Crowns, and harps of flaming strings.

Speak to me of life eternal;
Of the shining millions there,
Standing round the Sire supernal,
Breathing love’s mellifluous air.

Mother! cease thy sighs and yearnings;
Bow to God’s sublime behest;

To his Eden I am turning,
To a high and holy rest.

Mourn not; but adore Jehovah;
When in dreamless sleep I lie,
Throw no sombre pall above me,
Let no weepers o’er me sigh.

For me wear no robes of sadness;
Never toll a funeral bell,
When my spirit lives in gladness,
Where the angels’ anthems swell.

Lay me by the fountain singing,
In the holy church-yard green,
Where the birds delight in singing
In the weeping willow screen.

Mother, take my Bible holy,
Press it to my heart once more;
Keep it, dearest, for I
May not read again its lore.

Blessed book of revelation!
How it happyfies the soul!
While the streams of free salvation
Through the holy spirit roll.

O! the boundless fields of glory
Are expanding to my eye;
And God’s banners broad are o’er me;
I am not afraid to die!

“Not afraid to die?” Dear mother,
Yet ‘tis hard to part with thee;
Soon my sufferings will be over,
And my spirit will be free.

We shall meet in God’s fair palace,
Where the trees of life do wave;
Where the streams of love’s bright chalice
All the ransomed spirits have.

German, N. Y.

THE COURSE OF LIFE.

(Translated from a beautiful Spanish poem by Jorge Manrique, on the death of his father, quoted in the thirteenth volume of the ‘Edinburgh Review.’)

Oh! let the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life, with its glories, glides away,
And the stern footstep of decay
Come stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves us naught behind
But grief at last;
How still our present happiness
Seems, to the wayward fancy, less
Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flying minutes glide
Away so fast;
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them, the present shall delight—
Like them, decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall;
The Sea of Death, whose waves roll on,
O’er king and kingdom, crown and thrown,
And swallow all.

Alike the river’s lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulet glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
And Death the goal:
There all our steps at last are brought,
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Long ere the damps of Death can blight,
The cheek’s pure glow of red and white
Hath passed away:
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;
Age came, and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where are the strength that mocked decay,
The step that rose so light and gay,
The heart’s blithe tone?—
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe,
When age comes on.

Say, then, how poor and little worth,
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;
Dreams of a sleep that Death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake,
Ye dispair.

And yet, to me is given
“A priceless hope” to bear my spirits up,
And, when my barque of life is tempest driven,
I know the

THE EVENING SKIES.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

Soft skies! amid your halls to night
How brightly beams each starry sphere!
Beneath your softly mellowed light
The loveliest scenes grow livelier!
How high, how great, the glorious Power
That bade these silvery dew-drops fall;
That touched with bloom the folded flower,
And bent the blue sky over all!

I love to glide in these still hours
With heart, and thought, and fancy,
When naught but stars, and waves, and flowers,
May give me their sweet company!
When far below the waves outspread
Glide softly on with liquid hue;
When winds are low—and skies o’er head
Are beaming bluely beautiful.

Oh, what a heavenly hour is this!
The green earth seems an Eden-home,
And yet I pine amid my bliss,
For purer blisses yet to come!
How can my spirit gaze aloft
Upon your deep delicious blue,
And float to those far realms so soft,
And never sigh to flutter through?

And yet this spot, so still, so lone,
Seems formed to suit my mournful mood,—
The fair blue heavens seem all my own,
And all this lovely solitude!
A voice seems whispering on the hill
Soft as my own—and on the sea
A living spirit seems to thrill
And throb with mine deliciously!

Yet, though my thoughts from care seem freed,
And a soft joy pervades my breast,
That makes me almost feel indeed
That hearts on earth are sometimes blest!
There is a spell in those hushed skies—
A something felt in this lone spot,
That makes my very soul arise
With longings for—it knows not what!

Beneath such skies I sometimes doubt
My heart can e’er have dreamed of sin—
The world seems all so calm without,
And all my thoughts so pure within!
Such dreams play o’er my folded lid!
Such heavenly visions greet my view!
I almost seem to glide amid
The angel-bands, an angel too!

O! has he left this world so vain,
And fled for ever far away?
And will he ne’er awake again,
Unto the light of earthly day?
Shall I behold that face no more,
So bright, so beautiful, and mild?
Nor hear repeated, o’er and o’er,
Those tones, which spoke the artless child

And must decay feed on the bloom
Of beauty, innocence and youth?—
With voice responsive, the dark tomb
Proclaims the sad and solemn truth.

He died ere he had gone astray,
Within the paths of vice and sin;
And folly’s dark, illusive way,
His soul had ne’er delighted in.

He died ere he had felt the blight
Of poe’snous slander’s fatal breath,
Which, leagued with fiendish, dread despite
Seeks but its hapless victim’s death.

No; calumny had never cast
Its dreadful venom o’er his name;
And envy ne’er had sought to blast
His spotless purity of fame.

But in his pure, infantile prime,
He bowed to holy Heaven’s will;
And fled the bonds of flesh and time,
To where exists no grief or ill.

But though he’s left us here below,
Why should we for him sigh or mourn?
For soon the grave, where he did go,
Must be our body’s final bourne.

But let us look beyond the tomb,
To glorious mansions high above,
Where, clothed in robes of endless bloom,
He sings his Savior’s deathless love.

And when the hand of death shall come,
To close my weary, wasting eyes,
O, may my spirit seek his home,
And meet him in th’ eternal skies.

As flowing waters to the thirsty soul,
As coming calm when stormy billows roll,
As strains of music breathed at even time,
As beaming planets in the vault sublime,
As words familiar in a stranger clime,
So friendship’s stream glides through life’s desire

way,
So faith’s pure star sends down its peaceful ray,
So words of love restore the mind opprest,
The calm of virtue soothes the sorrowing breast,
And God’s own promise calls us to his rest.

■■■ A man was one day wheeling a barrow across a church-yard, when he was threatened by a clergyman with condign punishment for his daring outrage in polluting the consecrated ground by his wheelbarrow. The man, scratching his head, said, ‘I did not know but the wheelbarrow was consecrated too, for I borrowed it of the sexton.’

Is given by our Father,
Who knoweth for his children what is best,
And who at last the weary ones shall gather
To endless rest.

Barnard, Vt.

MY FATHER.

FATHER, ‘tis long

Since round thee st

Waiting thy best!

And sad it was to me

Edo.

Thou, guardian of my eye

Who soothed my grief,

Who always for me to

Oh, thou could’st not

1861

14

I scarcely wished on e

I hardly thought I cou

So great a shock,—but

In heaven with God a,

14

The time is short—twill soon be o’er,

Soon we shall be beyond life’s shore;

And when death’s angel shall appear,

Saviour, wilt thou be near.

How they get Married in Illinois

Mr. Henry Wheeler, of Greene county, and Minerva Steely, of Macrissin county, wanted to get married, but their friends didn’t want them to. They drove forty-five miles to Alton in order to escape this difficulty, but when they got there found that the law sternly required a license, could only be had from the County Clerk, who resided in another town. Not discouraged, they engaged a parson and jumped into a skiff, and were rowed over to a small bar in the river, directly opposite to Alton, where shortly after sunrise, in the State of Mo., surrounded by water, entirely isolated from the world and the ‘rest of mankind,’ but in sight of the whole city, they solemnly plighted their troth. They returned in a few minutes to the shore, where they were welcomed with cheers by the assembled people.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

I saw her in her morn of hope—in life’s delicious spring,
A radiant creature of the earth, just bursting on the wing;
Elate and joyous as the lark when first it soars on high,
Without a shadow in its path—a cloud upon its sky.

I see her yet—so fancy deems—her soft, unbraided hair,
Gleaming, like sunlight upon snow, above her forehead fair;
Her large dark eyes, of changing light, the winning smile that play’d d

In dimpling sweetness, round a mouth expressive of

scorn I had made!

And light alike of heart and step, she bounded on her way,

Nor dream’d the flowers that round her bloom’d would ever know decay;

She had no winter in her note, but evermore w

sing

(What darker season had she proved?) of spring—of

the past!

Alas, alas, that hopes like hers—so gentle and so bright,

The growth of many a happy year, one wayward hour

should blight;

Bow down her hair but fragile form, her brilliant brow

o’ercast,

And make her beauty—like her bliss—a shadow of

the past!

Years came and went—we met again—but what a

change was there!

The glossy calmness of the eye, that whisper’d of

sun,

The ruddy flushing of the cheek—the lips compressed

and thin—

The clench of the attenuate hands—proclaimed the

strife within!

Yet for each ravaged charm of earth some pitying

power had given

Beauty more mortal birth—a spell that

breath’d of heaven;

And the fitful flushing of the cheek—the lips compressed

and thin—

The clench of the attenuate hands—proclaimed the

strife within!

Thus, thus, too of the traitor man repays fond woman’s

truth;

Thus blighting, in his wild caprice, the blossoms of her

youth;

And though it is in griefs like those, o’er visions loved and

lost,

That the truest and the tenderest heart must always

be true to you...

“THERE’S NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL.”

BY ALICE G. LEE.

“In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright

manhood, there’s no such word as FAIL”—[Builer’s Play

of Richeleieu.</p



LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS.

His
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cusses
frank
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now in the 44th year of his reign as
King, and in the 55th year of his age.
He is the younger brother to the Duke of
Brabant, recently deceased.

on Tennent, M. R. in his clever
thus glances at the character
of One thing, in Belgium, I
as characteristic—the unre-
with which every individual dis-
and the unreserved candor and
which each details his views and
is the more remarkable, because
nor of opinion is, if not directly
least, to admit the existence of
complaint. I never met with less

PORTAIT OF THE REVEREND TRADUCER OF AMERICAN CHARACTER, SYDNEY SMITH.

The Rev. Sydney Smith is by pro-
fession a churchman, by nature a wit,
by choice an 'Edinburgh Reviewer,'
by circumstances made a politician,
and by patronage a canon of the Ca-
thedral of St. Paul. He is altogeth-
er a man of most singular contradic-
tions. He is a clergyman, but his
writings have less of the gravity of
the divine than of the acuteness of
the man of the world. He is a Whig
in his politics, yet his keenest satire
has been launched at Lord John Rus-
sel and Lord Melbourne. He is a
dignitary of the church, and yet he
has raised more laughs at the ex-
pense of the Bench of Bishops than
any public writer of the day, with
the exception, perhaps, of Fon-
blanche.

As a writer, the Rev'd Sydney
Smith is best known in this country
by his "Letters to the Americans"
on the Repudiation of their State
debts. He has lost considerable by
investing his property in Pennsyl-
vania State bonds, and his letters are
characterised by the most bitter feel-



o an adequate consumption for the produce of the
national industry; and for this ingenuity the
Government has been ineffectually tortured to dis-
cover a remedy. It is idle to look to Germany or
England for commercial treaties which would af-
ford an opening for Belgian manufactures in com-
petition with their own. Important concessions
have been made to France, by the reduction of
duties upon her produce, when imported into Bel-
gium, but no reciprocal advantages have been ob-
tained in return. On the contrary, ever since 1815,
when the Netherlands were taken from her to be
given to Holland, she has exhibited a waspish im-
patience to embarrass and undermine her prosperity.
Prospects of colonization have been discussed,
and even proposals made to other states for per-
mission to attempt settlements on their distant ter-
ritory; and where these have failed, commercial
expeditions have been despatched to Algiers, to
Egypt, to Brazil, to Bolivia, and Peru, all with a
view to open a trading intercourse with the natives;
but each and all have proved hopelessly unsuc-
cessful.

ing. From the tone of his last letter,
however, he is evidently getting
more easy respecting his Pennsyl-
vania funds.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR—The Locofoco papers in America
are, I observe, full of abuse of Mr. Everett,
their minister, for spending a month with
me at Christmas in Somersetshire. That
month was neither lunar nor calendar, but
consisted of forty-eight hours;—a few mi-
nutes more or less.

I never heard a wiser or more judicious
defence than he made to me and others, of
the American insolvency; not denying the
injustice of it, speaking of it, on the con-
trary, with the deepest feeling, but urging
with great argumentative eloquence every
argument that could be pleaded in extenua-
tion. He made upon us the same im-
pression he appears to make universally
in this country; we thought him (a char-
acter which the English always receive
with affectionate regard) an amiable Amer-
ican, republican without rudeness, and
accomplished without ostentation. "If I
had known that gentleman five years ago
(said one of my guests), I should have been
deep in the American funds; and, as it is,
I think at times that I see nineteen or twen-
ty shillings in the pound in his face."

However this may be, I am sure we owe
to the Americans a debt of gratitude for
sending to us such an excellent specimen
of their productions. In diplomacy a far
more important object than falsehood, is,
to keep two nations in friendship. In this
point, no nation has ever been better served than
America has been served by Mr. Ed-
ward Everett. I am, Sir, your ob't serv't,
SYDNEY SMITH

April 17th, 1844.

Aug. 27, 1841.
Moderate and pleasant

Midnight. Calm.

Fair and pleasant

Sat. 66° 01'

Aug. 28, 1841,
X pleasant

Cloudy, & plst.

a light wind
sail,

and trading day

white wind and



de corner ob Cornhill and Franklin Avenue to 'spote 'bout de ting, and we 'spote so long dat, wen we got to de sullar, we find dat de clam soup was all eat up by de rest. On dat 'casion your 'spected preacher gib utterance to de memorable words—Dey hab licked de dish clean!

Brudder Cole will pass 'round de hat. AMEN.

THANKSGIVING DAY; A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

At five o'clock on Thanksgiving morning, Deacon Wilson arose as was his wont. No holiday made any change in his hours. Yet he no longer sprang from his bed with the alacrity which changed duty into pleasure; he rose because impious necessity commanded it. There were the cattle to be fed and watered, and the poultry to receive the same attention, and there was, moreover, a fire to be made in the huge old kitchen fire-place.

For the deacon had now no servant or helper, and in the grey winter of his life, the whole burthen of managing his place had fallen on his shoulders. Fortunately they were broad and strong—fortunately his constitution was good, his spirits elastic, and his piety sincere, for his burthens and trials were indeed weighty. He had been comparatively rich—he was now in embarrassed circumstances. He had looked forward to the time when a son should relieve him of the most laborious of his toils, while a daughter performed the same kind office for his wife. Both had been disappointed—and now the old couple were the solitary tenants of that lone New England farm-house.

The deacon went mechanically about his morning labors; he drove the cattle to the water-tank; he supplied them with fresh fodder, and after seeing that they were comfortable, returned to the old kitchen. By this time the good wife had prepared a breakfast, and a genial fire of walnut was diffusing its heat through the apartment.

The old couple sat down to breakfast, after a blessing by the farmer, but the meal passed in silence. It was followed by a fervent prayer and the reading of a portion of the Scripture. After this, they adjourned to the sitting-room, where a good fire was burning, and where the old dame assumed her knitting, one of those incomprehensible pieces of female industry which seem to have neither beginning nor end.

"Well," said she, with a sigh, "this is Thanksgiving day. It doesn't seem like old times at all. We used to have a house full of company, frolicsome young folks and cheerful old people—and now we are all alone—alone."

"Last Thanksgiving," said the old man, "there was one with us, who seemed, to my old eyes, like an angel of light; with her fairy golden hair floating like glory on her shoulders, and her little foot making music as she moved about the old house. But even then there was a hectic flush on her cheek, like the red upon the maple leaf in autumn. When the January snows lay deep upon the hills, and in the hollows, we carried her to her last home—but God's will be done."

"You forget we have another child alive."

"No, I do not forget it," said the old man bitterly. "There is one living somewhere, who has brought disgrace upon our name—who has forgotten his parents and his God; who has drunk deep of the cup of iniquity, and who has brought ruin and woe upon his name and family."

"Do not speak so harshly of poor William," pleaded the mother.

"Why should I not? Was he not insensible to kindness—stealed against affection? Did he not scatter my hard earnings to the wind? Is it not to him that I owe the prospect of beggary and destitution? Remember the first of February. That is the last day of grace. If the money comes not then—and God knows whence it is to come—we are driven from beneath this roof-tree—a pair of houseless beggars. Who will care for us then?"

"God will care for us," answered the old woman, raising her eyes reverently to heaven.

The old man made no reply, for his utterance was choked. At that moment the old clock that stood ticking silently in the corner, struck the hour of nine. The deacon rose.

"It is time to harness up old Dobbin," said he, "for we have a long way to ride to meeting, and the roads are in bad condition."

Their preparations were soon made, and the old couple, poorly but decently attired, sallied forth to their public devotion. The services ended, the deacon and his wife, as they issued from the porch, were kindly greeted by many old friends and neighbors, more than one of whom pressed them to come and partake of their Thanksgiving cheer. But the deacon shook his head.

"Many thanks, my friends," he said, "but ever since I have been a householder I have kept my Thanksgiving at home, and I shall continue to do so, as long as I have a house over my head."

So they rode home together. While the deacon drove up to the barn to put up his horse, the old lady opened the back door, which was always on the latch, and entered the kitchen. As she did so she started back. A stranger was seated by the kitchen fire, who rose on her entrance. He was a tall, stalwart man, dressed in a rough suit, with a broad-leaved hat, his countenance embrowned by exposure to the sun and wind, and his upper lip almost concealed by a heavy and luxuriant black mustache.

"Good morning, ma'am," he said with some embarrassment. "Finding no one answered my knock I took the liberty of walking in. I believe I owe you no apology, for I have officiated as turnspit, and saved your Thanksgiving turkey from burning."

"I am very much obliged to you, I'm sure," answered the old lady, pulling off her mittens. "But did you want to see me or the deacon?"

On de way dar, your 'spected preacher get into dis-

pute wid Cesar Wilmington, who's dead and gone now,

poor old critter! 'bout de law ob Moses, and we 'top on

"Both of you," answered the stranger. "You have a son, I believe."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wilson, with hesitation, and casting down her eyes.

"I have seen him lately."

"Where?" inquired the mother, with increasing agitation.

"In California."

"Was he doing well?"

"Admirably. Mother! mother!" he added, impetuously throwing back his hat, "don't you know me—don't you know your William?"

He rushed into his mother's arms, and was clasped to her beating heart, while the tears streamed freely from the eyes of both. After the first passionate greeting was over, the young man asked—

"Where is sister Emmy?"

"Gone!" answered the mother, as her tears flowed forth anew.

William sank into a seat, and hiding his face in his hands, wept bitterly. The mother did not attempt to check him. She knew those tears were precious.

"And my father?" asked the young man, when he had regained his composure.

"He is well. But you had better retire for a while. Go to your old room, my son, it is just as you left it, and wait until I summon you."

It was with a fluttering heart, that the overjoyed mother went about the preparations for dinner, and when the table was neatly set, every dish in its place, and the turkey, smoking hot, waiting to be carved, she summoned the old man. He made his appearance at once, and took his seat.

Glancing round the table, he asked—"What is this, wife? you have set plates for three."

"I thought perhaps somebody might drop in unexpectedly."

"There is little danger—hope, I mean, of that," answered the deacon sadly.

At this juncture, Mrs. Wilson, with a mysterious expression, rang the little hand-bell, with which, in happier days, she was wont to summon her tardy children to their meals.

It was answered by the appearance of the long-lost William.

The deacon, who recognized him after a moment, gazed upon him with a stern eye, but a quivering lip that betrayed the force of his ill-suppressed emotions.

"So you have come back at last," he said.

"Yes, father, but not as I left you. Father—last Thanksgiving day I went into my lonely room, and there kneeling down, addressed myself to Heaven, and solemnly abjured the fatal cup which had brought ruin upon me, and wo upon this once happy family. From that day to this I have not touched a drop. Is my probation enough? Can you now welcome back your son, and bless him?"

"Bless him! yes! yes! bless you, my dear, dear boy," said the old deacon, placing his trembling hand on the dark locks of the pleader. You are welcome, William, though you came only to witness the downfall of our house."

"Not so, father," answered the young man joyously. "I have come back to save you—to atone for my prodigality—for all my errors. It was this hope that sustained me in the lone heart of the Sierra Nevada, when I was panting with thirst and dying of hunger. Thoughts of home, of you and mother, and of her who is now one of God's angels, enabled me to conquer fortune. I have come back with a store of gold—you shall not be a beggar in your old age; father, we shall keep the farm."

After this, it is unnecessary to add, that joy entered that old New England homestead. It was a chastened joy, for the shadows of the past yet mingled with the sunshine of the present, but the felicity which attended the prodigal's return was enough to compensate for many sorrows.—Olive Branch.

GONE TO BED.—An eminently holy man thus wrote on hearing of the death of child:—

"Sweet thing, and is he so quickly laid to sleep? Happy he! Though we shall have no more the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick, nor of dying. Tell my dear sister, that she is now so much more akin to the next world; and this will be quickly passed to us all. John is but gone an hour or two to bed, as children used to do, and we are very soon to follow. And the more we put off the love of this present world, and all things superfluous, beforehand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down."

LOOKING TO CHRIST.—Let this thought, that God cannot lie, keep in conscious safety the heart of every one who looks to Jesus. They who look shall be saved. The sun in the firmament is often faintly seen through a cloud, but the spectator may be no less looking at him than when he is seen in full and undiminished fulgence. It is not to him who sees Christ brightly, that the promises are made, but to him who looks. A bright view may minister comfort, but it is the looking (to Christ) which ministers safety.

WASHINGTON CAKE. No. 2.—One pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, four eggs, one pound of flour, one tea cupful of milk, two tea spoonfuls of dissolved saleratus, three table spoonfuls of brandy, half a tea spoonful of cinnamon, half a nutmeg, one pound of dried currants washed, picked, and wiped dry. Beat the butter and sugar until it is smooth and light. Whisk the eggs till they are thick and add them to the butter and sugar. Stir in the flour brandy and spice. Flour the fruit and stir it in. Beat the whole very hard for fifteen minutes. Then stir in the saleratus. Line the sides and bottom of your pan with thick paper, butter it well, pour in the mixture and bake it in a moderate oven. For those who object to the use of brandy, two table spoonfuls of rose-water may be substituted in its place.—National Cook Book.

WASHINGTON CAKE, No. 1.—One pound of butter, one pound of flour, one pound of sugar, six eggs, one wine-glass of brandy, one grated nutmeg, one table spoonful of dissolved eggs, one table spoonful of cinnamon, two pounds of dried currants, half a pint of rich milk. Stir the butter and sugar to a cream. Beat the eggs very light and stir into it, then add the liquor, spice, and milk, then stir in the flour, lastly the saleratus. Butter a pan and bake it.

Ere Spring, returning, chases
Away the Wintry snows and frosts from earth,
And calls again to fill our vacant places,
New leaves to birth.

And thus, methinks they're speaking
Those dying leaves, of scenes that were and are;
Of all who sought—of all who now are seeking,
New homes afar—

For winter's dreariest hours
Of storm and tempest were more bright and dear
Than Summer with her wealth of leaves and flowers,
Whose smiles and words I treasure
In memory's basket, ever fresh and bright;
Whose presence gave to life its choicest pleasure,
Is sweetest light.

Who sought on viewless wings a cloudless shore;
Or those who now are sinking into slumber,
To wake no more.
I know in my heart, only,
The gloomy shadows and the sad tones rest,
That often make the brightest scenes seem lonely,
In dark hues dress;

Hiding the joys that in the pathway shone,
Turning thy tho's from all things bright before thee
To dear hours flown.
How many have been singed
"In auld lang syne."





PORTRAIT OF FREDERIC WILLIAM IV., KING OF PRUSSIA.

This is another of M. Banguet's faithful portraits of the crowned heads of Europe; and, for its *resemblance*, will, doubtless, be equally admired with either of its predecessors in our graphic gallery.

His Majesty Frederick William IV. succeeded to the throne of Prussia on the death of his father, Frederick William, in June, 1840. On his accession, it seems to have been expected that he would fulfil what were understood to have been his father's promise of a national representation. The King, however, in his answer, declared, that his father had been induced by the events that took

place in other countries, to take into serious consideration the meaning that might be given to his words; that, reflecting on the sacred duties of the royal office confided to him by God, he resolved to fulfil his promises; but, keeping aloof from the prevalent notion of a general national representation, he should follow, for the real good of the people, and with the sincerest conviction, the course best adapted to the German national character. The result was the establishment of provincial and district assemblies in all parts of the monarchy. Another popular part of the policy announced by his Majesty upon his accession was

his professed determination to uphold the nationality of his Polish subjects. A painful interest has, therefore, been exerted of late, by the fact of his Majesty having expelled from his dominions 2000 Polish emigrants; but we hope that this serious charge may admit of further explanation than has yet been afforded.

The King of Prussia, it will be recollect, early in 1842, visited England on the christening of the infant Prince of Wales, for whom his Majesty stood sponsor. A faithful representation of the christening scene is given below, copied from an English engraving.



FRESH SHAD—FINEST OF THE SEASON.

We are rather perplex'd
About what to say next,
Though no steam car more swift than our Pegasus
runs,
While subjects are thicker than poets or duns.
Let us look where we will and one pops up its head.
That if properly handled might waken the dead.
We've the Fourierites, seeking the world to amend,
Which the Millerites bring every month to an end;
While the stubborn old planet, unmoved by their
lore,—
Makes a jest of them both, and wags on as before

We've the aldermen's siege on fruit-women stout,
Wherin the besiegers were put to the rout;
For let bailiffs or aldermen do as they will,
Our women with apple-stands flourish here still.
We've our Vickers, and Hoags,
And other bright rogues,
Who when safely lock'd up in our tomb of a jail,
Pop out through the key-hole and give us leg bail.
And then we've our juries who *never agree*,
When a rogue has got plenty of money to fee!
For one there is still
Who, prove what you will,

No guilt in the lucky defendant can see:
Thus rich culprits are proof to our city strong box,
For their gold is a key that can open its locks.
Now here is a jury was ta'en on the spot,
While his Honor was telling them "what might
be what;"
But he told it vain, for the dollar almighty
Made all that he said appear flat, stale and flighty.
Thus justice was proved as *co·venient* as blind,
And a juryman's wallet, per contra, was lined.
So ye who would steal—steal enough for the jury,
And you're sure to be safe from dame Justice's fury.

CHANGE FOR MARKET. "My dear," said an affectionate wife, "what shall we have for dinner to-day?"

"One of your smiles," replied the husband; "I can dine on that every day."

"But I can't," replied the wife.

"Then take this," and he gave her a kiss and went to his business.

He returned to dinner.

"This is an excellent steak," said he, "what did you pay for it?"

"Why, what you gave me this morning, to be sure," replied the wife.

"The deuce you did!" exclaimed he, "then you shall have the money next time you go to market."

A REMARKABLE DREAM. Every body in Alleghany county knows old lawyer Martin. He had the coolest way in the world of transferring money from the pockets of his client to his own. Old Ben Brooks, a rich but close-fisted farmer in the neighborhood, was one of his clients, and in their conferences there was always a pretty sharp contest who should outwit the other, the lawyer in the end generally getting the upper hand. One day they had been sitting for an hour or two, trying their wits to get the advantage of each other, when the farmer got excited, and suddenly turning to the lawyer, said:

"Martin, I had a remarkable dream last night."

"Ah! had you?" said Martin; "what was it?"

"It was a terrible one," said Brooks, looking very solemn—"an awful one. I havn't fairly got over the effects of it yet. I can't keep it out of my mind for a minute."

"Well, tell it," said Martin, evidently struck with the farmer's manner.

"I dreamed," said the other, "that I was in hell, and the devil sat in his big chair, pointing out their places to his new subjects as they entered, one after another. I was surprised to see so many of my old neighbors come in. At length the door opened, and looking round I saw you enter. The devil told one to take this seat and another that; but when he saw you come in, he rose up, pointing to his own chair, he said:

"Here, lawyer Martin, you take my seat—you can fill it a great deal better than I can."

THE GROWTH OF THE NORTHWEST. The tide of emigration during the past year has set strongly toward the Northwestern states; indeed it has exceeded all past years. The *Cleveland Plaindealer* says that by the 1st of January next the single State of Iowa will contain over half a million of persons. The census of the State in 1850 was but 123,000. In June, 1854, according to the State census, the population had increased to 326,000. With such a precedent, it is not improbable that at the next national census the returns will foot up nearly 1,000,000 inhabitants.

The State of Wisconsin, which is somewhat older than Iowa, nearly keeps pace with her neighbor. In 1850 the population was 305,000. The State census, which is now being taken, will, according to the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, show more than 600,000. If the ratio continues till 1860, more than 1,000,000 inhabitants will be found in that State. A parallel instance of such increase of population can hardly be found in the world's history.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH BY A PISTOL SHOT. On Friday night last, about 11 o'clock, Mr. George A. Billings was called from his residence by some ladies who informed him that there was a suspicious looking man lurking in and about the yard of the residence of Mr. Logee, in Clemence street, and requested his assistance to arrest him. Mr. Billings, in order to cut off the retreat of the suspected person, passed into Happy street (a short street running from Union to Clemence) with handcuffs in his hand, and there met the intruder making a hasty retreat, having been surprised by the ladies. He at once seized him by the collar, when a severe scuffle ensued, in which the villain drew a pistol and attempted to discharge it in the face of Mr. Billings, but their close contact to each other prevented his aim, and it glanced against the side of his head the instant it went off, doing him no other injury than stunning him by the shock, which caused him to release his hold.

Several females had gathered around the scene, and the cry of murder was raised, but no one seemed willing to assist him in the capture of this desperado, and he made his escape, after being once felled to the ground by a blow from the hand-cuffs in the hand of Mr. Billings, who pursued him up Union and Westminster, through Sugar Lane and down Page street, where he lost sight of him, and gave up the chase.

The object of this desperado is supposed to have been the robbery of Mr. Logee, who was known to have been out late that evening with a large amount of money in his possession, but who fortunately returned unmolested, although another person came near losing his life in protecting him.—*Providence Journal*.

RATHER AWKWARD. A few days since a gentleman, who was *en route* for New York, got out at the station, leaving his "better half" sole occupant of the seat; returning, found a good looking gentleman occupying his seat and making himself sociable with his travelling companion, politely requested the stranger give him his seat. "Your seat, sir?" said the stranger; "I don't know that you have any better claim to it than I have." "Very well, sir," replied our friend, "if you will keep it, allow me to introduce you to my wife." The stranger looked blank, and made very hasty tracks for the next car.

A PRESENT. At the close of the recent examination of the senior class in Brunswick College, Mr. Putnam, a member of the class, in the name of his classmates presented to Professor Cleaveland a beautiful cane worth \$50, as a token of their respect for him as a man, and their appreciation of his faithfulness as an instructor. The *Brunswick Telegraph* says that the "Professor has been here from the very opening of the College, a period of more than fifty years, has instructed every successive class, has shared in all the adversity and prosperity of the college, but never before received a *caning* from the students."

THE OLD BONNET.

A STORY FOR AUTUMN.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

It was a black chilly day in November. The wind went wailing like a living thing among the naked trees, and dying away in hollow murmurs through the leaf-bstrewn valleys.

But in the parlor of Mr. Birdlong, all was as cheerful as May. A fire in the grate cast a genial warmth through the richly furnished room, and the light from the somber sky stole in through heavy damask curtains, casting a crimson shade over everything—over the soft richly plied carpet—the nicely polished chairs, sofas and tables, and even staining to a deeper glow the cheeks of two young girls, who sat with some net work in their hands before the fire.

They sat and gossiped about the dress, manners and habits of the various individuals whom they knew. They were the daughters of a rich merchant, and had just made their entre into the world.

"I think," said Susie Birdlong, the elder of the two, "that that Jane Dixon, to whom we were introduced at Mrs. Myers' yesterday, can't be much. Did you notice her dress? Her gloves fitted her hand well enough, but she has, I dare say, worn them a dozen times before, and her bonnet looked as though old Madame Noah might have worn it into the Ark. She had but little to say, I noticed, and I consider that proof positive that she can't talk, for when people can talk, they generally do. At any rate, I don't like the looks of her bonnet; and I mean to cut her acquaintance, let who will visit her." Her sister smiled an approving smile, and then the two proceeded to dissect the character of others.

But let us turn to Miss Dixon, the young lady who had drawn upon herself censure, by daring to wear an antique article of dress. She sat, upon the same morning in which we have introduced the Misses Birdlong to the reader's notice, in a parlor equally well furnished—equally cheerful, and in her hands, strange to tell, was the very bonnet—the old fashioned bonnet, which might have belonged to Mrs. Noah. She was turning it around, and contemplating the appearance of its faded ribbons. Every now and then, as a wild blast swept by, she however raised her head with an anxious expression upon her face to listen. Once she laid down the bonnet, and went to the window to look out.

"It is a bitter day," she said to herself, mentally. "I wonder how that poor Irish family, the McCarties, will get along! I think that I must go over and see after them. Let me think! If I can manage to wear my old bonnet another winter, I can afford to buy wood for them, and by curtailing some other expenses, I could send those two oldest children to school. Once educated they could aid in the education of the younger members of the family. As it is, all are growing up in idleness and mischief. I think I must try do this. But that old bonnet does look shabby. Yet I can repair it, by re-trimming it, until it will look neat, and why need I care if it does not look fine? Those who know and love me, will not care what kind of a bonnet I wear—those who do not know me, certainly need not concern themselves about my dress. I think that I shall manage to wear it." So saying she went back to the seat—took up the unconscious object of the soliloquy, and after re-trimming it, went out to look after the McCarties.

In the Irishman's hovel she was received with clamorous demonstrations of joy. Her face became as radiant with good humor and benevolence as an angel's. She bought the wood and entered the children's names at school.

On her way home she met Susie Birdlong, accompanied by several fashionable acquaintances, not one of whom chose to recognize her. Had she been fashionably dressed, the result would have been different.

Was she a gainer or looser by wearing that old bonnet? Her own happy heart, as she mounted the steps of her father's mansion, and took it carefully off, whispered "a gainer." The angels, those bright intelligences, who, bending from the Mount of God, keep watch over the actions of men, and shout to each other for joy when they see mortals "bearing one another's burdens," and fulfilling the "law of love," shouted in one united chorus, then, we fancy, "A GAINER;" but Susie Birdlong, and several individuals belonging to her highly aristocratic circles, thought otherwise.—*Madison Family Visiter.*

SONNETS OF THE STREET.

BY E. G. A.

NO. 9.
Immortal Shakespeare says "This world's a stage! It is most truly! and there's none that play A heavier part, in this most stirring age; Than does the news-boy—herald of the day! His hasty voice is heard from morn till night, Crying the list of every day's events: Whether of shipwreck, fire, or Congress fight, It's all the same to him—he gets his pence, And that's enough! If news be scarce, he'll shout To some old tune, like this "Here's Bee, Mail, Times, Second Edition, extra—all about The steamboat accident!"—and often chimes Some "Horrid Murder!" just by way of small variety: A "humbug" he! but just such humbugs make society!

NO. 10.

I thought the other day, to pass an hour, I'd go and view the "Wisdom of the State," Alias, our "Representatives" in power— Thinking to see a Council grave, sedate, Debating on our Commonwealth's best good:— But oh, what dire confusion met my gaze! With hats upon their heads, some sat, some stood Their legs were crossed and cocked all sorts of ways As if their boots were wet, and fain would dry 'em! While eating nuts and apples seemed to be The "subject 'fore the House!" For this *per diem* They get "two dollars and roast beef"—while we Their poor constituents (alas, the *old* confession!) Oft wonder at the cause of such a *lengthy Session!*

NO. 11.

'Tis four o'clock, P. M.—Our richest streets Are crowded with the Beauty of the town: WEALTH walks abroad, and jests, whom it meets— PRIDE struts along, with loose and toppling crown, And FASHION, with its vain and tinselled show, Flaunts by, in all the "glory of a day!" Just view those dames—how scornfully they go, Proud in their haughty silks and rich array!— Alas, what is the secret of their pride? 'Tis MONEY! that all-powerful Power which rules And sways Society—which does decide 'Tween high and low, but not 'tween men and fools! Alas! this city, famous for Divines and Scholars, Has one great curse—its *Aristocracy of Dollars!*

NO. 12.

'Twas yesterday forenoon, in Bowdoin Square, I saw a crowd collected on the walk— Wond'ring what caused such great commotion there, I hastened to the spot: loud was the talk Of all the standers-by—in every face Was pictured consternation, at the sight Of something in their midst! I reached the place, Exclaiming "What's the row?" A merry wight Was standing near, and answered, "You should sing 'What is the bustle?'"—Then I caught a glance At something on the ground—a nameless thing, That's worn by school-girls, and their maiden aunts! Now, ladies! I'd advise, whenever you go shopping, To fasten on your *bishops* tight—or they'll be dropping!

NO. 13.

What honest votaries of Law and Order Were those that met last week in Faneuil Hall! Poor Abby Folsom! how they twitched and *jaw'd* her, And she, poor dame, how she did shriek and bawl! They pulled her down as often as she rose, Which operation sorely seemed to vex her: I wondered in compassion for her woes, Why did'nt some old Bachelor annex her? That Abolitionist that held her then, What office had his party settled him in, To go for "liberty of speech" in men, But not allow such freedom in the women? Poor Abby! thus to use you, 'twas indeed a pity, But then you know, 'twas in—a free enlightened (?) city!

NO. 14.

Oh, whew! what bitter, biting, freezing weather! It almost makes our very blood run cold! It bites thro' blankets, broadcloth and shoe-leather, And on our bodies takes a griping hold! What though you're sitting by a stove red hot, You freeze your back while roasting well yershins: It almost makes you tremble for your lot, And e'en begin repenting of your sins!— And I do think 't would be no more than right If some of our great *millionaires* should freeze, Who never think, throughout the winter's night, That Cold and Hunger have the power to seize A single human being!—but with souls so greedy, They, in their downy beds, forget the poor and needy!

Is it not beautiful to see a lovely little girl of some five summers, with a countenance all enjoyment, romping with a noble dog, in a green mowing field where the oaks are few and far between—her golden ringlets fluttering to the breeze, and her bonnet, overrunning with blue, white and yellow flowers, flung carelessly on the grass near at hand.

I shall make a noise in the world,' as the louse said when he was about being cracked.

'Don't disgrace yourself by walking with me,' as the thief said when the constable had him in charge.

The person who looks at a verdant landscape is supposed to have 'something green in his eye.'

'I can't be *beet*,' remarked a poor carrot to a sympathising onion.

Eye-TEM.—'Do you think you'll ever regain your sight?' asked a lady of a blind man. 'Not appeared, the band struck up "Hail Columbia," followed by "Yankee Doodle," and when she was told they were the national airs of America, she exclaimed "How beautiful! how splendid!" and alternately laughed and wept.

Annoyances.—Sheep-ticks, wood-ticks, and bed-ticks, are troublesome enough in all conscience, ticks, are the worst of all ticks.

THE JENNY LIND EXCITEMENT IN NEW YORK—HER ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION—EXTRAORDINARY SWEETNESS, BRILLIANT, EXCELLENCE, AND TWADDLE.

From the account in the New York Herald, of yesterday, of the reception of Md're Lind, it would appear that the Nightingale had been more than idolized,—emphatically *Funny, Elsie*, on her arrival in Gotham.

On the gallant ship steaming up to the Quarantine, Mr. Barnum accompanied the Health Officer on board, and there met the Nightingale, when cordial salutations were exchanged. On seeing the American flag, she paid it homage by kissing her hand to it with all the fervor of a child, exclaiming, according to the Herald, "There is the beautiful standard of freedom, which is worshipped by the oppressed of all nations."

Whether she uttered this in her native dialect or not, our informant doth not state.

She appeared to be delighted with every thing she saw. On nearing the wharf, she expressed her astonishment at seeing so many persons, all respectably dressed—such a crowd as she had never seen on the docks of the old country. She inquired, "Why, Mr. Barnum, have you no poor people in this country? Every body appears to be well dressed?"

The Herald goes on to say:—

Meantime, the foot of Canal street was covered with human beings, who had congregated there all the day, in expectation of getting a sight of the Swede; and when the news arrived that the Atlantic was coming up the river, the excitement became intense, and there was a perfect rush, up to the time of her reaching the dock. The strong wooden gate leading to the dock was closed, and kept by the police of the Fifth ward, and only those who obtained orders were admitted. Meantime, "the pressure from without" was tremendous, and all the docks around were covered with men, women, and children. There were trains of coaches drawn up in front of the entrance to the dock, the flags of Sweden and the stars and stripes floated on the breeze together, and every appearance indicated that "a coming event had cast its shadow before."

On reaching the wharf, exactly at two o'clock, a deafening cheer greeted the noble ship and her noble passenger. Every eye was strained to see her, but she did not make her appearance on deck. Some of the knowing ones whispered "There is Barnum; watch him; she will be with him." It is true Barnum was on the wheel-house, but Jenny was now in the cabin.

From the gate half way up the dock, a beautiful arcade had been erected, consisting of a double row of pillars, festooned with evergreens and flowers, and covered overhead with the flags of the Union. The front (next the ship) had a triumphal arch of the same materials, surmounted by a stuffed eagle, with a bouquet of flowers in his beak, as if presenting them to the guest of the United States. In front was the inscription, in large letters upon a white ground—"To the Nightingale," "Jenny Lind, welcome to America." Here Mr. Barnum's private carriage was drawn up, and from this to the gangway of the ship was extended a carpet for her to walk on.

In the meantime, the gangway was being hoisted on board, but such was the anxiety to get a sight of her, that many gentlemen climbed up the stakes, at the risk of their lives, and were compelled by the police to come down.

At length Captain West, commanding the Atlantic, appeared, with Jenny Lind leaning on his arm, wearing a blue silk bonnet, and having in her hand an exquisite bouquet, presented to her by Mr. Collins. A simultaneous shout of exultation ascended, that made the welkin ring, and told the multitude outside the gate that the Nightingale had shown herself. By her side were Mr. Barnum, Mr. Jules Benedict and Signor Belletti. Captain West led her to the carriage, which was a rather plain one. The carriage was surrounded that it seemed impossible for her to get into it. The choicest bouquets were showered upon her, and when, with the exertions of those friends who accompanied her, she at length gained the interior of the carriage, the people got up on the horses, while others climbed the carriage roof, and bouquets were thrown to her in profusion. She bowed with that soft and simple grace, for which she is distinguished, and her face spoke more of emotion than any words could express. At this moment was heard a wild hurrash. The people who had been kept off with hard fighting by the police, at length made one tremendous rush, carrying the gate in with them, and this heightened the excitement to such a pitch of wild tumult, that some apprehension was felt, for a few minutes, that Jenny Lind might be injured. There appeared to be no hope of getting through the crowd. The driver had only to bathe for it; he whipped the horses, which he found to be useless, and then he whipped the crowd, when immediately the Nightingale put her head out of the window, and said with much excitement—"You must stop; I will not allow you to strike the people; they are all my friends, and have come to see me." This sentiment was received with a deafening cheer, and the crowd made way themselves, influenced by the soft, persuasive accents of the Swedish Philomel.

The carriage then drove to the Irving House. An immense gathering soon collected at the corner of Chamber-st. and Broadway, in the hope of seeing her at one of the windows. At length she made her appearance, when a unanimous cheer, loud and long, greeted her, and an electric thrill stirred the entire multitude. She acknowledged the heartfelt welcome by repeatedly bowing to the people with a most fascinating grace, and then withdrew.

The suite of apartments prepared for the Nightingale are truly magnificent, being furnished in the highest style of art. The gorgeous sitting-room is fit for a queen, and off it is a splendid bed-room, to which is attached an elegant bath-room with bathing apparatus.

The flag of Sweden and Norway floated from the flag-staff of the Irving House all the evening.

Jenny Lind is twenty-nine years of age, but does not look more than twenty-five. She is not what many persons would regard as a very beautiful woman; but she possesses a beauty vastly superior to mere symmetry of features—a soul beam in her eyes, lighted up from the bright intelligence within, especially when she is excited or seized.

GRAND SERENADE TO JENNY LIND.

At midnight, the New York Musical Fund Society, numbering some two hundred musicians, gave a grand serenade to Mademoiselle Lind. George Loder's magnificent band was selected, and was led by himself. Some twenty companies of the New York firemen escorted the band and Society to the Irving House, and the crowd that assembled there at that hour exceeded any thing witnessed in New York for a generation. There could not be under from 30,000 persons present, and the greatest excitement and enthusiasm prevailed when the object of all this honor appeared at the window. There was a session of vehement cheering for several minutes—

Her face could be seen very distinctly by the people, from the bright lights immediately in front of the hall door. When the firemen succeeded in clearing a space for the band under the window at which she appeared, the band struck up "Hail Columbia," followed by "Yankee Doodle," and when she was told they were the national airs of America, she exclaimed "How beautiful! how splendid!" and alternately laughed and wept.

She waved her handkerchief earnestly, and requested Mr. Barnum to call for an *encore*—a request that was followed by tremendous cheering. The band then played "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle" again, when she expressed her admiration as rapturously as before, and intimated that she would sing the former during her stay in New York. She clapped her hands with the greatest enthusiasm. After playing several pieces, the band concluded with "God Save the Queen." She then took her leave of the serenaders by waving her handkerchief rapidly for several minutes amidst the most rapturous applause we ever witnessed.

Immediately after the serenade concluded, the following committee from the Musical Fund Society waited upon her to her apartments, to present her with an address, and welcome her to America in the name of its musicians:—Henry C. Watson, George Loder, J. A. Kyle, Allen Dodworth, John C. Scherof. Mr. Watson, on being introduced by Mr. Barnum, read the address.

Jenny Lind, who held her head to the ground during the reading, said, her voice half choked with her emotions, "I am sorry I cannot express my feelings, but I am sure you will understand what I mean, and that I am very grateful for your kindness, and I hope in future to merit your approbation. I trust you will excuse my bad English. The sight there to-night (pointing to the widow) was the most beautiful I ever saw." (Applause.)

The deputation, after conversing a few moments with Jenny Lind and Mr. Barnum, then withdrew, and the Nightingale retired to her downy nest. May her slumbers be sweet and profound.

There—there! That's glory and gas enough for one day.

NEW YORK, Monday, Sept. 3.

The excitement about Jenny Lind, which is entirely unprecedented in this city, so far from subsiding, is on the increase, and will continue to increase to the end. The all-engrossing topic of conversation yesterday was the Nightingale. During the day, a large crowd collected around the hotel, in the hope of getting a sight of her.

The ladies stopping at the Irving House requested to be introduced to her, and she appointed 12 o'clock to meet them in the ladies' drawing room. Mr. Howard, the proprietor of the hotel, conducted her thither, and introduced her to the lady of Commodore Stockton, who then introduced her to about 500 ladies. She shook each by the hand, and conversed with several, particularly the old and children. All

were delighted with her gentle, warm hearted and unaffected manner.

At 2 o'clock a carriage drew up at the Chambers street entrance to the hotel, and a large crowd immediately collected, as it was whispered she was going out to drive. Shortly after, she was conducted by Mr. Barnum to the carriage, amidst enthusiastic cheering, and Mr. Benedict and M. Belletti followed and took their seats opposite. It was sometime before the carriage could get through the crowd, from the great anxiety to see the great object of attraction. At length, having got into Broadway, it drove to the Jenny Lind Hall, the Taberacle, Niblo's Garden, and Barnum's Museum—all of which were examined with a view to the future concerts. The party then drove to the Casino, which was also scrutinized, particularly with regard to a slight echo, which it is said, destroys in some measure the effect of the voice. What conclusion Jenny Lind and the artists who accompanied her arrived at in reference to this objection, we are not in a position to state. Suffice it to say, that no place is fixed upon as yet, though it is determined to commence the concerts on Wednesday or Thursday of next week.

We may as well mention here that the general price of the tickets will be three dollars, but that the choice seats will be auctioned and will probably bring ten dollars. Certain it is, that Mr. Barnum has been offered one thousand dollars by one gentleman for one hundred tickets, and the same price for one hundred more by another gentleman. It is the wish of Jenny Lind that the tickets be made low; and Mr. Barnum has expressed his determination that they shall be on such a scale that every person will have the opportunity of hearing her before she leaves New York.

In the evening she was visited by Mrs. Barnum and her daughter, who had come from Connecticut to see her at the request of Jenny Lind, Mr. Barnum having telegraphed home to that effect.

All sorts of presents were sent yesterday to her, and Mr. Beebe had the measure of her head taken for a riding hat. Tickets were sent to her from Newport, for the fancy ball there, which she could not accept in consistency with the fulfilment of her engagement.

The elegant manner in which her suite of rooms has been fitted up for her by Mr. Howard, reflects great credit upon his taste. The furniture, which was expressly procured for her, is of the most superb description, and must have cost at least \$6,000; the chairs and sofas are of the finest carved rosewood, and covered with the richest damask satin, and everything else is in keeping.

Jenny Lind has with her a middle-aged cousin, named Md're Annasen, who, with Mr. Benedict, takes care of her affairs. Indeed, Mr. Benedict has been, through life, to her as a father. He was the first to predict her success and he has ever since contributed all in his power to fulfil the prediction.

The prize compositions for the Jenny Lind welcome amount to the vast number of about 600. The committee met last night; but it will take them a week to get through such a batch of rhyme.—[N. Y. Herald, Sept. 3.

The Tribune, of yesterday, says—

We heard yesterday, quite a characteristic anecdote of the voyage. Md're Lind was in the habit of questioning the sailors and engine hands concerning their labor, their homes, and families, &c. Much of her time on deck was spent in this manner. One day, overhearing one of the engine hands singing a song in his trade way, she insisted that he should sing it from beginning to end, for her benefit. The sturdy seaman willingly complied, whereupon she produced four guineas, which she gave him as the price of her ticket. This is the story as it was told us.

What's a pun said one fellow to another.—It's a play up pun a word.'

A Spanish writer, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says: 'they are in mourning for the many hearts they have broken.'

Have you found your dog which was stolen? asked a gentleman, on the door step of a certain provision store, the other day. 'No, not exactly—but I know where they sold the sausages!' was the reply.



KING OF THE FRENCH, DELIVERING HIS SPEECH AT THE OPENING OF THE CHAMBERS.

Our Paris correspondent has furnished us with a graphic narration of the august ceremony at the recent session of the French Chambers, which is so faithfully delineated by the artist, in the above sketch:

The Chambers renewed their session, and the customary ceremony was celebrated yesterday, under a splendid sun and blue sky, the usual good fortune having attended Louis Philippe's public days. From the Tuilleries to the Palais Bourbon more than ordinary precautions had been adopted. The procession marched between two lines of National Guards and troops of the line, whilst squadrons of cavalry kept off the populace one hundred yards at least from the military lines. Thus nothing but a glimpse of the royal carriages rapidly passing could be obtained by the crowd, and the King's vehicle, by an excess of precaution, had General Jacqueminot at one door and General Gouraud at the other. The Pont de la Concorde and the Pont Royal were covered with troops. All the posts in the capitol were doubled, and the garrisons of the surrounding towns and villages came up as if for a state of siege. The royal *cortege* precisely at ten o'clock left the Tuilleries, the cannon of the Invalides giving the signal.

Salvos of artillery announced the King's arrival at the Chamber, where he was received by the grand deputations of Peers and Deputies. Let me first describe, however, the physiognomy of the interior. As early as eleven o'clock the tribunes or boxes reserved for the public, admitted by tickets, began to be filled. The Chamber assumed a different aspect from the last meeting. Then all was mourning. Now elegant toilettes were remarked on the ladies, of varied hues. The crimson velvet canopy, with its *faisceau* of tri-colored flags over the royal chair, or throne, was without the weepers of black crape. Two *tabourets*, or stools, on

each side of the King's seat, were placed for the Duke of Nemours, the future Regent, and the Duke de Montpensier, the youngest son of the King. The Duke d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville are abroad. The assemblage amused the long hours of waiting by criticising the parliamentary stars as they entered. The famous Timou (M. de Cormenin) was much stared at, as the writer who had damaged the royalty of Orleans the most seriously. Odilon Barrot, the leader of the Left, with his bold head and restless action, was decidedly a "lion."

General Pajol, whose march to Rambouillet upset the throne of Charles X., and who has been so lately disgraced by Louis Philippe, was the object of much attention. The celebrated orator Berryer, with his fine head and melancholy face, attracted all eyes. He has lately lost his wife, to whom he was much attached, and it has been rumored that he was going to turn monk and leave the world, but his presence dispelled the rumor. He was warmly greeted by every body as the faithful champion of a fallen cause. Little Thiers, with his great spectacles and sardonic expression, entered just before the Count Mole. The latter looked every inch a peer, and the former did not believe his appearance of a truly Parisian *gamin*. The entrance of the *Corps Diplomatique* in the box reserved for them, created a buzz. The members thereof were in full uniform, with their stars, orders, &c. The Pope and the Pope excited hilarity by their animated conversation. Count Appony's Hungarian costume, and Prince de Ligny's brilliant uniform were declared by the ladies to be unique. The fair *Francaises* indulged in some jokes at the red coat of Lord Cowley. By the way, I had a sight-seeing hunter from England sent to me. He was indefatigable in his inquiries, and was therefore a bore. His great curiosity was to see Marshal Soult. He mistook the usher of the

chamber, a member of the council of state, and divers peers for the gallant Marshal. At last the ministers took their seats on the bench before the throne, and a wag signified to him the corpulent figure of Admiral Duperre, the Minister of Marine, as Marshal Soult. Our Englishman gazed at him for some time, and then exclaimed, "Why, he is a bigger man than Lablache!" The real Marshal, I am glad to say, looked well. Guizot threw his disdainful glance at the opposition, inviting it to the attack. The entrance of the Royal Family into their box was followed by a marked deferential silence. The Queen was absent from indisposition. The King's sister, the stateswoman-like Princess Adelaide, the pretty and amiable Princess Clemantine, and the handsome Duchess of Nemours occupied the box. The Duchess of Orleans and the Count of Paris and the Duke de Chartres, were absent. Queen Christina was in a tribune, looking less fat, and more handsome. Just before the King entered the Ministers took their seats.

At twenty minutes past one the usher, with a loud voice, cried out "Le Roi," and Louis Philippe entered the passage to the left of the throne. At the dozen steps leading up to it he paused, and took out a large pocket-handkerchief. He ascended amidst a profound silence, and when he bowed to the assemblage there was some cheering. "Sit down, gentlemen," said his Majesty, and down the Chamber sat. Having seated himself, with his sons on each side, he took out the speech. His voice faltered at the first paragraph, but he coughed and resumed the reading. At the paragraph referring to the Eastern affairs he turned the wrong leaf of the speech, and had to recommence the passage. He spoke out in a louder tone on Spanish affairs, which passage was applauded. His Majesty, in the last passage, again betrayed emotion, and the cries of "Vive le Roi" were renewed with greater vigor.

Dear, dirty, magnificent Gotham—all hail!
For, taking you down from your head to your tail,
There is not in this world, and there never will be,
Such a dirty, magnificent city as thee.

Without any flattery—
From Bull's Head to Battery,
You are the most wonderful conglomeration
Of all that is muddy and fair in creation;
For taking your houses,
Your dames and their spouses,
Your rivers and bay,
Your bachelors gay,
And girls they all doat on,
Not forgetting your Croton!

The angels themselves were but little to pity
Were they doom'd to inhabit so brilliant a city.
But alas! and alack!
You've an awful drawback
On your virtues so charming,—
For by all that's alarming, [broom'd,
Your streets are so slushy, damm'd up and un-
That I fear to be swallow'd in mud you are doom'd.
Some folk give us this thing, and some folk give
that
As the cause of the litter
Your streets that embitter;
But I think one might win if he wagered a hat,

That Hercules able,
Who cleaned out the stable,
Put an end to that pride of all scavenger's work
By sweeping the rubbish right into New York.
But howe'r this may be,
Here old Gotham you see,
As it look'd long ago,
When both high Dutch and low [way,
Had it all to themselves, and when land in Broad-
That show-case of fashion—that magical spot,
For which now scarce the gold mines of Mammon
might pay,—
Was sold at the rate of a penny a lot.



THE STUTTERING POET.

On board of a Nantucket whale ship which was cruising several years since on the Pacific, there was a character whose humors, actions and remarks were the pastime of the entire ship's company. He was something of a poet withal, and was besides afflicted with an impediment in his speech. This, however, only had a tendency to make him the more amusing. One day, while the ship was running along before a five knot breeze, the cook fell overboard. Our stuttering friend noticed the accident, and in the greatest trepidation, rushed to the cabin companion-way and thrust down his head to give the information to the captain:—"Ca-ca-cap'n-cap'n," said he, with all sorts of contortions of face, "te-te-te-de-ph-ph-th-th," but in his hurry, he couldn't articulate a single word to save his life. "Well," roared the captain, "if you can't say it, sing it—you fool!" "Be-be-be-be—

Overboard is Barnabas,

And half a mile astern of us!"

at last shouted he, and capered round the deck like a mad man, to the no small amusement of the sailors, notwithstanding they felt that a man was overboard struggling for his life.

QUAKERISM.

Charles —, a Chatham Street tailor, was once a Quaker, and the reason of his laying aside the straight coat was this. The yearly meeting of Quakers takes place in May, and the city members of that worthy people are bored with the visits of their country friends.

On one of these occasions, there fell to the lot of Charles, an old Quaker, his wife, and his son-in-law and wife—four in all; Charles gave them up two of his best rooms for their week's visit, and treated them with great hospitality. At the breakfast-table, one morning, the old gentleman turned to his host, and said:

"Friend Charles, wouldn't thee like a pail of fine butter?"

"I would, friend Abner."

"Well, I have some very good, and thee shall have one."

The pail of butter was furnished, and the gentleman and his relatives seemed to like its flavor during the week as well as city people. The day finally came when friend Abner was to leave the city, and he came to the shop of his host to bid him farewell. After the usual salutations, thanks, &c., he observed:

"Friend Charles, thee has forgotten to pay me for the butter."

Charles was taken somewhat aback; but recovering himself, he pulled out his pocket-book.

"How much is it, Abner?"

"Twenty pounds, at one and eight pence, comes to —,"

"Yes, yes, friend Abner, here is your money."

Abner deposited the cash in his sheep-skin wallet, and departed. Charles turned round to one of his workmen, and told him to hand down his grey coat, at the same time pulling off his "shad belly."

"Lie there, old straight collar. If that is Quakerism, I'm — if I'm Quaker any longer!"

THE RUSTIC.

Of tattered robe all reckless the while,
She climbed the rugged hill with eager feet;
Caught the first waking of the morning smile,
And felt her heart with joyous wonder beat,
As slowly by the mountain vapor swept,
Lifting itself in fleecy folds away
From lake and stream, and grove and vale, that slept
Within its down, like weary child from play;
A hardy girl she was, yet fair, withal,
Who with the butter-cups and wild brook played,
Till Labor claimed her for his daily thrall,
And she, in kirtle short, and gown arrayed,
Left, at his bid, her home in that sweet dell,
Blest with the hum of bees, and song of whip-po-will.

AN IRRESISTIBLE PLEA. The New York Knickerbocker Magazine tells the following:

Speaking of "little folks," we have them at our house—Frank, three years old, and Ada, one year. They have a very kind and indulgent mother, and persuasions and rewards, in the shape of *bon-bons*, frequently take the place of the more severe discipline that once was considered indispensable. Ada was a "little out of sorts" one day, and crying lustily; her mother, handing her a cake, said, "Take this, and stop your crying." Frank, who had been playing merrily a moment before, suddenly burst into a terrible fit of grief: "Mamma, give me a piece of cake to stop my crying!"

The Origin of the Paletot.

Count D'Orsay, then reigning as the king of fashion in London, was one day returning from a steeple chase, mounted on a race horse, and followed by a jockey, when he was overtaken by the rain; a common accident under the amiable British climate, but against which he found himself entirely unprotected. The jockey had forgotten to provide for his master the supplementary overcoat that he usually carried carefully folded and attached to his back by a leather belt. The shower increased; and the king of fashion was threatened with taking cold, when he perceived a sailor, dressed in a broad and long jacket of coarse cloth which enveloped him comfortably from his chin to the middle of his legs.

"Here, my friend," said Count d'Orsay, stopping his horse, "will you go into this shop, and drink my health till the shower is over?"

"With pleasure," replied the sailor.

"Well, then, take off your jacket, and sell it to me; you will not want it while you are in the house, and you can buy another after it has done raining."

"Willingly, my Lord."

The sailor threw off his covering, Count d'Orsay gave him ten guineas, put the clumsy jacket on over his frock coat, and, thus equipped, spurred his horse, and rode into London.

The rain had ceased while this bargain was going on. It was the hour for promenading in Hyde Park; and here he made his appearance in the midst of the elegant crowd, with his sailor's jacket worn as an overcoat.

"How original, how charming! it is delicious!" say the dandies.

The next day all the fashionables of London had similar coverings, and the Paletot was invented; the Paletot which has made the tour of the world, and which still flourishes after ten years' wear. This was its origin.

Eugene Guinet relates this, with several other amusing anecdotes of the late Count d'Orsay, in a letter to the editor of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, from which paper we translate it.

A SPIRITED WIFE.—Russell was recently singing in a provincial town "The Gambler's Wife," and having uttered the words,—

"Hush, he comes not yet!

The clock strikes one!"

he struck the key to imitate the sudden knell of the departed hour, when a respectably dressed woman ejaculated, to the amazement of everybody—"Wouldn't I have fetched him home!" All of Mrs. Caudle's lectures were concentrated in that little sentence.

THANKSGIVING SONG.

BY MASTER JONAS, (IN HIS THIRTEENTH YEAR.)

The season of plenty is near, boys, hurrah!

Thanksgiving will soon be here, boys, hurrah!

Then labor away with good cheer,

Though older and colder, the year

Grows gloomy and sad, what matter, my lads?

Thanksgiving will soon be here!

Our skates, how they'll ring on the ice, boys, ha, ha!

We'll bind them on in a trice, boys, ha, ha!

But we'll listen to mother's advice,

Who fears we shall fall through the ice!

Yet who'd be afraid, with a skate or a maid,

Of falling, or breaking the ice?

But the poultry that quack by the door, boys, ah yes!

And the hogs that will grunt no more, boys, I guess!

When the sound of their grinding is o'er,

And there's no one their loss to deplore,

We'll hail the sweet grace of a Minister's face,

And the turkey that quacked by the door.

But won't the old hogs have to take it, boys, O dear!

In winter as hot's we can make it, boys, O dear!

We'll scald every hide till it's naked,

Then the butcher shall cut it and flake it,

And O, what a shout, when he hands it about,

And we blow up the bladder—or break it.

Our sport—it will be pretty tall, boys, I guess!

At play with the girls in the hall, boys, O yes!

At blindfold and button we all

To laughing and joking will fall;

And O, the sweet kisses we'll get from the misses,

Till Thomas comes home from the ball!

Yet alas! for each juvenile head, boys, too true!

Thanksgiving is very soon sped, boys, too true!

But the innocent brutes that have bled,

Will no longer need to be fed!

Oh, the life we will live upon Thanksgiving Eve,

If mother don't send us to bed!

Kennebog Journal.

THE DIFFERENCE.—As a gentleman was walking in the street, he saw at some distance ahead, half a dozen men proceeding at a slow and measured step to their day's work. In a minute or two he overtook them, and soon looked back upon them far in the distance. "What makes the difference?" said he to himself: "I was the son of a poor laboring man. Why am I not like these men, now plodding on in the same condition of poverty and toil? Evidently for the same reason that I have left them far behind me. From my earliest childhood whenever I have had anything to do, I have done it with my might, whether working by the day or by the job. These men are working for others—I suppose by the day. They will take a 'slow and easy' motion. They will plod on so, through life, and never rise any higher. If we would win the prize, we must run for it."—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Drunkard's W.

BY J. B. HICKBY.

The midnight winds are whistling where
A lovely woman weeps;
A sinless child is bowed in prayer,
While yet another sleeps.
But, hark! he comes with tottering tread
Along the lonely way.
For whom her briny tears are shed—
For whom the child doth pray.
But comes he with the wonted word
Of kindness on his lip?
And bends he with affection now
The honored kiss to sip?
Both prattling babe bits coming bless,
With smiles serenely bright?
Or brings he gifts of tenderness,
To yield it more delight?
No! demon's hand is lifted high,
To strike the cruel blow;
And wrath is flashing from his eye,
On her whose tears fast flow.
The bales he once so fondly press'd
Close to a father's heart,
No more are lovingly caress'd,
But now are bade depart.
Oh, once if but his steps drew nigh,
How quickly would those tears
In joyous ecstacy be dry,
And lulled those troubled tears;
But now he comes, and not the thrill
Of joy bounds through the heart,
And but their fears grow wider still,
And warmer tear drops start.

Since five short years have passed away
Since, trembling at his side,
Surrounded by the bright array,
She stood his blushing bride,
And fervent, although scarcely heard,
Was then her soul-breath'd vow;
And thrillingly his soul it stirred—
But Oh, how altered now!
And had they told her he would prove
Less kind in other days,
Than when he breathed his ardent love,
And woke in her its blaze,
How would she then those words have spurn'd
With anger on her brow,
And with confiding look have turned
On him who spurns her now.
The fading rose upon her cheek—
The want within her cot—
Alas! alas! too well they speak;
How altered is her lot!
No more for her the music swells
Within the gilded hall;
And sadly on her memory tells,
The songs that from them fall.
But stay! tis morning; and the sun
From out his hiding creeps,
And he his labors hath begun
Who heaven's high precept keeps;
He who at rosy dawn begins
What heaven approves of well—
He comes—with words of healing wins
The drunkard from his hell.
A Year is passed; and now the rest
Let fancy's thought supply—
Deep sighs no more her woes attest,
No tear drop dims her eye;
But now within the festive crowd
As sweetly Mary sings,
As gayest maiden, and as loud
Her pealing laughter rings.
A little more; I may not yet
Thus leave fair virtue's track;
I must not in my lay forget
Who won the drunkard back.
But cease, my lyre—I will not mar—
Nor dare such off'ring bring—
I will not, since I should but jar
The praises angels sing.

AN S A now I mean 2, write
2 U sweet K T J,
The girl without a ||,
The belle of U T K.

I 1 der if U get the 1
I wrote 2 U B 4;
I sailed in the R K D A,
And sent by L N Moore.

My M T head will scarce contain
1 calm I D A bright,
But A T miles from U I must
M ~ this chance 2 write.

And 1st should N E N V U,
B E Z, mind it not;
Should N E friendship show, B true,
They should not B forgot.

But friends and foes alike D K,
As U may plainly C,
In every funeral R A
Or uncle's L E G.

From virtue never D V 8;
Her influence B 9,
Alike induces 10 derness
Or 40 tude divine.

And it U cannot cut a —
Or cause an !
I hope U'll put a .
2 1 ?

R U for annexation 2
My cousin!—heart and U
He offers in a T,
A 2 of land.

He says he loves U 2 X S,
U're virtuous and Y's,
In X L N C U X L
All others in his P's.

This S A until U I C
I pray you 2 X Q's;
And do not burn in F E G
My young and wayward muse.

Now fare U well, dear K T J,
I trust that U R true—
When this U C then U can say
An S A I O U.

J.

Song of the American Girl.

A Story with a Moral.

Under guise of the following little story, the *Trenton True American* teaches a most valuable lesson to housekeepers and young beginners in life:—Mr. Bones, of the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co., was one of those remarkable money-making men, whose uninterrupted success in trade had been the wonder, and afforded the material for the gossip of the town for seven years. Being of a familiar turn of mind, he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave as the secret of his success, that he minded his own business.

A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Assanpink bridge. He was gazing intently on the dashing, foaming waters as they fell over the dam. He was evidently in a brown study. Our friend ventured to disturb his cogitations.

"Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand dollars."

Mr. Bones continued looking intently at the water. At last he ventured a reply.

"Do you see that dam, my friend?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, here you may learn the secret of making money. That water would waste away and be of no practical use to anybody but for the dam. That dam turns it to a good account, makes it perform some useful purpose, and then suffers it to pass along. That large paper mill is kept in constant motion by this simple economy. Many meaths are fed in the manufacture of the article of paper, and intelligence is scattered broadcast over the land on the sheets that are daily turned out; and in the different processes through which it passes, money is made. So it is in the living of hundreds of people. They get enough money. It passes through their hands every day, and at the year's end they are no better off. What's the reason? They want a dam. Their expenditures are increasing, and no practical good is attained. They want them dammed up, so that nothing will pass through their hands without bringing something back—without accomplishing some useful purpose. Dam up your expenses, and you'll soon have enough occasionally to spare a little, just like that dam. Look at it, my friend!"

THE MUSE IN THE BUSHES.—A down-east poet, in one of his desperate efforts, thus eloquently sets forth his choice of life:

Some poet's theme is the foreign clime,
Or a life on the raging sea;
But in the woods with the cow,
And a TATER patch for me.

AN IRRESISTIBLE MAIDEN.

True to the habits of a matron of the olden time, Mrs. Allen has always shown a delicate sense of propriety in her deportment and conversation. She looks back with some pride to the days of her bellehoo, and speaks occasionally of the sixteen offers received before she was eighteen; but with her characteristic regard for decorum, tells of the reproof she once administered to one over-forward suitor. In the mountainous parts of Virginia, where carriages were but little used, the men and women were accustomed to travel altogether on horseback. Miss Tate (afterwards Mrs. Allen) was one day in attendance at a funeral, after the conclusion of which the newly bereaved widow rode up to the side of her horse, and to her extreme surprise, expressed a wish that she might be induced to consent to fill the place of the dear departed one whose mortal remains had just been laid in the grave. The young lady regarded him with astonishment and displeasure, and sternly forbade him to name that subject to her again under a year. Just a year from that day he proposed in due form, and was rejected!—*Mrs. Ellett's "Pioneer Women."*

A SETTLER.—I entered a log school-house once, where a "Dobatin" Society was holding forth upon the question: "If a man saw his wife and mother in the water drowning, which should he help out first?" The question was considered with animation upon both sides for a while, when a "backwardness" began to manifest itself. The president desired debaters, "if they had any thing to say, to continue on." After a pause, a peaked-looking man in the back part of the house got up and said, with considerable confidence and embarrassment: "Mr. President: I think if a man saw his mother and wife in the water drowning, he ought to help his mother out first: because, you see, if his wife did get drowned, he could get another one, but he couldn't get another mother, not easy!"

This settled the question, and the verdict was given "accordingly."

POPULAR MELODIES.—"I give thee all, I can no more," (as the widder remarked when she marshalled in her nine children by the late husband, before the astounded vision of the new one.)

"Oh, say not a woman's love is bought," (as Mr. Green observed, when he bought Mrs. Green a new shawl to keep the peace.)

"I know a bank," &c., (as the gen'l'man said, when he vos a shinnin' it to save a protest.)

"She's all my fancy painted her," (as the expiring mouse uttered, while in Pussy's claws.)

"Give me a cot in the valley I love," or anywhere else, if it'll ony keep the cold out, and is a well-furnished yun, (as the gen'l'man in reduced succum'nees said to his rich cousin.)—*Clinton Courant.*



Ship Germany from Boston for New Orleans & Charchay

St. K. W. Courses Winds.

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THE MEXICANS IN TEXAS --- SACKING OF COL. THOMPSON'S RESIDENCE AND ABDUCTION OF HIS TWO DAUGHTERS.

The last Snake Story.— 'I reckon this 'ere part is pretty considerably productive, stranger, is n't it,' said a squatter, who had just arrived in one of the new Mississippi settlements, to a person whom he met, one of the regular meat-axe breed.

'There's not such another country between this and the State of Buncombe, in North Carolina,' replied the Mississippi settler.

'Raise a good deal of cotton, eh?'

'Lots of it.'

'All-fired quantities of game in this section, I suppose.'

'Considerable of a sprinkling. More specially snakes.'

'What sort of snakes?'

'Rattlesnakes and copperheads.'

'Oh! git out! du tell! I want to know if they are so almighty thick.'

'Rayther. Dad and I went out this morning snake-hunting—killed only a cord and a quarter—but then it was a bad snake morning, and you must make some allowances.'

'Oh! I'll make any 'lowances and track out of the settlement at the same time. But say, jest 'tween ourselves, if it had raly been a good morning, how many cords do you 'agine you'd a killed?'

'Five is about an average.'

'Five! You don't say so!'

'Yes I do though.'

'Which is the shortest way out of this 'ere settlement? I've strong ideas of sloping forth-with.'

'Keep right straight ahead.'

'Well, I wish you a good day. Give my best specs to your dad, and tell him I hope he'll have better snake weather next time he goes. I'm off.'

Ad a dandy, whose countenance was so ugly that he did not dare to sleep alone, was giving some of his extra flourishes, in a public house, the other day, when he was observed by a Yankee, who walking up, asked him if he did not fall into a brook when young? 'Why, what do you mean you impudent scoundrel?' said the fop. 'Well, now, I didn't mean no harm, nor nothin'; only you've got such an all-fired crooked mouth, I thought you might have fallen into a brook, when you was a boy, and your mother hung you up by the mouth to dry.'

THE ROMANCE OF LIFE.

Some short time ago, in one of the villages on the Frith of Forth, lived a lady whose husband had long before gone to sea; and never having heard from him for some years, she believed him to have been dead. At the time her husband went to sea, Mrs. S. lived in a town in England; but after giving up hopes of his return, she removed with her only daughter to her native country, Scotland. In the course of years, a probationer of the Church of Scotland came to officiate as a missionary in the parish, and formed an attachment for Miss S. Seeing no immediate prospect of obtaining a church at home, he resolved on transferring himself to one of the American colonies, and received an appointment there from a colonial missionary society. Having been united to Miss S. he took his departure, leaving his wife and mother-in-law to follow as soon as he could have prepared for their comfortable reception.—They accordingly left Scotland some time afterwards for America. In the meantime, among the settlers over whom the young divine's charge extended was a comfortable farmer, also named S., who made inquiries after the history of the minister's wife and her mother, and expressed an anxious desire to see them on their arrival. They did arrive safe; and on reaching the minister's habitation, Mr. S. was sent for to be introduced. Judge of the surprise of all, when on the entry of Mr. S., the newly arrived females found him the long-lost husband and father! Having been unable to trace his family in England after a protracted absence, he had returned to America, where, by a singular coincidence, both he and they found those they had given up for lost. The parties, we are glad to say, are now living comfortably and happily in the New World.

MAKE A BEGINNING, OR YOU WILL NEVER HAVE AN END.—The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed put in the ground, the first dollar put in the savings' bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey, are all very important things; they make a beginning, and thereby a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, hesitating, erring outcast, is now creeping and crawling his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning. A beginning, and a good beginning, too, is necessary:

Had not the base been laid by builders wise,
The Pyramids had never reached the skies.

HOW TO RUIN A SON.—1. Let him have his own way. 2. Allow him a free use of money. 3. Suffer him to roam where he pleases on the Sabbath. 4. Give him full access to wicked companions. 5. Call him to no account of his evenings. 6. Furnish him with no stated employment.

MATERNAL TENDERNESS.—The superiority to all selfish consideration which characterizes maternal tenderness, has often elevated the conduct in low life, and perhaps never appeared more admirable than in the wife of a soldier of the 55th regiment, in America, during the campaign, in 1777. Sitting in a tent with her husband at breakfast, a bomb entered, and fell between them and a bed where their infant lay asleep. The mother begged her spouse would go around the bomb, before it exploded, and take away the child, as his dress would allow him to pass the narrow space between the dreadful messenger of destruction and the bed. He refused, and left the tent, calling to his wife to hasten away, as in less than a minute the fuse would communicate to the great mass of combustibles. The poor woman, absorbing all care in anxiety to save her child, tucked up her garments to guard against touching the bomb, snatched the unconscious innocent, and was hardly out of reach, when all the murderous materials were scattered around. Major C——, of the 55th regiment, hearing of this action, distinguished the heroine with every mark of favor. She survived many years to lament his fate at Fort Montgomery, in the following month of October.

ANECDOTE OF NOAH WEBSTER.—Some years ago, the great lexicographer passed through this region on horseback, to visit a brother who lived in Madison county. When he had reached the town where his brother resided he met a boy going to school, and the following conversation passed between them:—'My son,' said the learned doctor; 'do you know where Mr. Webster lives?' 'Yes, sir; and be you a relation of his'n?' 'Yes.' 'Well,' continued the boy, 'you ain't brother of his'n, is you?' 'Yes.' 'Well, it can't no way any how be that you is the man that made the spelling book, can it?' 'Yes.' 'By golly,' rejoined the boy, as he gazed with awe struck wonder upon the venerable doctor, 'that's a fish story.' The old gentleman often recurs to this incident as one of the most pleasing reminiscences of a long horseback ride.

I cannot look with gladness
Upon the brilliancy of their sure decay;
Their rustling murmurs have a tone of sadness
That seems to say—

"We are passing from thee slowly,
Like those who filled thy heart with brief delight,
Then went to mingle with the pure and holy
In realms of light."

How oft thy tears have started,
As thou hast spoken that sad word, farewell,
When, one by one, the dear ones have departed,
Whose absence fell

MY AUNT.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell!

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
This erring lip, I sinned;
Vowed she would make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles;
He sent her to a stately school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they staved her down;
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair;
They screwed it up with pins;
O never mortal suffered more
In pittance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandpa brought her back;
(By day-light, lest some ruffid youth
Might lay his hand on the track);
"Ah!" said my grandpa, as he shook
Some powder in his palm;
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man?"

Alas! not chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.

For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

and pleasant

the English
leaves the docks
year &c

Early arrived

THE YOUNG SAILOR:
OR, AN ORPHAN BOY'S RESOLVE

BY WILLIAM H. THOMAS.

CHAPTER I.—THE DEPARTURE.

It was a bright, pleasant day in the month of September, 1838. A fresh breeze was blowing from the westward, sending outward-bound vessels swift down Boston harbor; and many a white sail could be seen dashing past the outer light-house, with every thing spread to catch the freshening gale. Ship after ship cast loose from the wharfs and hastened after their white winged sisters, while hundreds of quiet and noisy citizens assembled on the decks watching the exciting scene.

There was one large and lofty ship, which lay at Lewis' wharf, with her topsails sheeted home, the American flag floating at her peak, and a blue Jack at her fore royal mast head. Many people expressed surprise at her departing with the rest of the fleet; but still she lay there, ready for sea, while her crew sat waiting why the pilot did not come, and calculating whether they would have time to run up and get one glass before he arrived. Then they looked anxiously at a short, thick set man, who was walking the wharf with every appearance of rage and impatience, and came to the conclusion he would send them back if they made the attempt; and well they might have thought so, for Captain James Tarbell was not the man to let his sailors set foot on land after he had once got them aboard his ship.

Captain Tarbell was a man about fifty years of age, and for twenty annals had he been master of a vessel, accumulating a considerable property during that time. The fine large ship which sat so stately in the water, partly belonged to him. He was of the old school of sailors, blunt and sulkey to every one he did not like; yet there were times when he had been known even to sing a song, or tell a pretty good story; but then the captain always denied it the next day, and people were too polite to insist upon the truth of the statement, as it only made him cross.

As he walked the wharf, perfectly regardless of the crowd, damning and swearing at pilots in general, and the one who was to take him out of Boston harbor in particular, we will try and describe a man who could never get his officers and crew to make a second voyage with him.

He had a hard, rough looking face, with a sandy colored beard on each cheek, reaching nearly to his large, bright red nose, while his two little grey eyes glistered from beneath heavy light colored eye brows; his hair was of a coarse wirey brown, and cropped close to his ears. He was dressed very neatly in rich broadcloth, and seemed to take some pains to show to the crowd the extreme fineness of his ruffled shirt bosom; for every few minutes he would stop in his walk, take out an enormous large silver watch, look to see what time it was, thrust it back with a jerk, a pull at his ruffled shirt bosom, and then recommence walking and swearing worse than ever. It was in one of these consulting tocs, the boy, trembling voice inquired—

"If you please, sir, will you let me go in that vessel?"

"What?" thundered the captain, fixing his gray eyes upon a poorly clad boy, about fifteen years old, who stood pale and trembling before him, meeting his stern look with an anxious glance.

"Will you please to take me with you in that ship, sir—and I will work all the time, sir, if you want me to," murmured the boy, rapidly, his large black eyes filling with tears at the captain's cross look.

"Who in the devil's name are you, who want to go to sea?" growled the captain.

"My name is Edward Norris, sir, and I ain't got no father nor mother, nor body who cares for me," said the boy, digging his fists into his yes to wipe away the tears.

"Have you ever been on salt water?" snarled the captain, a little mollified, surveying the light form before him, and thinking if he could be of any use on board the Growler.

"Oh, yes, sir; I worked my passage all the way from Bangor, in a sloop, and I know how to steer if it don't blow hard," replied the lad quickly.

"Do you call that being on salt water?" sneered the captain. "I tell you what, my lad, I believe you have run away from your parents, or else committed some crime, and now want to escape. Tell me the truth, or I will take the skin right off of you."

"Oh, don't, sir, if you please. I only ran away from my uncle, who wouldn't give me enough to eat, and kept me at work all the time, and whipped me when I played. I never did anything wrong in my life, except—

"Except what, you little rascal? speak quick," said the skipper, looking awfully savage.

"I—only—have rotten apples at the lawyer when he took all of mother's furniture after she died," stammered the boy, not daring to encounter the captain's eyes.

"Did you do that, you little vagabond?" quouted the captain, a smile lighting up his face.

"Yes, sir, but I am very sorry for it, and will never do so again."

"And you actually rotten-appled a land-shark, did you? It is the best recommendation you could bring me," said the pleased captain, rubbing his hands, and thinking how many dollars he had had to pay them for obtaining his acquittal from courts of justice, when he had been up for abusing his crew.

"Then you will let me go with you, sir?"

"Do you think you could stand a fogging every day, to make you grow, hey?" Tarbell asked.

The boy hesitated a few moments, and appeared to consider of it, and then inquired, "Will you give me plenty to eat, and not whip me very hard?"

"Yes, you shall have plenty to eat. I always give my men enough grub and enough work, so their food will not distress them. Where is your chest?"

"I haven't got any chest, sir. Here are all the clothes I have. Won't there be enough?" the lad asked, looking at his rather ragged suit.

"Enough, no. I am going to Valparaiso; do you know where that is?"

"Not far from New York, sir."

"New York," smiled the captain, now in pretty good humor. "It is a long ways from New York. Mr Redman," he continued, elevating his voice, and then seeing his mate looking over the bulwarks went on: "Take this boy, and tell the steward to make him lend a hand in the cabin. Jump aboard, you young rascal, and I will make a man of you yet."

Those last words sank deep into Edward's mind. "He will make a man of me," thought the youngster. "Won't I go back and lick urine when I am one?"

"Here, steward, is a Jimmy Ducks the captain has shipped," said the mate, taking Edward into a splendidly furnished cabin, and introducing him to a stout, black fellow, busy at work in the pantry.

"Bery wel, sar, I can gib him plenty ob employment," replied the sable gentleman, surveying Norris from head to foot, as though he was about to purchase the lad.

"What can I do first, steward?" asked Ned.

"Do you goes in de oder cabin and ask the young misses if she wants any thing."

"The young mistress," repeated Ned.

"Yes, do young misses, the captain's daughter. You isn't stupid, is you?"

"Oh, I didn't know there was ladies aboard," replied Edward, taking off his cap, and brushing his black curls back from his forehead, descended a few steps into the lower cabin, and gazed with astonishment at a young girl who was seated on the transom, with her bonnet off and her hair curling in ringlets about her neck. She was only ten years old, yet Ned thought her the prettiest little girl he had ever seen, so he stood gazing at her without remembering his message.

"What little boy are you?" she asked in a pert manner, looking at him in surprise, with her large blue eyes opened to their widest extent.

"The man on deck said I was the Jimmy Duck," answered Edward.

"You are my pa's cabin boy, I suppose. He said he should get one to wait upon me. So, Master Duck get me some water, instantly," and the little beauty looked as haughty as a duchess.

"Do you want it to drink, ma'am, or to wash with?" asked Ned.

"To drink, sir, I washed my hands and face before I left home. They don't look dirty, do they?"

"Oh, no," said Ned, leaving the cabin, and getting a tumbler of water from the steward, hastened back to the little girl, who took it with a very condescending air.

"What name must I call you?" asked Ned, awe-stricken with her lofty air.

"Miss Emily Tarbell, sir. Don't you forget it. Ask the steward if he will give me a lump of white sugar, will you? Tell him I have'n't had but one lump this morning," she answered, coming down from the lofty position she had assumed.

Edward sprang a way to do her bidding, but to his surprise the steward told him she couldn't have any more sugar, for if they come short, the captain would be "down on him," and with a heavy heart Ned bore the unwelcome news back to the little girl, who declared the steward was a "dirty nigger," and she would tell her pa of him, and have him whipped.

As soon as Captain Tarbell had seen Ned aboard the Growler, he commenced walking the wharf, and swearing as bad as ever, and as he looked at the fleet of ships which were rapidly disappearing out of sight, he ground his teeth and stamped on the wharf with rage.

"Hallo, captain, all ready, I see," cried a good natured looking man, making his way through the crowd.

"So, pilot, you have come at last. Hadn't you better wait a few hours longer, until the breeze dies away?" asked Tarbell in a sarcastic tone.

"Just as you say, captain. My wife was taken dangerously sick. I had no idea all the pilots were out, or I should have had to leave her, bad as she was, to attend to you. Thank God she is better now, and if you are ready, I am."

Tarbell's mouth was opened and prepared to say something offensive, but the words "sick wife" prevented him. Springing aboard the

Growler, the pilot followed, and as he turned to look at the captain to see whether he was ready to cast off the fasts, to his surprise, two large tears were slowly coming down his weather beaten cheeks. That man, who appeared so hardened, could cry like a child when anything roused a recollection of his departed Emily, who had been dead for six long years.

She was the only being in the world he had ever truly loved, excepting his daughter, who promised to resemble her mother in features, if not disposition.

"Cast off, pilot, as soon as you please," exclaimed Captain Tarbell, hoarsely, going into the cabin.

Clap on your larboard fore braces, Mr Mate—, that's well—let go that bow line there, if you please—stand by the after one—haul out the spanker—brace round those head yards—let go the after line—hoist away your jibs—stand by to square in your after yards as soon as we weather that schooner at anchor—square in—well your main yard—top rail yard well—belay your crotchet braces—square in your head yards, Mr Mate, then board fore tack, and loose top-gallant sails and royals, fore and aft—steady as you go—mind your steering, you sir?" Such were the orders of the pilot, as he stood on the quarter deck of the Growler, and carried her safely out of Boston harbor, on her first voyage to the coast of Chili for copper ore.

"Well, daughter, we are off at last," said Tarbell, entering the lower cabin where the little girl was holding her court. "Well, what are you doing here, you young rascal?" he continued, his eye catching a sight of Ned.

"Waiting upon Miss Emily Tarbell, sir," was the prompt reply.

"So you, young jade, you have found somebody to wait upon you already, have you?"

"You know, pa, you said I should have a little boy to attend me, and I am so glad you have got Jimmy Ducks;" and the little beauty put her arm around her father's neck, and pressed her soft white cheek against his rough face.

"Nonsense, girl! his name is Edward Norris, not Jimmy Ducks. The young vagabond whom I had shipped ran away, so I took this fellow."

"Don't you think, pa, the steward wouldn't give me a lump of sugar when I sent for it?"

"If I catch him giving you sugar, I will sweeten his back for him. Because your aunt indulged you in all your follies, you expect to be here, hey? Put your bonnet on and wrap that shawl around you and come on deck; and you, Ned, go to the steward and see if he can't find something for you to do;" and the captain, taking his pouting daughter by the hand, led her on deck, while Ned went to learn the mysteries of cleaning knives and forks.

"You will have a fine run, captain, the first twenty-four hours," said the pilot, as Tarbell reached the deck. "The Growler moves fast through the water. We are most up to the ships which started before us."

"Yes, sir," muttered the gratified captain, who liked to hear his daughter and ship praised. "I have never been out-sailed since I had command of her; if I am not two hundred and fifty miles from Boston to-morrow at this time, I shall be disappointed."

"She will do that, if the wind holds good. But who is this, your daughter or a passenger?"

"My only child living. I am going to take her with me this voyage, for company, and to break her of some of her pert habits."

"I thought she looked enough like you to be your daughter," said the pilot.

"My nose ain't red like pa's, is it?" said Emily to the pilot; but that gentleman had to pay particular attention to the steering at that moment, and pretended not to hear, while her pa gave the little hussey a shake, and in another minute she had forgotten her question.

"As I have got no boat with me, captain, I shall have to "heave to" and let the pilot boat run up to us and take me aboard. I won't detain you long."

"I am sorry, pilot, to be obliged to stop; but of course I can't carry you with me,—so heave to as soon as you like."

They were now abreast of the outer Brewster. The fore sail was hauled up, the head yards braced, the crotched and mizzen topsails yards pointed, and the Growler, after the helm was put down, came up broadside to the wind, with her main topsail hove aback, when she lay as steady as though she was at anchor.

"Any letters, captain, to send ashore?" asked the pilot. "I see is coming," observed the pilot.

"No; I always do all my business before I sail. Stay, go to Splurge & Co.'s, and tell them if there is any inquiries for a boy named Edward Norris, to say I have got him with me in the Growler. That's all."

"Well, good by, and a pleasant passage. I'll see Splurge for you,—any letters, Mr. Mate? Good by little Miss; hope you won't be sea sick."

"Ah, I shan't be sick, and if I am I shall take some of pa's brandy,—he drinks it every time he is sea sick, he says," replied Emily, unconscious of her father's cross look.

The pilot made no reply, but lowered himself into the little boat which had come alongside, and in a few minutes had left the Growler to pursue her voyage. The helm was put up, the after yards squared in, and as she passed

off, the head sails were trimmed, and in two hours time studding sails were set slow and aloft. Just before sundown Ned staggered aft to catch the last glimpse of land he would see for many days. But no sigh burst from his little bosom—for he was going to be made a man of.

CHAPTER II.—MRS. NORRIS'S SURMISES.

"What in the world can keep that boy so long at the mill?" asked a thin faced man, with sharp, wicked looking eyes, addressing a pale, sickly woman, who was nursing an apparently half-starved infant by a poor fire.

"Perhaps he is waiting his turn, and it will keep him later than usual, Mrs. Norris," said the woman with an effort, looking at her husband's cross brow, and pressing her babe close to her bosom.

"You know that's a lie, as well as you want to know; he is playing on the way, and you want to excuse him, as you always try to do from my just correction. Remember, 'spare the rod, and spoil the child.'

"I do not think, James, you have spared the rod with the poor boy. Do you think if your brother was alive he would approve of so much whipping bestowed upon his only child? Recollect how his dying mother begged you to take good care of her darling. I know how I should feel if I had got to leave my child in other people's charge."

"You would have the boy grown up in idleness, I suppose, and do nothing but set in the house and take care of that sickly brat, with its eternal squall. I think different, and as long as I have him to look after, he has got to work for his living. I am not rich enough to support all the town paupers, because they happen to be relations," replied the husband, fiercely.

The wife sighed, and appeared to consider how much farther she might venture with her husband before he got really angry, and at last replied—

"I do not think, James, you will have him long to take care of, and I should not be surprised if we never see him again."

"What do you mean, Jane—do you think he has run away?" asked the husband, with visible alarm.

"I only surmise so, James."

"Well, what makes you surmise so, eh? Come, speak quick."

"Because I overheard him ask neighbor Brinley, when he was going to Bangor, how far it was from there to Boston."

"And you never told me until now," roared the husband. "Do you know what it will cost me if I have to hire another boy in his place; or don't you care any more for my welfare than to see me squandering money away on help? I have a great mind to send you to your folks, poor as they are."

"But I did n't think, dear James, he would run away; I supposed it was all boy's talk. If he has gone, let him go, and I will try and work harder to make up his loss; and don't send me home, James, will you? my parents can scarcely get along now, without being burdened by me. I would work much harder if I had the strength and did not feel sick, but I will do better in future, I promise you—only look at me kindly and speak to the babe. I shall not plague you much longer, for I cannot last a great while, and then you can marry somebody who will make you a better wife than I have ever done, although I try hard, James, to please you, and will try harder, if you will only let Edward escape,—will you, dear?" and the poor sick wife tried to put the baby in his arms, but the brute pushed her from him, and, getting up, took his hat and left the house.

"I wonder what ever induced me to marry that sickly thing, when, with my money, I could take my choice of any girl in the neighborhood," muttered Norris, walking rapidly towards a large white house, which stood a short distance from his own. "I thought she would die years ago, but she only appears to live to spite me. It is incredible how much money I have paid for doctor's stuff, and doctor's attendance, for her."

"Why, Norris, where are you going so fast this afternoon?" called out a large, stout man, at work in a garden fronting the white house.

"Ah, good afternoon, Mr. Brinley,—how does your excellent wife do, and that pretty little boy of hers?" answered Norris, his face suddenly assuming an agreeable expression.

"Pretty tolerable, I thank you; won't you walk in and see them?"

"No, not now—I have got to go to the mill and see what has become of that lazy nephew of mine, whom I sent away early this morning with some corn. You haven't seen anything of him, have you?"

"Not since morning;" then, as Norris strode away, he muttered, "neither do I think you will see him again, if he has followed my directions, and got aboard the Charming Sally, at Bangor."

When Norris arrived at the mill, he found his horse and wagon, but Edward had fled; and although he followed him as far as Bangor, he did not know of his departure for Boston until the return of the Charming Sally. The captain brought news that he had lost sight of him in Boston, and did not know where he was.

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The Growler had good winds, and one month from the time of her leaving Boston, she crossed the equator, and stretched along the southward and westward, with fresh S. E. winds; and Tarbell would walk the quarter deck and grin a savage smile to see her go.

"Come here, you Ned," he said one day, after having worked up his reckoning, and the ship had made a better run than he expected, so he felt good humored. Ned dropped the basket of dishes which he was carrying to the cook, and flew to obey captain, who he considered greater than kings he had read about.

"Do you know how to read and write, hey?" Tarbell asked, as the boy stood before him, dressed in some of the captain's old clothes, which the sailors had altered to suit his small man.

"Yes, sir, a little," Ned answered, counting the seams in the deck.

"What do you mean by a little? hold your head up and speak out so that I can hear you," ordered the captain.

"I can read very well, sir, but I can't write much, and people say they can't understand what little I do write."

"Why didn't you learn to write, hey?" said Tarbell, looking at the boy as though he intended to eat him.

"Because, sir, uncle kept me at work all the time," replied Ned, boldly. He had got accustomed to Tarbell's ways, and knew he was not cross as he pretended to be.

"Well, hereafter, every afternoon, from two to four, you do sit down in the cabin with me and learn to write and cipher;—and if I catch either of you talking, I will knock you do together. Come into the cabin and your joint lesson now. Let me see your us; go wash them, you dirty rascal, before commence."

These studies were of great benefit to Ned, soon was able to write a better hand than captain himself; and then Tarbell, having a liking to the boy, gave him lessons in navigation; and such was his quickness at this, that he soon was able to work the stars, and tell the latitude and longitude, promptly as the skipper himself.

Ned and Ned were seated in the lower one pleasant afternoon, just before they reached the latitude of the Falkland Islands. An unusual fine day for that part of the

The captain, after giving them their, had turned in, and was snoring loudly, was intent studying out a hard sum. Emily had thrown her books aside, and taking a large doll out of a drawer, was ringing a cap on its inanimate head.

"You know, Ned," she whispered, after fixing the cap to her satisfaction—"I want you to call me Miss Emily Tarbell here. Say plain Emily, won't you?"

"You know you are not plain, Emily," said Ned, in reply, glancing at the captain's room.

"Now I am handsome, because my aunt, Mrs. in Boston, said I was. But I mean without the Miss."

"If you wish me to; but your father like it."

"Tell him I told you so. Do you intend to sea all your life, and be captain, and big red nose like pa's? because, if you don't like you any more?"

"Miss Emily, I mean to be a sailor and sea, and one of these days I will be and have plenty of money, and then—"

"What will you do then, Ned?"

"I will you and take you to sea with you. You shall go to every place in the world you want to see, and have the biggest fun."

"I will you give me plenty of raisins and not be stingy like pa of his sugar?"

"I shall have as much as you can eat, and like too," replied Ned, carried away by his words, and speaking louder than he intended.

"Cape Horn, with its gales, sleet, rain, snow and cold weather, was passed, after enduring the usual amount of head winds. Fine weather came again, and in a few days they expected to reach port. There was a strong breeze the night before they arrived. The Growler was running under easy canvas, expecting to make the land the next morning. During Ned's watch, between twelve and four, he stood looking over the bulwarks on the side of the quarter deck, thinking if his uncle was not sorry for beating him so bad, when he chanced to look ahead, and distinctly saw a light. It was but for a moment, yet he was certain that it was one, and at no great distance.

"Mr. Redman," he cried, to the mate, who was walking the weather side of the deck, "I see a light ahead."

"Where is it, Ned?" asked the mate, springing to his side.

"I saw it but a moment ago, sir, yet I have seen nothing of it since."

"I guess it was a star, Ned. We are some way from land, unless our reckoning is wrong."

"There it is, sir, again."

"Good God, so it is—close aboard of us. Hard down your helm—down with it. Let go those jib sheets and strike the bell," yelled the mate, and as the Growler luffed up into the wind, a huge black mass, towering high above them, dashed past, heaving the water in the air at every surge, while above the noise of flapping sails could be heard the shrill pipes of a boatswain's whistle, and a stern voice giving rapid orders; and so near was the vessel that a biscuit could have been tossed in either one of the port holes which frowned upon the Growler.

"What ship is that?" cried Tarbell, who had been awakened by the bell, and sprang on deck to see what the matter was.

"The United States frigate United States, from Valparaiso. What ship is that?"

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crushed like an egg shell. Brai the spanker up, and let her wear round, then keep her course again, Mr. Redman;" and the captain retired below; but before he went to bed, he took a light and looked upon Emily, who amid the noise had not awakened, but lay with her white arms folded upon her breast, unconscious of the danger through which she had passed. The old man shaded the light with his hand, and gazed long and earnestly upon her sweet face, and then bending down, softly touched her lips with his own; and as he raised his head, a tear fell upon the sleeping girl's bosom. Carefully retiring, he closed the state-room door, and went to his own bed, but he slept no more that night, and the next morning he looked so pale and haggard that the mate asked him if he was sick, and little Emily requested permission to mix some of his medicine, which he kept in a square case, but the captain only grumbled at their taking notice of his illness, and declared he felt as well as ever.

The main topsail was backed, and they lay waiting for the stranger to approach, who came leisurely towards them as though there was plenty of time, and they did not feel in any hurry. The wind was high, and it got to be most sundown before she drew near enough to hail.

"Bark, ahoy," thundered Tarbell, through his speaking trumpet.

"Hallo," came back in answer.

"What bark is that, and what do you want?"

"The Henry, of Stonington. What ship is that?"

"The Growler, of Boston. What do you want?"

"Can you let me have a barrel of vinegar? My men are all sick with the scurvy. Seen any whales lately?"

"D—n your whales," Tarbell muttered—then continued, "Send your boat on board and get it."

In a few minutes the Henry rounded to under the lee of the Growler, and one of their light whale boats came dawing over the water, and by the time it had arrived alongside, the vinegar was ready on deck.

"Pretty fair looking ship of yours, captain," said the mate, who came in the boat, glancing over the white deck and clean paint of the Growler. "We took you for one of Uncle Sam's men-of-war until we got close to you."

This touched Tarbell in the right place,—so he invited the officer into the cabin, gave him a glass of brandy, and a file of Boston newspapers. The whaler was homeward bound, and intended to touch at Pernambuco for fresh provisions, most of her men being down with the scurvy. Tarbell gave him a package of letters to take home, and the officer took his leave, highly pleased with his visit. In a short time the two ships were miles apart,—one returning to make their homes glad with their presence, and the other to pass a year or two on a foreign coast.

"If you please, sir, will you let me stand watch with the rest of the men, instead of tending the cabin," said Ned one day to the captain, when he thought that personage was in good humor.

"Humph! when I was mate of a ship, I did not trust to the men, but kept my eyes about me."

"Do you wish me to mount on the look out, forward, captain Tarbell?" asked Redman calmly.

"No, sir; I want you in your place, aft; but I don't want to be run down by every vessel which sails the ocean," snarled Tarbell.

"Do you think, sir, I do not do my duty, and look after the safety of the ship?" inquired Redman, meeting the captain's revolting look unmoved.

"If you did duty as you should do it, how happens it that you could not see that ship last night before she was on top of us, almighty?" replied Tarbell, working himself into a passion.

"But, pa, hadn't the frigate ought to look out in the night as well as other vessels?" asked Emily.

"Silence, you jade. Go away from the table, and get two lessons before dinner for interrupting your father;" and the little girl got down from her seat and went pouting into the lower cabin, where, instead of learning lessons, she got her doll out, and arrayed it in a new costume.

"Captain Tarbell," said Redman, after Emily had left, slowly rising from the table, "I do not give you satisfaction. When we arrive at Valparaiso, will you let me have my discharge, and get somebody who will suit you better than I can?"

This was new kind of language for Tarbell. He had always been accustomed to receive submissive replies to his growlings, and while he was lost in astonishment at his mate's audacity, Ned's voice rang out, loud and clear, the ever-welcome cry of

"Land, ho!"

"Where away, Ned?" inquired Tarbell, who had come on deck as soon as he heard the cry, without answering Redman.

"About two points off the weather bow, sir," replied Ned, who had been perched on the main royal yard ever since seven o'clock.

"Very well, come down and get your breakfast," said Tarbell, and then turning to Redman, after having looked in the direction Ned had pointed, through his glass, he continued,

"Get the studding-sails on her, after you have checked the yards in a little. We are some

way to the windward, by the look of that high land. Keep her off two points. So, steady.

How does she head now?"

"North-East-by East, sir," responded the man at the wheel.

"Keep her so," and Tarbell dove below to consult his charts.

"Come, Emily, you must have that hair of yours curled, and your prettiest dress on, by the time we arrive in port, so that you can go ashore with me."

"And I needn't learn any lessons to-day, and you will let Ned go too, won't you, pa?"

"Ned go with you? No, indeed. He must stay aboard the ship. You may put your books up for to-day."

"But I shan't have anybody to plague, unless Ned goes, pa," but Tarbell did not hear her remarks, being busy with his chart.

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The main topsail was backed, and they lay waiting for the stranger to approach, who came leisurely towards them as though there was plenty of time, and they did not feel in any hurry. The wind died away, leaving the Growler about two miles from the anchorage, and there appeared no prospect of getting in unless a breeze sprung up.

"There is an English frigate, an American man-of-war, and a French seventy-four laying there at anchor. I wish to the Lord they would send their boats out and tow me in," muttered Tarbell to his mate.

"They are most too afraid of work for that. I have seen man-of-war boats tow ships into port, but it was a number of years ago," replied Redman.

"I believe they are coming, after all, from the American man-of-war," exclaimed Tarbell looking through his spy-glass. "There are three boats down in the water, pushing towards us. And here comes four more from the Englishman—well done, John Bull, you are a good fellow, after all. Now for a race. Jonathan has got the start, but the Englishman is close after him. As I live the Frenchman has determined to outdo all, and has sent away five boats; they are pulling as though they were determined to reach us first. See them come. Jonathan holds his own yet, but the Frenchman is creeping up rather close. John Bull has not got warm yet—the Frenchman will expend all his breath before he has been pulling ten minutes—see how sullen the Englishmen are—their oars strike the water without the eighteenth part of a second's variation—look at the Frenchmen, first quick, then more slow—how emblematical of the two nations—one cool, calm and steady, the other hasty, impatient and fiery—can't bear to toll patiently, but wish to succeed at once—see, they are being left behind already—ah! Johnny Crapou, the Lord never intended you should excel on the water—the land, with a musket in your fist, is your proper sphere. Now for the Englishman and Yankee: a fair match—four boats alike, and the men descended from the same ancestors, very probably—look at the officers in each boat bringing the men on; those midshipmen would rather give a year's pay than to beaten—look at the cutters pass the heavier barges—now two Yankee and two English cutters lead the way. Look at the strain, and their oars buckle. You have got to work hard, John Bull, if you pass those Yankees. How they come! The officers of the ships are in the rigging watching the result; the English gain a little, but he's lost it as quick. Half a mile more, boys, will tell the story. The Americans are gaining—they increase their distance

among them for a few minutes, and Jim honestly whispered to Ned that the sailors intended to draw lots, to see who should be sacrificed to save the others from death. Norris turned away with disgust, but the men proceeded and collected some small sticks, which they arranged in equal degrees of size, then placed them in a covered hat, the whole being well shaken up, and passed off to the captain to draw first; the one who obtained the stick slightly stained with blood, produced from a person's finger, was to choose the manner of his death, and yield himself quietly into their hands.

Tarbell without hesitation put in his fingers and obtained a blank; then it was passed to Norris, who thought how young he was to die, and turning away his head, trust in his hand, drew it forth, and found his time had not yet come—and with cool composure the lot went round, until a young Dutchman produced the red stick. No word was spoken for a few minutes after, and then the poor fellow quickly arose, and throwing himself upon his knees before Tarbell, begged him to intercede and save his life; but the captain's feelings were hardened, and he refused to do anything for him. Not so with Ned. His young heart was pained at the man's danger.

"Let him live, men, until night. Do you not know that there is a fine northerly breeze, and we must see some vessel to-day. At least, spare him a few hours, and then, if nothing turns up?"—He ceased speaking, and gazed with an anxious look in the direction that the wind came from. Could he believe his eyes, or was it but fancy? Within two miles of them, with studding-sails spread, and royals set, came a noble looking vessel, steering directly for the boat.

"Sail, ho!" he cried, convinced at last it was no optical delusion.

In an instant, men who before could hardly move, through feebleness, now stood upon their feet and looked at the approaching stranger.

"It is a ship—we are saved! God bless you, Mr. Norris, for seeing her first. Hurrah, boys, we shall get a glass of water now," and they clasped one another's hands, and wept for joy, while Ned hastily rigged a shirt upon an oar, held it up, and then they all joined in a feeble cry to attract the attention of those on board the ship.

On she came, making the water foam before her broad bow, everything drawing, and so near that a man could be seen at work upon her flying jib-boom. Still it was evident the boat was not seen; and again and again did those in the launch raise their voices to attract attention. Suddenly, the man, who was at work on the boom commenced "laying on," and then a person came forward and looked through a spy glass for a minute. He was soon joined by two others, who gazed in turn, and then there was a rapid hauling-in of studding-sails, and by the time the ship had got ready to land, faces could be plainly seen from the deck of the stranger, looking with wondering eyes upon the skeleton forms which the boat contained.

In half an hour's time, thirteen men—all that remained of the seventeen—were safely on board the Caroline, of New York, Capt. John Richards, bound for the Cape of Good Hope and Canton. By kind treatment, careful attention, and a moderate use of stimulants, every man's life was saved, and before they had arrived at Cape Town, Ned was able to lend a hand in working the ship.

After they got into port, Tarbell reported himself to the American consul, while the men were placed in comfortable quarters, until they could be sent home. The old captain declared that he had made his last voyage; that he should go back to Boston, and live with his daughter for the remainder of his life. The Growler being well insured, would enable him, after recovering, to possess enough wealth to render another trip unnecessary.

There was a passenger aboard the Caroline, largely engaged in shipping, at Canton. He had been on a visit to his friends in New York, and was now returning to his business again. Taking a fancy to Ned, he made him proposals to go to Canton and sail as mate in one of his ships for a year, and then be master, with an interest in the freight.

Norris asked Tarbell's advice. There was a struggle in the old man's heart, when he heard of the offer, and he tried to persuade him to return to Boston. Still he confessed he could not do so well by sailing out of the United States, but being anxious to advance the young man's welfare made him yield a reluctant consent. He parted with Ned with many protestations of writing by every ship that left Boston. Norris simply told Tarbell to remind Emily that he lived in hopes of seeing her again, and shaking hands, he went aboard the Caroline with Jim, whom Captain Richards had shipped. The anchor was weighed, and with a stiff breeze they left the bay. The next morning, Table Mountain was not to be seen. They arrived safely in Canton, and our hero commenced his duties aboard one of the country ships, manned by Lascars; and so well was he liked, that his patron done better, even, than he promised.

Tarbell arrived safely in Boston, and astonished the insurance officers by politely requesting them to pass over what was his due. Emily wept when her father recounted the dangers through which he had passed, and the old

man was never tired of relating how his brave boy had carried him in his arms through the smoke, and then offered to share his scant allowance of food; and he would impress upon the minds of his hearers that he was the captain who had made a man of him. And Emily used to lay awake nights and wonder if Ned would learn how to waltz and dance among those horrid celestials, so as to be able to take her to balls and parties when he got home. But after while she did not think so much of Norris, for a new candidate for her favor entered the field, being no less a person than the little midshipman, who had come on board the Growler at Valparaiso. But even he got an order from Washington to proceed to sea, and the next time Emily spoke to him he had been promoted to a lieutenancy.

We shall not follow our hero's fortunes among the Chinese—nor tell how he beat off four piratical junks, who had dared to attack him all at one time, and for which service he received handsome presents from the foreign merchants at Hong Kong; but after seven years of service, he found that he possessed between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars, and he longed once more to tread upon his native soil, and look on the face of Emily, who amidst all his wanderings, he still remembered and loved. Hastily closing up his business, he took the overland route, by the way of Egypt and England, arrived at Liverpool in safety, and then embarked on board the Cunard line, for Boston.

It was a beautiful day in the month of June, as the steamship Europa came up the harbor, and made fast at the dock in East Boston. A swarm of coachmen were clamoring loudly for passengers, and every one was in a great state of excitement, from the custom house officers to the news gatherers, who were endeavoring to secure English papers in advance of their contemporaries. After the confusion had somewhat subsided, Norris, who had stood looking on, thinking how different his situation was now upon his second return to what it was on his arrival in the Growler, called a coachman who had but two passengers, and had his trunks taken from the ship and put on the carriage, and then drove to the American House.

After dinner, he dressed himself carefully, and as he looked in the glass and brushed the slight he suffered to grow upon his face, he thought whether the captain would recognize him, and he almost regretted not writing to let Tarbell know that he was coming home.

"I wonder whether Emily will remember her Jimmy Ducks?" smiled Norris. "But it is hardly possible—my features are so tanned by exposure, and if I judge aright, my form has increased with my years. I don't believe her blue eyes are as pretty as they used to be when she was a little girl. She must be old enough to think about getting married by this time. I hardly believe she will like me as well now as she did when I was a boy. I am afraid she is a sad coquette. Won't I bother her by talking in the Chinese lingo, as she did me by chatting Spanish, although I shall have to make it up as she did?"—and after completing his toilet, he left the hotel, and slowly walked up Washington street.

Norris smiled as he looked up and saw the old sign of Thimble & Co., and he had a great mind to stop and order a suit of clothes, to see how much he would cheat in making them up. Old objects appeared familiar, and as he arrived opposite the South church, the clock struck three. It sounded as natural as it did when he passed daily, and he could scarcely realize that he had not heard it before for nearly eight years. The street was thronged with ladies and fine looking men—pretty misses swept past the dark looking Norris; they concluded he must be some Italian count, and declared he was a love of a man, while Ned muttered to himself that they were not half so handsome as his little Emily must be.

Broad street was gained, and he turned from Washington's crowded thoroughfare; his heart beat quick, as he passed a new block of buildings, which stood upon the site the old house formerly occupied. At length he turned back, and looking at the door plate, found the name of Stone; and with trembling hands he rang the bell, and as the door was opened by a green daughter of the green Isle, a sweet voice accompanied by the heavier tones of a man, and the music of a piano, fell upon his ear.

For a while he gazed at the girl without the power to utter a word, listening to that voice which his heart told him belonged to Emily. But the singing of the man sounded harsh, and he felt a pang of jealousy stealing through his bosom, the second he had ever known.

"If you please, sir, what do you want?" inquired the girl, looking at him with amazement—and the sound of her voice aroused him to a recollection of what he had momentarily forgotten.

"Does Captain Tarbell live here now?" he asked.

"To be sure he does, and he is up stairs at this blessed moment," returned the girl.

"Please to announce that a gentleman would like to see him," said Ned.

"Yes, sir. Will ye walk in the parlor, and I will tell the captain that ye is here. He is busy writing, and the lord only knows whether he will come down, or have ye up there?" and thus saying, she opened the parlor door, from whence the music proceeded.

Norris removed his hat, and entered a neatly

furnished room. His eyes fell upon a young girl, with brown hair, curling in ringlets on her neck, seated at the piano, and as she raised her dark blue eyes in astonishment at the intrusion, it needed no prophet to tell the young man that the Emily he had left a little girl had grown up to be a handsome, finely formed young woman. At her side stood a good looking man, about Edward's age, dressed in the naval uniform of the United States; but a heavy frown gathered upon his brow as he looked up from the music before him, and saw the entrance of Norris.

Emily did not recognise him, and Ned, was about to speak, when the officer whispered to the fair girl, so loud that he overheard every word,

"Who the deuce is that intruding here?"

But the lady did not answer, and continued on with her music.

With a cold bow, Ned walked to another part of the room, and taking up a book from the centre table, pretended to read, but the subject could not have been very entertaining, for his eyes wandered to the two young musicians very frequently.

"If ye please, sir, the captain wants ye to send up your name, as he is very busy," cried the Irish girl, bursting the door open and interrupting Ned in his literary researches.

"Tell him," replied Ned, with one eye on Emily, "that my name is Edward Norris, and that I have just arrived home from Canton." As the girl disappeared, there was a slight noise at the piano. Ned turned his head, and pretended to be looking at an engraving; but a small, white hand was laid upon his arm, and a voice which sent the blood in torrents to his face, sounded in his ears.

"Why, Edward, do you not remember little Emily? How strange that I should not recollect you! You have grown so tall, too—how black you are—what homely whiskers!"—and the little gipsy stopped to take breath.

"I believe this is Miss Emily Tarbell," said Ned, with most provoking coquetry, dropping her extended hand, without giving it so much as a little squeeze.

"To be sure it is. What is the matter with you? Did you bring home a silk shawl for me? You said you would, you know."

"I also promised you a parrot, but I thought I heard one when I came in the house," replied Norris, trying to work himself into the belief that he had been a very ill used man.

"You did hear one—how strange. But excuse my forgetfulness. Allow me to introduce Lieutenant De Hopeful—the same one who came off to us at Valparaiso. Well, what is the matter?"

Both of the young men retained their seats, without offering to advance and shake hands, and as they coolly nodded their heads, and closely scanned each other, with frowning brows and flashing eyes, there was a rivalry sprung up between them as to who should possess Emily—the United States Navy against the less pretension merchant service. The lieutenant possessed the smoothest tongue and a well fitting uniform. Ned was the best looking, and he had saved the life of the lady's father.

While Emily stood looking from one to the other, the boisterous voice of the old captain was heard, swearing at the Irish girl for not getting out of the way. The door was thrown open, and in rushed Tarbell, as fast as his old legs could carry him, with slippers and dressing-gown, both very much worn.

"Why, Norris, can this be you? Why did you not write and let me know that you intended to come home? Say something, can't you? Why in the devil don't you speak?" thundered the old fellow, shaking Ned's hand with all his strength, and surveying the young man's well built form with delight.

"I wished to take you by surprise, and I am so glad to see you once more, that I can scarcely find words to express my joy," returned Ned, delighted to see the captain looking so well.

"Well, well, we will talk over every thing in time. You knew Emily, didn't you? She hasn't grown a bit, do you think she has?"

"Come here, you jade, and kiss Ned. Ah, Lieutenant, I didn't know you was in the house. There stands a man that I took to sea with me when he was a boy; but I made a smart sailor of him. If you could have seen him bear me in his arms through the smoke, and then offer to divide his allowance with me when he was starving for the want of food, himself, you would have thought he was smart. Am I you going to give Ned a kiss, you hussey, hey?"

"I don't think, pa," replied Emily, blushing, and looking at the expectant Ned, "that he deserves one. He would not speak to me after he came into the room, and when I wanted to shake hands he merely reached his fingers out and then drew them back, as though he was afraid I should hurt him. I really believe he is married to one of those horrid Chinese women, and don't consider American ladies worth noticing," and Emily shook back her curls and laughed.

"Nonsense, girl, he wouldn't think of marrying without asking me. He feels a little bashful, the same as I am sometimes, and I like to see it in a young man. Are you going to do as I tell you, hey?" asked the old Captain, looking at his handsome daughter with pride.

"Nay, I will spare Miss Tarbell the trouble of coming to me," and with a malicious look at the lieutenant, Norris arose, and a waving

to where Emily stood, by the side of a table, and quietly put his arm around her waist, and as she raised her head to look at the bold man, he brought his lips in contact with the lady's, and took not only one kiss, but three or four.

There was no appearance of haste in the operation—all was done in the most quiet, gentlemanlike manner; yet the lieutenant thought he was the most clumsy fellow he ever saw, and he wondered how Emily could bear to have such a person near her.

"There, there, sir, I think that will do," cried Emily, breaking away from Ned's arms. "I will never accuse you of coquetry again. I hope that you have not been practising how to kiss in China; but you are not near so awkward as you used to be."

At this instant the gallant De Hopeful pleaded an engagement and left, much to Ned's joy, who now, that his rival was out of sight, once more became the social being that he usually was in company.

"Come up stairs, where my sister is. You can stay and practice on that piano," said Tarbell to Emily, pointing to the piano.

"But I have been practicing all the afternoon, father, and I now want to hear Edward's story. I think I should have a vacation the rest of the day, after submitting to such a punishment as you imposed on me."

"My face burns now where those homely whiskers of Ned's touched the skin," and Emily rubbed her cheek until it looked so pretty that Norris wished her father would make him repeat the operation.

"Well, come along, then. You would have your own way, even if you was married, I believe," grumbled the captain, as he led the party up stairs.

"Here, sister, is a stranger for you. Do you recollect him?"

Mrs. Stone had just come down from her chamber, and had not heard of Edward's arrival. She looked at him for a moment, and then taking his hand, exclaimed,

"Bless me, brother, if it is not Edward Norris. How you have grown—and you are all tanned up. You know, brother, I was saying this morning, at the breakfast table, that there would be a stranger here before night, because I put—"

"Fiddlestick with your old woman's signs—I don't believe a word of it, nor anybody else who has got reason. At sea there is some use in having things foretold, so that a person can prepare; but surrounded as you are on land by doctors and ministers, of what use would they be, hey?"

This was a subject of frequent discussion between the captain and his sister. There could hardly have been two more superstitious people, yet neither would believe the other's signs. The captain contending that sea faring people were the only class which received favors of the wonderful kind; and Mrs. Stone scouted at the idea that a black cat could not tell every thing that was going to happen. Luckily, Emily interposed and restored harmony.

"Now, Norris, tell us how you succeeded in the East Indies," said the captain, after he had told Mrs. Stone the particulars of his journey and all about his health.

"When I arrived, Mr. Howard instantly gave me a chief officer's berth on board of one of the largest teak built ships that was ever launched at Singapore. I was in her six months, when the captain died, and then I took charge, and carried into Canton one of the most fortunate loads of rice that was ever sold: and so pleased were the owners, that they did not insist upon my continuing as in me, for the remaining six months, but let me have the command, which I kept, without any accident of importance, until I left for this city. Jim was with me as second mate during all the time I was there, but I am afraid he spent his money as fast as he earned it."

"And you have had enough of that kind of work, hey?" said Tarbell.

"I don't know," answered Ned, carelessly. "I liked the life I was leading, and may go back again in a few months," and he looked hard at Emily to see what she would say, but that interesting young lady was coolly curling her hair by running it over her fingers, and did not even appear to have heard him, and the disappointed Norris almost vowed he would go, out of spite.

"You won't do no such thing. Solarge and me are going to build a large ship, on a new principle—regular clipper. She will be a beauty. Take one third of her, and you shall be captain. What do you say, hey?" said the old gentleman, rubbing his hands.

"What trade do you intend to put her in?" inquired Ned, reflecting.

"The California and China trade. Of course you have heard of the discovery of the gold mines? ships are in demand—crowded with passengers and freight. There is a fortune to be made at the business. Ead, if I was not so old, I would make a trip there myself."

"I heard about the gold excitement just before I left China, but I thought it was a device to populate the new territory."

"No humbug about it, Norris. Solarge has got a sample of the gold, in payment for some goods he sent out a year ago. Will you go in with us, hey?"

"I will let you know in a day or two, captain. Now, I want to talk with Emily and Mrs. Stone about old times."

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"I should think it was about time to devote some attention to the. But I shall punish you, and leave all three to talk as much as you please, for I have an engagement this evening," said Emily, trying to look indifferent.

"And pray, Miss, where do you think of going this evening?" inquired the captain, crossly. "To the Howard, father, to hear the Seguins. The lieutenant invited me before Edward came. Won't you go, and take Aunt, and then Captain Norris will make one of the party."

"I wish the lieutenant would keep himself away, the conceited puppy," muttered the captain. "Ned, you had better go with them, but I shall stay at home, and sister and her husband will keep me company."

"I beg to be excused," said Norris, coldly beginning to feel jealous again. "I don't wish to intrude where I am not wanted."

"The lieutenant would be delighted to have your company, and I am sure I should," laughed Emily.

But all their persuasions could not induce Ned to go. Neither would he accept a room Mrs. Stone offered him, and after agreeing to meet Tarbell at Splurge's, the next morning, he tore himself away, and returned to the hotel, as miserable as a man could be. But when the curtain arose, at the Howard, Norris stood in the lobbies watching a very handsome young girl in the boxes, who attracted a great deal of attention, by the simplicity of her attire and the earnest manner in which she was addressed by the officer at her side; and when Norris returned to the hotel, one of his fellow passengers inquired the name of the opera performed. He declared that he had forgotten it, and sat smoking cigars, all alone, until the house closed, when he went to bed, and lay thinking about Emily all night, and as morning dawned, he had come to the conclusion not to speak to her again if he could possibly help it.

The same day, Norris met Tarbell at the store of Splurge, and after some talk, agreed to take a third of the new ship; and in the afternoon, there were hurried preparations going on at the ship-yard to East Boston. The old captain once more found plenty of employment superintending the building.

"Why don't you come up to the house, now, Norris?" inquired the old captain, about two weeks after his arrival home. "What is the matter with you, hey?"

"You know it requires somebody here to drive the work all the time, if we want the ship finished before winter," replied Ned, not wishing to give his real reasons.

"They don't work here of nights, do they, hey? Couldn't come evenings, I suppose?" and the captain looked hard at the young man's flushed face.

"I have been busy evenings, reading and visiting new friends."

"And you like new friends better than old, hey?" returned Tarbell, in an offended tone.

"Do not think so, sir. You and Mrs. Stone shall retain the first place in my affections," replied Ned, warmly.

"Well, well, I will not be too hard on you. Young men don't like to sit all the evenings with old fellows like me, and since Emily has given that lieutenant his discharge, I—

"Has the lieutenant been dismissed?" asked Ned, interrupting Tarbell.

"Why, yes, didn't I tell you about it? He wanted to marry the girl, but she did not care about him, so he has gone off mad. I never liked the fellow; but Emily may have any man she prefers without my interfering."

"To show how much I like old friends, I will come up and take tea with you this evening," replied Ned, eagerly.

"That is right—never hang back. Your reading won't suffer, will it?" Tarbell asked, looking steadily at Norris.

"I'll read after I get home, to make up for lost time," and Ned walked away to meditate.

That evening he was pensive to his appointment, and received a warm welcome from Mrs. Stone and her husband, while the lady was full of inquiries as to what had kept him away so long. Emily made some remarks about his absence, and they all sat down at the table in good spirits; and as soon as Emily had finished drinking tea, Ned asked her to perform a few tunes on the piano; then he had to assist her in arranging the music, while Tarbell sat in the other room, smoking his cigar—his sister was busy about her household duties, and Mr. Stone went back to his store.

"How did you like the opera, the other evening?" asked Emily, during a pause.

"Did you see—that is very—how did you know that I was there?" stammered Ned, at length.

"Because I saw you standing in one of the lobbies, looking as cross as something as a man could look. Perhaps the singing did not please you."

"Oh, yes, it was excellent. I enjoyed myself very much. You also appeared to be pleased."

"Yes, I like opera music very well. I had a very agreeable gentleman for company; but you might have come and spoken to me."

Ned looked at his watch, and said he didn't think it was so late, and arose to go.

"Why need you be in such a hurry?" asked Emily, leaving her music stool and standing before him.

There was a struggle between love and pride, and he moved slowly towards the door.

"Yes, sir, but never do so again."

but as he turned and looked at the bewitching girl, pride gave way, and taking Emily by the hand, he led her to a sofa, and seated himself by her side.

"Emily," he exclaimed at last, "when I went to the East Indies, it was to acquire a fortune sufficient to offer you a home. During all the time that I remained there, the thought of you urged me on to renewed exertions to acquire wealth—when my ship's deck was covered with piratical Chinese, I thought of you, and my arm was strengthened—and when they sued for mercy, I remembered Emily, and their prayers were granted—when presents were bestowed upon me for that service, I accepted them for you; and during the long passage home, I counted the days as they passed slowly away, with impatience, because I was out of your society. In a few months I shall again be upon the ocean, and without your presence a ship will have no charms for me. Can you accept an honest man's hand, hardened and blackened though it may be by toil and exposure, or do you tell me to perform the voyage alone?"

Norris ceased speaking, and awaited the young girl's answer. She sat a moment in deep thought, and then laughed heartily. Surprised, indignant, Ned sprang for the door, but before he opened it, a white hand was laid gently upon his arm, and looking around, he saw Emily's face no longer in smiles.

"You can't bear to be plagued now, can you, Ned?" she softly whispered, and with one arm around her waist, Norris led her back to the sofa.

"Why did you laugh at me?" asked Ned, still keeping one of those little hands clasped tightly in his own brown paw.

"Because you thought a ship would have no charms unless I was aboard, when there are vessels leaving every day, with husbands only too glad to get rid of their wives."

"Yes, but they have no wives like Emily," cried the infatuated Norris.

"And you will not be jealous?"

"No, indeed—jealous of you?"

"And will you cut those homely whiskers off, so they will not scratch my face when you want to kiss me?"

"I will cut my head off if you wish it."

"I will see what kind of a husband you make first, before I request you to do that. There, I didn't ask you to kiss me, so you will please!"

"Hello, I don't hear that thing going," cried Tarbell, coming into the room at this interesting period.

"It is because Ned was explaining something different," cried Emily, getting up and leaving the two men together.

"She is a wild jade, and I don't know what I shall do with her," said Tarbell, looking at the retreating girl.

"I will tell you what to do with her," Ned replied.

"What, let's hear?" Tarbell asked.

"What boy?"

"Why the boy?"

"You know I didn't take any boy with me," replied Ned, astonished at the old man's inquiries.

"And do you pretend to tell me," thundered the old gentleman, "that I haven't got a grandson yet, hey?"

"I am afraid, father, such is the case,—but there is no knowing what may happen shortly."

"The men are not what they were in my

At this moment the bell rung, and the Irish girl, who, regardless of Tarbell's cross looks, had been peeping through a crack of the door, announced that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Norris in the sitting room. Ned excused himself from his fair bride, and hastened out to see could possibly want him.

"Do you know me, Edward?" said a dark eyed man, with a thin, hatchet-looking face.

"I am your uncle Norris."

Old injuries arose in Ned's mind, but he felt too happy to entertain ill feelings against any one just then, so he shook hands with his uncle, and inquired after his aunt Jane.

"Ah, Edward, your sainted aunt has left me for another and better world, I hope. Two years ago she died, leaving me and one child alone in the world," and the hypocrite tried to squeeze out a few tears.

"Have you got married again?" inquired Ned.

"Yes; after living so happily with my first wife, I could not remain single. Besides, my child needed a mother, and a year and a half ago I married a widow who had a little property; but we did not live as comfortable as when you were with us."

"What is the reason?" asked Ned, smiling at his pitiful look.

"Ah, she is of a different temper from my dear Jane. She has ruined me by her extravagances, and when I complained she would lock me out of doors, until I begged her pardon."

"And you submitted to it?" cried the happy bridegroom.

"Not at first. But you have no idea how strong she was in her arms; so I had to give up, and let her do as she pleased. Now I have escaped from her and want to go to California, but have no money to pay my passage."

"I will give you the money," returned Ned, "if you will call on me on board the 'Pass All,'" tomorrow morning. I would take you in my ship, but I shall not sail for a month, and you would not like to wait, I suspect."

With a thousand thanks, his uncle took his leave, after declining to go in and see the bride, and the next day he got the money from Ned, and now keeps a bar-room in California, while his wife once more hails as a widow.

It was extremely hard for Tarbell to part with Emily, but he at length gave his consent, and went as far as Boston light in a steamer to see them off, and waved his handkerchief, when he did not require it to blow his nose, until they were out of sight, and eighteen months passed away before the vessel was telegraphed as coming up Boston harbor. As she came alongside the wharf, Tarbell was the first to grasp Norris by the hand and welcome him on his return.

"You will find Emily in the cabin, well and handsomer than ever," said Ned, in answer to the old man's inquiries.

"And how is the boy?" Tarbell asked.

"What boy?"

"Why the boy?"

"You know I didn't take any boy with me," replied Ned, astonished at the old man's inquiries.

"And do you pretend to tell me," thundered the old gentleman, "that I haven't got a grandson yet, hey?"

"I am afraid, father, such is the case,—but there is no knowing what may happen shortly."

"The men are not what they were in my

young days," muttered Tarbell, as he entered the cabin and gave Emily a warm greeting.

Ned did not make another voyage, but soon after his return went into partnership with Splurge & Co., and now lives in the city with his pretty wife. The old captain resides with them, and on warm, pleasant days, he can be seen on State street, between the hours of twelve and two, inquiring the price of stocks and the news from California.

The gallant Lieutenant De Hopefull is still in the navy, and we recently saw his name reported among the list of officers attached to a sloop-of-war, in the Pacific. He is not married yet, but undoubtedly will be, when he returns home, if he can find a lady to suit his fastidious taste.

Poor Redman's wife was well taken care of by the captain, upon his return after the shipwreck. In two or three years time, she married again, but took a landsman for her second choice. He now lives at East Boston, with a large family of young children.

The story we have related is not fiction, but reality. Many an old salt will recollect Captain Tarbell, who sailed out of Boston for so many years; and the lawyers will easily recognise the portrait of a man who paid them so liberally upon his first going to sea as captain.

Goon. A man who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied, "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day I must do that the very first thing, and in an hour. After it was done, I was allowed to play, and I could play with much more pleasure than if the thought of an unfinished task obtruded upon my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became perfectly easy for me to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." List every boy reads this go and do likewise.

The time was when our republic was divided into two great political parties—the conservative and radical,—which under the names of Federal and Republican, and subsequently of Whig and Democratic, alternately obtained power and carried out measures in accordance with their respective principles. But these are matters of the past, and history has enrolled upon her records the peculiarities of each. Now there is no such thing as a party which truly represents either the conservative or the radical element. All is agitation and confusion. People are driven hither and thither, seeking any clique or faction which may promise to accord to the greatest extent with their predilections.

In this search most people are likely to be disappointed. The principles of the Know Nothings, the dominant party of Massachusetts, are as yet undefined. Abroad, it is supposed they will ignore the element of free soil which enters so largely into the composition of their ranks. This we deem impossible, although we are not surprised at anything which may take place in politics. But of this we are certain, that if their accessions from the free soilers are driven from the party, they will be reduced to a minority, notwithstanding the overwhelming vote which they polled at the late gubernatorial canvass.

On the other hand, if they retain and cater to the free soil proclivities of many of their adherents, they will diminish the chance of success for their Presidential candidate in 1856. Already the local representatives of the new party, with this fact in view, have given Free Soil the go-by in their public efforts, and some of the party in our Commonwealth acquiesce. But the Free Soil feeling in Massachusetts is yet much too strong to permit our next Legislature to be silent upon the subject. They must either follow the example of Mr. Banks in reference to it, or declare their views upon the matter. Such declaration can hardly be avoided when the Legislature shall proceed to the choice of an United States Senator, which they must do, at an early period of the session.

Whatever Know Nothingism may do in a national point of view, the party in Massachusetts cannot afford to surrender their views in favor of human freedom. And whether the party, as such, could afford it, one half at least of its members will not, and therefore the ignoring process is wholly impracticable. Upon this point our Know Nothing friends must be extremely wary. If they surrender American principles for the gratification of politicians who have enrolled themselves in their ranks, they will find their recent brilliant achievements entirely eclipsed by the total darkness which will succeed.

We know that the leading distinctive feature of the Know Nothings is opposition to what they fancy the secular influence exerted by the Roman Catholic Church. But the new party has much else to do than the development of this dogma. It will be obliged to enact laws and carry out measures in behalf of human liberty, the rights of the masses, the protection of human labor, the succor of poverty and the thousand other subjects which become the material of State legislation. It will be difficult, with inexperienced legislators, to do justice to many of these matters, but the people will excuse short comings only when the heart is discovered to be right and the head to execute to the best of its ability.

The Know Nothings have as fine an opportunity as ever presented itself, for ensuring permanence to their party. This, however, can only be done by a thorough devotion to the right, according to the highest intellectual standard of the age through which we are passing. Compromises have justly grown into disfavor, and no party is now obliged to make any compromises whatever. All have been repealed by the passage of the Nebraska Bill, and the field is now fair for the adoption of a grand, independent, correct course, which shall stand the severest logic of moral criticism.

Have the new party the moral courage to attempt this? Have they men of sufficient stamina to carry it out? These are the questions which are attracting the attention of everybody. The progressives of the age are looking with alternate hope and fear to the first movements of our next Legislature. They hope the right will be the pole star which will rise upon the Know Nothings at their advent, and guide them through their legislative career.

They fear that unprincipled politicians may seduce them into measures of what they call political expediency, and thus ensure their ultimate, if not speedy destruction. Let the fate of all previous aberrations from the right admonish them in time, and let them beware how they trifle with truth, justice or humanity.

A CHILD'S PRAYER. On New Year's night, writes a correspondent, I changed to hear a little girl, scarcely old enough to lisp the words, say her evening prayer. It was after this manner: Now I lay me down—Does Santa Klaus come every night, mother?—to sleep, I pray.

"Did Andy give me the red dull or the black one?"—the Lord, my soul to keep. And if I—

"Mother, don't you think Santa Klaus was very good to us?—he gave us so many presents?"—die, before I wake, I pray the Lord.—"Mother, does Santa Klaus come down the chimney?"—my soul to take.

Education and Instruction.

Most of the community use the two leading words of the caption to this article as synonymous. This is entirely erroneous. Education is the evolving of the natural powers, and thereby fitting the individual to act wisely and well upon every emergency. Instruction is the communication of facts, theories or events to an individual. One, therefore, may be instructed without being educated—but educated without instruction he cannot be, for in the evolution of his natural powers he necessarily works upon external facts and objects, and simultaneously with his mental expansion derives instruction.

The same mistake occurs when we confound the terms, learned men and educated men. We have hosts of the former, but very few of the latter. Half the community are crammed under our common school system and its sequence, the lecture room, with all kinds of facts and theories. But not one in ten can use any of these facts or theories with any practical effect. The reason is plain. They are learned—that is they have been taught a multitude of things, and perhaps the relations between them, but their minds have never been drawn out, *e duco*, educated. They know enough as to the material world and its objects, but they do not know how to apply what they know to the purposes of life. When they are placed in emergencies which demand prompt and vigorous action, they fail—they are simply learned fools.

This kind of fools is much too common, and the fact that they really know a little is an insuperable barrier to their education. They mistake the end and aim of life. When they have instruction, at great cost of time, expense and exertion, they enter the arena of active life. They meet an opponent, who, compared with them, has had no instruction, and they are vanquished at once. They forget or cannot comprehend that while they have been instructed by others, their opponent has been educating himself. While they have been gathering facts and framing theories thereon, half of which are useless, and nine-tenths inapplicable to their condition and needs in life, their antagonist has been busying himself in verifying a few rules of action which have given him an irresistible power.

These considerations should lead us to pay some attention to the prospects of the young. We send children to school for instruction. They get it. It would be better to educate them. The community is not sufficiently advanced for this. To instruct a child is to cram him with the elements of knowledge, to be used well or ill as his organization proclivities may afterwards dictate. To educate him is to fit him to do the best thing at the right time, and in the easiest manner. No amount of instruction will do this, for we can never be certain that the boy will know how to use aright the elemental knowledge he has acquired, and without knowing how to use this, he is not educated.

We have plenty of instructors in the community, but few educators. Almost anybody can communicate to another what he knows; but very few can prepare the recipient to make the best use of that which is communicated. Educators, the community want; of instructors there is a superabundance. If those who have the care of children could read their peculiar organizations and tendencies, and supply that aliment and that only which would carry out the designs of nature, we should have more educated people. But there is nobody to do this. The parents cannot, for nineteen twentieths of them have no conception that their child possesses an organization peculiarly his own; and those parents who have an inkling of this, do not know what course to pursue in order that the natural aptitude of their child may be developed and expanded. The school teacher can not do it, for he, in common with the parent, thinks that all children should be subjected to the same course of instruction, and the school committee men endorse this idea. What marvel then, that children are like parrots, repeating what has been taught them, but without any comprehension as to the uses to which their instruction is to be applied.

We wish we could point to a single school among us where children are educated, as well as instructed—that is—where the constitutional proclivities of the child are first consulted, and then instruction given to develop his nature in the best manner. Some few parents do this with their children at home. In a crowded school it cannot be done, for no teacher can do justice to an hundred or more pupils where he must consult the natural development of each. Therefore the school is not the place to acquire an education. Instruction may there be gathered, but the young man must emerge into practical life, and there, by collision with his fellows, receive a demonstration of the uselessness of half he has learned to the purposes of life, and be led to evolve from within that stamp of character which years of instruction had never reached, and which the teacher had never suspected the existence of. Then the young man becomes educated, and ascertains the defects of our mode of instruction.

IN A VERY BAD WAY. "Why, you seem quite wretched, Frank."

"Wretched, my boy! Ah, you may imagine, how wretched I am, when I tell you I don't even care how my trowsers are made."

Second Assembly of the Almacks.

Beacon Hill, Tremont street, Summer street, and in fact all Japonic dom in this region were gathered together at Union Hall, on Thursday evening last, on the occasion of the Second Almack Assembly for the season. The night was dark and moist and rather warm, resembling very much that on which the initial ball for the season was given by the magnates of fashion.

The assemblage was, notwithstanding, still larger than the first—still more brilliant. The music by the Germania Serenade Band, assisted by several members of the Orchestral Union, making twenty-four in all, was quite equal to that on the first night of the Almacks. The balconies, chandeliers, mirrors, &c., were garlanded with evergreens and camellias, in the most tasteful manner, by Hovey & Co., as before. Two enormous flower stands, between the principal mirrors, were used for the display of some of the finest camellias we have yet seen this season, raised by Mr. Hovey expressly for the occasion. A new and very pleasing feature of the decorations was a basket of rare and beautiful flowers, suspended beneath each of the brackets on the walls, which support the side gas burners. These richly freighted baskets formed the most charming ornaments that could be devised.

It is in general, a dangerous experiment to bring female beauty in competition with flowers, as women of no more than ordinary attractions are liable to suffer in the comparison, but the Almacks with a charming audacity array their beautiful daughters in proximity to the most beautiful flowers. Their temerity was entirely justifiable on Thursday evening. Nothing can detract from the beauty of flowers, but we can safely aver that a host of ladies were present who did not suffer in the comparison with the rarest products of the florist.

The following is the order of dances printed on a foil card bound with satin ribbon:

1 March,	Aurora,	Joseph Gung'l.
2 Quadrille,	Orpheus,	Strauss.
3 Quadrille,	Militar,	Strauss.
4 Redowa Polka,	Sunset,	Bergmann.
5 Quadrille,	Martina,	Strauss.
6 Waltz,	Romantiker,	Lanner.
7 Quadrille,	La Favorita,	Schulize.
8 Polka,	Hyacinthe,	Josef Gung'l.
9 Quadrille,	Le Dr. Isambart,	Musard.
10 Waltz,	Helene,	Strauss.
11 Quadrille,	Newport Season,	Zerrahn.
12 Redowa Polka,	Lottie,	Bergmann.
13 Quadrille,	Jubel,	Strauss.
14 Scottish,	Klaeddratdach,	Bergmann.
15 Quadrille,	Mode,	Strauss.
16 Waltz,	Sohen,	Labitzky.
17 Quadrille,	Charivari,	Strauss.

GERMAN COTILLON.

We have never witnessed a more brilliant spectacle than the Hall presented when the poetry of motion began under the inspiring influences of the music of the splendid orchestra. If a second Orpheus had arisen and by his magic power charmed a whole garden of exotic flowers into motion and they were tripping delightful measures in that gay saloon, the sight would hardly have been more pleasing.

At first, however, we were sad and did not enjoy the scene with half the zest of the previous evening. The managers were more attentive than ever, and many of the beautiful ladies paid our report of the first assembly the most flattering compliments, exerting themselves to please us in the most gratifying manner, but all was of no avail to dispel the dejection which had oppressed us from the first. The blandishments of some of the fairest belles had no effect. Neither the music nor the "elastic laughter sweet" of the angelic creatures, could not charm away the demon that oppressed us. There is a skeleton in every house, there is a skeleton every where else—our skeleton that evening was a little mendicant boy who assailed us as we were about to enter the Hall, and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, besought us to buy a toothpick. Upon asking the cause of his distress he burst into a flood of tears, and replied that he was crying "because he couldn't sell out." We did not know whether the little wretch was a bogus beggar or not, but purchased his tooth-picks and rushed into the Almack's, almost overturning Mr. Pack, the stately doorkeeper, in our progress. Whether the boy was trained by cruel parents to counterfeit distress or not, his case was a pitiful one, and the practical illustration of "fashion and famine" awakened unpleasant thoughts.

We had a great mind to show the tooth-picks to Mrs. —, who had two thousand dollars worth of diamonds on her head and neck, and tell her the story. But reflecting a moment that she was not to blame for being rich nor yet for the miserable child's poverty, we jingled the tooth-picks and thought about the supper.

The floor of the hall had been waxed on the previous day—and was rather slippery. Some of the ladies called for chalk to give them a foothold. What a sensation it gave us to hear these divinities asking for chalk for their slippers! We could have hardly been more startled by hearing a real angel call for some goose oil to grease his wings. The dancing went on with the greatest animation until supper was announced. And such a supper as Bailey had provided, cooked by the indefatigable Gou! No person who participated in that banquet scene could have been frightened by the ghost of Hard Times for some hours at least.

The tables were arranged somewhat different from the former occasion, in the form of two crescents. Upon the outer ends were immense vases containing immense bouquets furnished by Curtis & Lincoln, Horticulturist's. In the centre, between the tables, was a flower stand, loaded with the rarest and most beautiful flowers, reaching to the ceiling of the hall. We must confess that the supper and its exhilarating accompaniments drove the beggar out of our head, and we hob-nobbed with the belles as gaily as if famine had never pinched the cheek of mortal man.

The dancing was resumed after supper, and kept up with spirit until nearly four o'clock, when the company separated highly pleased with this magnificent festival.

A small number of the choice spirits among the gentlemen remained, however, when the lights were fled the gallants dead," &c., and at their earnest solicitation we joined them, and made a night of it. To confess the truth, we might have been heard at eight o'clock, A. M., singing "We won't go home till morning."

We would renew our acknowledgments to the gentlemanly managers of the Almacks, to whose politeness we have been indebted for a few of the most "taste" moments of our existence.

The proper times of day for religious worship.

As the summer is approaching, it may be as well, in season, to say a few words as to the time of day appropriated, on Sundays, for divine worship in our churches. Most of our churches are open for religious services on Sunday, twice and some of them three times. It may be well enough to have two services in the same church on the Lord's day, but there is hardly a conceivable case where three services should be tolerated.

And when there are services twice a day, one of those, especially in the summer time, should never be held in the afternoon. Services at 11 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M. are quite sufficient, and these are the best hours for the purpose. When there is a 3 P. M. service it is never attended by a wide awake audience, and it is imposing a great hardship upon children to make them attend afternoon service, particularly if they have been obliged to go to Sunday School as part of their Sunday routine.

Our neighbors all around us are much wiser than ourselves in this respect. Afternoon meetings have been growing into disuse for the last dozen years; and none of our sister cities of any magnitude now think of having anything like a general turnout on Sunday afternoons. And in our own churches on a hot afternoon in summer, the *tout ensemble* is frequently worthy of the pencil of a Hogarth. You can perceive solemn countenances, surmounted by closed eyes and a vibrating forehead, in almost every pew—urchins so restless that they plague the lives out of their mothers—parents who can keep awake fretting themselves because of the drowsiness of a mate or the uneasiness of a child—all, of every age and condition, demonstrating that home is a much more fitting place for them than the meeting-house.

We know that there are some who attend church three times on Sundays, and who probably would attend nine times were there so many services. But such people, as a general rule, gain nothing by their frequent attendance. Without the ability to digest one sermon a week, three upon a Sunday completely stupify them. They have been to meeting, they say, and thus they conclude their religious duties have been discharged. And so they have, if the quantity of words which have been spoken in their presence is the criterion of religious worship. But if what they have inwardly digested and made a part of their lives is the rule, then these continual church goers are the least religious persons who frequent our sanctuaries.

We took occasion last summer to animadvert upon the practice pursued by fond, weak, foolish or ostentatious mothers in bringing their children of three years of age and less, Sunday after Sunday, and frequently in the afternoons of that day, to church. Such children would keep their mothers in a continual fitful during the whole of the services, distract every body in their vicinity who had any desire to profit by the religious exercises, and annoy every body who was in the same pew with them.

A mother is pardonable for carrying a young child with her to church upon a Sunday afternoon, once. But after such a result as we have portrayed she is unpardonable, if she carries it a second time. It would be much better if she would attend church herself in the forenoon, and devote the afternoon to teaching her infantile offspring at home. At any rate, she has no right to disturb a whole congregation on Sunday afternoons, time after time, under pretence of caring for the religious development of her child. The child cannot be improved by that which is irksome to it, and the practice only demonstrates the folly of the mother.

Those who desire to attend upon the sanctuary three times on a Sunday had better adopt the following mode:—Let the parents attend the forenoon services, leaving the younger children at home. Let the afternoon, at church, be devoted to Sunday school exercises, which all the children could attend with as many of their parents as might choose. At these afternoon exercises in summer let the sun be excluded from the meeting house and the air he freely admitted through venetian blinds. Let there be no such rigid constraints as to silence and fixedness of position in these afternoon exercises as are necessary in the regular church services; and let the pastor or some of the Sunday school teachers, as part of the afternoon performance, address, extemporaneously, the parents and pupils.

Then, at 7 in the evening, when the weather has become comparatively cool, let those who desire it, attend the second regular church service of the day. By this last named hour, if they had become drowsy from a too hearty dinner they will have had time to get awake; and then the labors of the clergyman can be performed with much more satisfaction than though he were preaching to a sleepy afternoon audience.

We believe the plan we propose will provide for all classes, much better than at present, viz., by regular services at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M., and by an afternoon meeting at 3, for Sunday school exercises for the young, and an extemporaneous address

for the pupils and such adults as might choose to attend. And the evening service might also be profitably dispensed with if those who attend the morning services would give proper attention to those services and devote the evening at home to colloquial exercises upon the themes presented. We believe that the most devout of our readers will coincide with our suggestions, upon reflection, and as to the tapers, we do not suppose that anything, which might be said, would get them to church, even once upon a Sunday.

Mrs. Wood's BENEFIT. The charming comedienne and vocalist, Mrs. Wood, was complimented last evening by a \$1450 audience, and a diamond bracelet and ring valued at \$400. The audience was very enthusiastic, and the performances went off with great eclat. At the end of the statue scene from the Invisible Prince, which is, by the way the most perfect tableau of the kind we ever witnessed, Mrs. Wood was called before the curtain and was attended by Mr. Barry, who said:

Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to solicit your attention a few moments, while I execute a commission entrusted to me by a few proprietors of this theatre. [Great applause.] Mr. Barry then turned to Mrs. Wood, and said:

Madam:—Accept from a few of the stockholders of this theatre this beautiful bracelet and this ring, set with diamonds and other precious jewels, [cheers] as a testimonial of their appreciation of your character both as an actress and a woman. [Applause.] You have won the gift nobly, and you may wear it proudly, as a proof that female virtue, when crowned with modesty and talent, will always be rewarded by the approbation of the patrons of this brilliant establishment. I beg leave to tender it to you with my best wishes for your personal happiness and prosperity. [Rapturous applause.]

Mrs. Wood responded thus:

Ladies and gentlemen—How can I express to you my grateful thanks for this crowning tribute of your approbation? [Applause.] Words, with me, are ineffectual to-night, and I cannot express the gratitude I feel. [Applause.] Since I have been in your city, I have been treated with the most bountiful hospitality. I have ceased to be a stranger, and feel this to be my home. [Applause.] You will please to believe that all that a grateful heart can feel on such an occasion as this, I feel, and if I fail to express the emotions which animate me now, attribute that failure to the tongue only.

Thus saying, she bowed gracefully and retired amid a shower of bouquets, flower crowns and other devices.

The bracelet is a magnificent affair. In the centre is a large opal, surrounded by rows of diamonds; and the ring also is a magnificent article of jewelry. We give below the letter to manager Barry, requesting him to make the presentation:

BOSTON, Feb. 25, 1855.
Thomas Barry, Esq., Dear Sir:—A few of the stockholders of the Boston Theatre are unwilling that the occasion of Mrs. John Wood's benefit should pass without some testimonial on their part of the high appreciation of her merits. She appeared on your stage a stranger, unheralded and unsupported by any transatlantic fame. Her uniform and successful efforts to please, make her one of the bright particular stars in your brilliant constellation. Be kind enough to present to her, on our behalf, the accompanying Diamond Bracelet and Ring, with our best wishes for her future happiness and prosperity, and the sincere hope that she may long continue with us.

Accept, dear sir, our best wishes for your own success and the continued prosperity of your beautiful theatre.

We remain, dear sir, truly your friends.

Mrs. Wood was serenaded at the Winthrop House after the performances at the theatre were over.

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE. English papers mention the suicide of a Mr. Royston, who, ten years ago, was worth 150,000 pounds sterling, which he has since squandered in the gratification of his appetite. He had agents in China, Mexico, Canada, and other places to supply him with the rarest delicacies—and a single dish, sometimes, cost him fifty pounds. At length, on the 15th of last April, nothing was left him but a solitary guinea, a shirt and a battered hat. He bought a woodcock with the guinea, which he had served up in the highest style of the culinary art. He gave himself two hours for an easy digestion, and then jumped into the Thames, from Westminster bridge.

The Few.

I care not for the "coming man,"
Nor fear the coming woman!
The one who does the best he can,
He is the greatest—the true man.

They are but few.

No "lower crust," no "upper ten"—
No "uppertown" know they—
No rank at all but rank of men,
Just 'neath the angels show they—

The lofty few.

Condemned unheard, misunderstood,
They glide along the valley,
Few know the good they do—or would—
Around whom angels rally;

The unknown few.

How still they move! the noisy world
Goes round as if without them:
From fortune's wheel they're often whirled
With scarce a shred about them;

The suffering few.

Some drag diseases length'ning chains,
Some chafe with vain endeavor,
And some live down a life long pain
Triumphant late—forever
Victorious few.

I care not for mighty man;
I worship not the many,
Contented with the lowly span
That gains me love of any;

The loving few.

THE OLD QUEEN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

In a small but magnificent cabinet of Hampton Court, sat Elizabeth, the stern old monarch of England. Upon her forehead—darkening the furrows of age—a frown lowered ominously. Her eyes were vivid in their expression, and her thin lips clung together with the tenacity of stern and long endured passion—the iron passion of age, in which there is so much pain.

Around her was everything beautiful and costly enough to gratify even her queenly pride and fastidious taste; hangings of rare old tapestry—cushions glowing with crimson and gold—ebony tables carved to a network and woven over with gold, supporting vases and caskets of the same precious metal, in which the royal jewels were occasionally flung—birds of paradise, preserved in all the brilliancy of their flowing plumage—and many a rare curiosity from the East filled the royal cabinet. A Persian carpet, gorgeous with arabesque and flowers, covered a small portion of the floor, and upon this stood the great ebony chair, cushioned with purple velvet, in which the old queen was seated. The light from a large crystal window fell upon her wrinkled brow, shaded, not by the cold and wintry gray of age, but with false ringlets of sunny gold, surmounted by a small crown.

Over her bowed but still majestic figure a robe of glowing crimson fell, wave after wave, till it lay a mass of mingled velvet, ermine and jewels, over the cushion on which her foot was pressed. Her withered neck, and the small pale hand, that rested on the arm of her chair, were one blaze of jewels that only kindled up the ravages of time they were intended to conceal. Before her stood a small cabinet of silver, encrusted with a Mosaic of precious stones, whereupon lay a jewelled pen and a roll of vellum that seemed to have been freshly written upon.

Everything in the palace seemed moving on with the slow and regular magnificence that always surrounded the Queen. Through an open door which led to the ante-chamber of her withdrawing-room, several pages and yoemen of the guard, in their crimson vestments and golden roses, were moving about with the listless and indifferent air of persons on easy duties.

Beyond, might be seen the maids of honor and ladies in attendance, gliding through the gorgeous apartments with that hushed and reverential manner which always bespoke their close neighborhood to royalty. But now even more than usual silence prevailed among the high-born beauties. Many a wistful glance was cast through the open door, and the color paled on each fair cheek, as the old Queen sat with that stern frown upon her features, gazing upon the roll of parchment that her minister Cecil, had just brought for her signature. She reached forth her hand, took up the parchment and slowly unrolling it, began to read. The light lay broad upon her face—and those who gazed upon it, saw that a slight change fell upon her features. Some memory seemed busy with her heart—and, heaving a deep sigh, she laid the parchment down upon the cabinet; and while her hand rested on the edge, allowed it to roll together again, while she fell into a deep thought.

All at once Elizabeth seemed to remember that she was not entirely alone. The form that had been gradually bowed as with oppressing thought, was straightway uplifted. She turned her eagle eyes upon the door, and rising, swept across the room, and closed it with her own hand. And now her aged features were sorely troubled; alternate flashes of fierce passion, and tenderness that seemed almost as wild, shot from her eyes. Great emotion swept aside the infirmities of age for a moment, and she paced the floor of her cabinet with a quick and imperious tread that had been so conspicuous in her first queenly days.

"Why is he thus stubborn?" she muttered, clasping her hands, and then dashing them apart, as if ashamed of the feminine act. "He has the ring!—he has the ring, and yet sends it

not! To save his own life, will he not bend that stubborn will—and to his Queen, his loving, too loving mistress?" These words seemed to overwhelm the haughty woman with recollections of the past; a tear started to her eye, and with something of lofty pride, she added—"But if the loss of our love and favor bowed him not, what can be hoped from the fear of death? Is that stronger than—than—?" Elizabeth did not finish the sentence, but sinking into her chair, pressed one hand over her eyes, and tears gushed through the jewels that burned upon it.

And Elizabeth gave free course to the tears, that she might indulge in secret without detriment to her queenly pride; for that moment she was all the woman—a weak, trembling disappointed old woman—in whose wrung heart tenderness had conquered pride. Essex, the petted favorite—the lover of her age—it was his death-warrant that her counsellors had laid before

her. The pen was ready; the deathly black ink welled to the top of her golden standish; the vellum was before her, and lacked nothing but the royal signature. She arose, and while her hands and face were wet with tears, snatched up the scroll with a burst of passionate feeling, and trampled it under her foot.

"May thy Queen perish with thee, Essex—my best, last beloved—if her hand touches this death-paper!" she cried, in a voice that reached the ante-room. "What if thy proud stomach does refuse to send the token—Elizabeth can forgive the pride her favor has fostered. The lowest man may take life, but mercy is a royal prerogative. Let them gibe, if they dare, and say that the Queen could not shed the blood of him she loved. Ha! what intrusion is this?" she added, crushing the vellum beneath her foot, and dashing aside the tear that hung on her cheek. "Who dares thus force themselves on our privacy?"

As she spoke, Elizabeth drew herself up with more than legal majesty, and awaited the approach of two females dressed in deep mourning, who came tremblingly toward her; one, a tall and beautiful woman, in the full bloom and summer of life, but pale from emotion, and trembling like an aspen leaf, in every delicate limb, seemed to grow desperate as she met the eagle eyes of the Queen; clasping her hands with a sort of wild and timid grace, she sprang forward and fell at Elizabeth's feet.

"My Lady of Essex, here—here in our very presence!—and you also, Lady Blunt—or Leicester—or Essex—for of your many husbands, dame, we are puzzled to know whose name be seems you. Have you not both received our command not to approach the court?"

"We did receive it, most gracious Lady—most august Queen," cried the elder female, kneeling by her young and beautiful daughter-in-law, and speaking with that subdued and touching pathos that seems born of the troubled waters in a heart that has been long in breaking. "We did receive it; but despair has made us bold. God, in His mercy, touch your heart in our behalf—for we have no hope save in this disobedience!"

The thin lips of Elizabeth Tudor curled with a cruel and haughty smile. Her rivals—the two rivals of her youth and of her age—were at her feet. The widow of Leicester, her first favorite—the wife of Essex, her last. Ah, how cruelly her heart exulted in the triumph of that moment! how hard and stern it grew with thought of revenge! An oath broke from her, and she replied, with bitter violence:

"Then in this disobedience let hope perish!"

"Oh, say not so, great Queen—say not so!" cried the Countess of Essex, lifting her beautiful face from the floor, where it had fallen, in the bitter anguish of her first repulse. "He has been rash—headstrong; but there is not in all England a heart more loyal, nor one that loves your august person so truly."

"Ay," replied Elizabeth, with a bitter sneer, "he proved it by weding with thy baby face!" "But that he had never seen it!" cried the beautiful woman, in a passion of bitter anguish, and burying the reviled features in her hands—for she saw that their very loneliness pleaded against her. "God help me!—I know not how to plead his cause! Will nothing save him?—Great Queen, will nothing save him?"

Again that face was lifted from the clasped hands, and the mass of golden ringlets in which it had been for a moment buried. Oh, how piteous, how full of sorrow, were those deep blue eyes, those tender and tremulous lips!

The old Queen shook off the passionate grasp which the wretched woman had fixed upon her garments, and drawing back, bent her keen and disdainful eyes on the poor suppliant, but she made no answer; and Lady Essex read her fate too truly in those stern features. Her hands dropped, and her head sunk forward on her bosom, from which the last gleam of hope had gone forth.

And now the widow of Leicester—the mother of Essex—grew desperate in her anguish. As Elizabeth turned from the lovely form of her last rival to the faded beauty of Essex's mother, a shade of more gentle feeling stole over her face. In those sad and withered features there was nothing to excite envy, or outrage her own self-love. If Elizabeth was old, the suppliant at her feet had also outlived all the bloom and brightness of youth, and a bitter sorrow added its pallor to the marks that time had left.

"And you," said Elizabeth, "methought years ago the Countess of Leicester was informed that her presence would at all times be unwelcome to Elizabeth Tudor."

"I have come," said the Countess, in a voice of meek humility, pathetic with sorrow, but how unlike the passionate grief of Lady Essex! "I have come, knowing that my presence must always be hateful to your Highness."

"And why hateful, pray?" cried the Queen, with a haughty sneer.

"Alas, I know not; for I have ever been an humble and loving subject,—a—a—"

The poor lady paused, for there was something in the Queen's eye that warned her not to tread upon the ground of difference that existed between them. She bent her forehead till it almost touched Elizabeth's feet, and her demeanor was full of humility.

"I know, your Highness, I know that with this bent form and aching heart I am no longer deemed worthy of that displeasure which sent the most faithful and loyal subject that ever Queen had, to his grave, and now threatens all that is left to me—my last husband and noble son—with a darker death. Oh, that I could but die to save them! How willingly would I be stricken down here at your Majesty's feet!"

There was something in this speech that seemed to move the old Queen. The angry expression of her mouth relaxed a little, and turning her eyes away, she seemed to meditate.

"Oh, Lady, look on me! Am I not sufficiently bereaved?" cried the mother of Essex, sweeping back the raven hair from her temples, where many a silver thread was woven. "My youth was clouded by your displeasure. Must its blight press me to the grave? If so, let me perish, but save my son!"

Still the Queen seemed to ponder; she evidently heard nothing that her rival was saying.

"I was his mother," continued the unhappy woman, "and loved him as only a mother can love. Yet, when he found favor with your Highness—when I saw that his heart was lured by your generous condescension, till even his own mother was as nought, compared to the worship which he lavished upon his Queen, I rejoiced in the sacrifice, and surrendered him willingly—but to death, oh, not to death! Great Queen, say that he is not rendered up to that! It were a cruel return for such love."

Elizabeth was now greatly disturbed; she withdrew her garments gently from the suppliant's grasp, and sat down. Once more the woman grew strong against the Queen.

"Your son was a traitor," she said, "taken with arms in his hands—he has had a fair trial, and death is but justice!"

"He loved you, lady, and your continued displeasure drove him mad!" pleaded the mother, searching eagerly for some shadow of hope in the dim eyes of Elizabeth. "When you condemn him, I can but answer—he was guilty, but he loved you beyond all earthly things."

"Beyond all earthly things!" cried the Queen, turning her eyes upon the Countess of Essex, who still knelt upon the carpet, pale and hopeless.

The wretched young Countess lifted her eyes at these words, and a mournful smile crossed her lips.

"Spare but his life," she said, "and I will never see him more—I can give him up—but not to the block—oh God—not to the block!" and, shuddering from head to foot, she sank to her old position again.

The Queen glanced at her with a sort of impatient motion of the head, and then turning to her cabinet, took up a slip of parchment, and wrote upon it. "Take this," she said, reaching it toward the elder Countess; "it is an order for your admission to the Tower. Go and see your son."

The Countess of Essex almost sprang to her feet, but sunk down again as she met the stern eyes of Elizabeth, who, remarking the eager joy that sparkled over her face, coldly added: "Go and see your son—but go alone, and when you leave the Tower, come back hither, and then our answer to your prayer shall be given!"

The Dowager Countess took the order, and cast a supplicating glance from the face of the tortured young wife—which was pale and wild with sudden emotions—to that of the Queen.

"The Lady Essex will remain here," she said, with cruel deliberation, and a grim smile crept over her mouth as she marked the air of keen disappointment with which the poor creature watched her mother-in-law as she rose to depart.

"Oh, for sweet mercy's sake, let me go with her," cried the agonized wife, as her companion in misery moved toward the door. Mother—mother—plead for me."

"Go!" said the Queen, sternly, waving her hand. "The Countess of Essex will await you here."

Still upon her knees, the unhappy wife of Essex watched her mother-in-law as she opened the door and disappeared. Her lips were parted, and her eyes grew wild and eager like those of a newly-prisoned bird, when he seeks to dart through the wires of his cage. The Queen watched her narrowly, and that cold smile deepened around her lips. She found inhuman satisfaction in the torture which she was inflicting on the young and suffering wife whom Essex had dared to marry against her own imperious will. The humble position which the suppliant dared not change, unbidden, even if weakness had not chained her to the floor—the look of keen disappointment that settled on her eloquent face, were all sources of cruel pleasure to the iron-hearted Elizabeth. Her revenge on the

youth and beauty that had won the love of Essex from herself, seemed almost perfect. Notwithstanding his contumacy and his pride, she could have pardoned him then, but for the thought that her clemency must re-unite him to that beautiful young wife.

For some considerable time, Elizabeth sat fostering her revengeful jealousy in silence. Lady Essex had almost fallen upon the floor, and cowered, rather than knelt, at her enemy's feet. She seemed withered to the heart by the cruel scorn with which her petition for mercy had been received.

At last the Queen arose, and entered her bed-chamber, into which the cabinet opened. With her, all struggle was ended; she had resolved how to act, and left the room with a slow but imperious tread, leaving the poor wife faint and heart-sick with suspense.

Half an hour after, the Queen was in her audience chamber, receiving some foreign ambassadors with more than her usual elaborate courtesy; but the reception soon became wearisome, and her heart grew heavy beneath its weight of jewels. She had offered Essex a last chance for life. Would his pride yield? Would he take advantage of his mother's visit to forward the ring that she had given him years before, as a pledge, that, in any extremity, she would be merciful to him? She began to fear that he might still hold out—that his haughty pride would bend only beneath the keen edge of the axe. Then another doubt entered her heart and fired it with fierce passions again. What if Essex no longer possessed the ring? What if he had parted with her gift as a love-token to some other woman? This doubt became insupportable; and, as she stood there in all the pomp of her regal state, it fastened on her like a bird of prey; she could not shake it off; and when Elizabeth returned to her closet hours after, she was almost as much an object of compassion as the wretched woman whom she had forgotten there.

The Countess of Essex had been long in that gorgeous little room all the time that Elizabeth was occupied with her court. The torturing suspense of each miserable hour as it crept by, no pen can describe. She had neither strength nor courage to go away, and seating herself upon one of the crimson chairs, remained motionless and heart-sick, waiting for her destiny.

It came at last, for the old Queen entered her cabinet, having dismissed her ladies in waiting, at the door. She too was suffering the stern torture of suspense, and had come there for rest and solitude. The unhappy Countess arose as she saw the Queen. Her clasped hands dropped meekly downwards, and her lips grew pallid, as she was preparing herself for some cruel taunt, some bitter sneer, from the royal lips.

But if Elizabeth could have found it in her heart to increase the affliction that oppressed the poor suppliant, she had no time for such cruelty. Scarcely had she reached her chair, when an aged gentlewoman of the bed-chamber opened the door, and announced—"The Lady Blunt, Countess Dowager of Leicester." This lady seemed completely exhausted with the terrible sorrows of that weary day. She approached the Queen, tottering in her walk, and knelt at her feet.

"Well," said Elizabeth sharply, for she was anxious almost as the suppliant at her feet, "our order admitted you doubtless—and your son: felt he a proper sense of our clemency in granting the visit?"

"He was grateful, and upon his bended knees besought many a blessing upon the mistress who could thus send comfort to an offending servant. He—"

"But the ring—the ring! Why talk of lesser things, woman? If Essex is in truth a penitent, he has sent the ring given with our own hand, under a solemn pledge of mercy, even though his crime were deserving death. If he has sent the ring, render it up at once. It should plead his cause against our council—nay, against all England!"

"Alas, alas!" said the Countess, "he gave me no ring!"

"Nor mentioned one?" said the Queen, still in a sharp, anxious voice.

"Nor mentioned one," was the faint and heart-broken reply.

"Then God have mercy upon him, for I will we none!"

Elizabeth stooped as she spoke, and took up a roll of parchment, which still lay where she had trampled it on the carpet. She laid it upon silver cabinet, slowly smoothing it out with her hands; very pale those hands were, and so was her face, but every feature seemed ed with fierce resolution: she was calm and as death.

When the parchment was smoothed, Elizabeth took a pen from the standish before her, and, without a tremor or the pause of a moment, set her signature. A cry of terrible anguish broke from the two women as they saw her take the pen, and they cast themselves at her feet, clinging wildly to her robe.

Elizabeth took no heed, but appended the usual bold flourishes to her signature, and touched a little bell that stood upon the cabinet.

"Take this to the Lord Chancellor, and see that the great seal is affixed," she said to the person who entered—"then conduct these ladies from the palace, and see that they enter it no more."

"That parchment!" cried the Countess of Essex, following the man, as he went forth, with her wild eyes—"Great Queen, in mercy say it is not—it is not—"

The wretched wife could not finish the question that she had begun; her lips seemed turned to ice, and her breath choked her.

"It is the Earl of Essex' death-warrant," said Elizabeth, rising sternly up. "Go!"

She lifted her withered finger, and pointed toward the door.

The young wife knelt motionless, frozen as it were with the horrid truth that had been told her; but the mother of Essex stood up; her lips were ashen, her eyes had a terrible light in them.

"Elizabeth of England! the Great God of Heaven will call you to judgment for this act!"

Before the Queen had rallied from the awe with which these words had filled even her undaunted spirit, Lady Blunt had raised her daughter-in-law from the floor.

"My daughter, let us go. Henceforth we must only trust to the God who will avenge us."

A moment after, and the old Queen was alone.

CHAPTER II.

It was done; the axe had fallen. The Queen's dignity was saved, and her heart broken. She was at her harpsichord when they brought her tidings of Essex' execution. Her face was turned from the light, and no one saw the spasm of pain that convulsed its stern lineaments. She did not pause even for an instant, but her hand was dashed violently on the instrument, sending forth a harsh, sharp note, that was almost a wail, and then the soft music gushed forth again, sweetly, as if nothing had happened.—Alas, how slight are sometimes the indications which a proud heart allows the world to see of those struggles that pass through the soul like an earthquake! That moment had left the haughtiest woman, and the most imperious queen that trod the soil of England, utterly desolate.

* * * * *

"What ho! what ho! Who claims admittance to the palace at this late hour?" cried the yoeman of the guard, as he arose an hour after midnight, to answer an abrupt summons at the great portal which opened to the Thames. A few words from without, of explanation and entreaty, soon prevailed upon the guard to admit the untimely visiter, who paused by the entrance, and, taking the yoeman on one side, spoke to him earnestly for some moments.

"What! the old Countess of Nottingham dying, and would have speech with her grace?" exclaimed the royal door-keeper. "Why, think you the Queen would arise from her couch at this hour of the night, and risk her sacred person on the water at the behest of fifty dying countesses?"

"I tell you," rejoined the man, whose face was pale with excitement, "I tell you this message of my dying mistress must be brought to her majesty; there is that in it which the boldest man in England dare not keep from Elizabeth an instant. As you value your life, friend, do nothing to hinder me in deliverance of my mission. The soul of my poor mistress will wrestle sorely with the body till I bring back tidings to the death-bed. I must see the Queen!"

"Be it so, then, as your business is so momentous," cried the yoeman; "I will lead you to the ante-room, and arouse some of the ladies—but remember, if evil comes of this I will not hold myself responsible. The man should be bold, and the business weighty, that disturbs Elizabeth from her slumbers at this hour."

"The business is weighty, and the scene that I have witnessed this night is enough to make a man brave any earthly peril without shrinking. What is it to ask an audience here, when my poor mistress is summoned before the King of Kings!"

"Have you a letter, or bring you only a message by word of mouth?" said the yoeman, still hesitating, though the agitation of his untimely visiter had made a strong impression upon him.

"Here is the letter!" cried the man, taking a large square missive from his bosom, sealed with the Nottingham arms in black. "Hasten, good friend—hasten, I beseech you, and give it the Queen. Heaven only knows what torture my wretched mistress will know till the errand is done!"

The guard seemed greatly relieved by this tangible and imposing excuse for disturbing the slumbers of his mistress. He took the letter, and passing through many a state-chamber and richly decorated gallery, paused in an ante-room, where half a dozen pages lay upon their couches asleep, some disrobed, and others muffled in mantles of azure velvet, and pillow'd upon their own perfumed ringlets.

"What ho!" cried the guard, shaking one of these pages by the arm, and half lifting him from the couch. "Arouse yourself, good master George, and rub open those blue eyes, without loss of time. Here is a letter, which you must give to one of the Queen's bed-chamber women this very instant. Say that it is a case of life and death. Do you hear, jackanapes?"

"Do I hear?" cried the lad, rubbing his eyes with a little hand, white as a lady's and sparkling with rings—"I should be deaf if it were otherwise. Why, man, your voice is like a trumpet. Do you guess what hour of the night it is? coming after this fashion to the very door of her majesty's chamber. This will make you a head shorter, some fine day, master yoeman!"

"Take the letter, and leave me to the care of my own head," replied the yoeman sharply.—"Give it to the first Lady of the Bed-chamber—and say that a messenger from the Countess of Nottingham awaits her majesty's pleasure here."

The lad took the letter, held it to the light of a large silver lamp that swung overhead, examined the seal minutely, and then turned his eyes with equal assurance upon the messenger, whose anxiety became each moment more apparent.

"It must be a pressing business, and if one may judge by the white face of our friend there, full of peril! No matter it shall not be said that the beloved of—the fairest and sweetest lady above the court—mind, master yoeman, I mention no name—ever allowed the peril of an enterprise to count anything with him. Rest content, good friend," he added, turning to the messenger, "I will find a lady, who, for my sake, would take upon herself greater danger than that of arousing the Queen at midnight; fortunately, you have chanced upon the only courtier who could have managed the matter for you."

"Well, jackanapes, get about the errand after your own fashion!" cried the yoeman, with an impatient laugh.

"Nay, you would not have me present myself before her without some preparation," said the youth, shaking the scented and glossy ringlets, with which his head was adorned, over his shoulders, and arranging the folds of his cloak with an air of the most perfect self-conceit. "Tell me, master yoeman—for, lacking a mirror, I must even take counsel of your ignorance—think you not this garment falls a trifle too much over the right shoulder? Let me step beneath the lamp that you may judge."

"Tush, boy! this is no time for such foppery. Begone upon thy errand, or I will find it in my heart to knock a portion of the conceit from that little body. Go—go! See you not our friend here is fast losing patience?"

This allusion to the messenger from Nottingham house was well authorized by the appearance of the man. Once or twice as if bereft of all patience by the boy's foppish air, he advanced a pace to take the letter from his hand, half determined to enter the Queen's chamber, and at all peril present it himself. His cheek grew more and more pale, and his eyes burned with anxiety that nothing could restrain, as the page turned his head superciliously over one shoulder to look at him after the yoeman's remark, still holding the letter carelessly between his thumb and finger. His impatience broke all bounds, He strode forward, and grasping the youth by the arm, gave him a slight shake—"You trifle with a message from the dying," he said sternly. "No more of this folly! Begone!"

The boy shook himself free, and with a petulant lift of the shoulder, muttered something about his cloak being forced awry; but there was something in the deep passion with which he had been addressed, that completely quelled his frivolous spirit, and without attempting any further excuse for delay, he left the chamber.

The Queen had been ill in health, and becoming daily more infirm, it was necessary that some one of her ladies should remain in attendance at night, ready at a moment's warning to answer her summons. Thus it was that the page, on entering the small ante-room, or rather boudoir, which led to the royal bed-chamber, found a lovely woman in full dress, but with a rich brocade dressing-gown thrown over her shoulders, sound asleep in a large easy-chair heaped with crimson cushions, upon which her fair head had fallen, crushing a mass of beautiful hair, that had cost an artist much labor that morning, beneath the warm roses of her cheek.

"Lady Arabella," whispered the page, stealing toward the fair slumberer, and sinking upon his knees while he touched the little hand that fell over an arm of the chair, timidly with his—"Lady Arabella."

His voice was very low—for the boy could hardly breathe, his agitation was so great. With all his audacious vanity he was timid as a child in the presence of purity and high-born loveliness like that. "Lady Arabella, I have a letter—I would speak with you!"

The lady started up in her chair, passed a hand over her eyes, as if to be quite sure that

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"Why, George, how is this? Here, and after midnight!" she said, gently, but with evident surprise, and some displeasure.

"Lady, I have brought this for her majesty," said the boy, holding up the letter with its broad black seal: "a messenger has just arrived from Nottingham house. He says the Countess is dying."

"Dying!" exclaimed the Lady Arabella.

"Aye, dying; and the messenger says the lady, in her extremity, *will* have speech with the Queen—that this letter *must* be given to her majesty even now!"

"It cannot be," said the Lady Arabella, putting back the letter with her hand—"our royal mistress is ill at ease, since—since his death, she gets but little sleep. I dare not disturb her!"

"Shall I take the letter back?" said the page, rising. "The man is waiting without."

"Yet if the poor Countess is in such a strait—if she is in truth dying!" said the gentle lady, reluctant to refuse that which she, nevertheless, had not the courage to undertake—

"Who speaks of dying?—what is it? Who speaks of dying?" cried a sharp voice from the royal bed-chamber. "Arabella—Arabella!"

"Hush! it is the Queen. Give me the letter!" whispered the lady, and she entered an adjoining chamber.

Elizabeth had half risen, and leaned upon her elbow in the midst of her huge bed—her face looked haggard in the crimson shadows cast downward from the cumbrous hangings, and her head shook with an almost imperceptible tremor, that partook both of the infirmities of age, and of the terror that sometimes follows unpleasant dreams. Locks of gray hair streamed down from her night-coif, and she clutched the damask counterpane with a hand that shook like an aspen as it crushed the glowing folds together.

"Did I dream?—I did dream of the dead!" she exclaimed, bending her keen eyes upon the lady, as she entered, and sinking slowly back to her pillow. "Of the dead—the dying!—The Countess of Nottingham—who told me the Countess of Nottingham was dying?"

"Your highness must have been disturbed by the messenger that just come up from Nottingham house with this letter," said the Lady Arabella, kneeling by the royal couch. "The hour was so untimely, that I was about to send him back again."

"Give me the letter," cried Elizabeth, starting up, and seizing the folded parchment fiercely, as a bird of prey clutches its spoil—"I tell you, Arabella, I have dreamed things to-night that make the sundering of this seal terrible!" and with shaking hands, the Queen burst the black seal and tore it apart.

She cast her keen eyes over its contents, and dashing the letter aside, sprang to the floor—"Yon' garments, Arabella; bring yon' garments, and robe me," she cried in a voice that was low, but fearfully concentrated. "Quick, quick!—No ruff—no farthingale, but a cloak and hood—one for yourself, too. Who waits in the antechamber?"

"The page, young George Pagot, one of your highness' yoemen, and the messenger from Nottingham house."

"It is enough! Let the boy go with us—the boy and yourself—that will be sufficient escort for Elizabeth on an errand like this."

"Shall I tell George to give orders that the royal barge be prepared?" said the Lady Arabella.

"No—send hither the messenger."

"Hither?" questioned Arabella, mindful of the disarray which the royal person still exhibited.

"Yes—here, and thus!" replied Elizabeth, and a bitter smile swept over her face as she interpreted the look of her attendant.

Filled with wonder that almost amounted to consternation, Arabella went forth to summons the messenger. Elizabeth received him at the door of her chamber. She had folded a cloak around her person, but the hood was thrown back, and with nothing but her gray hair veiling the aged brow that had never been presented to the gaze of mortal man before, without the disguise of art and a blaze of jewels, she had put a few brief questions to him:

"Come you to the palace by water?"

"By water, may it please your highness," replied the man.

"And your barge is here?"

"It is now in waiting, and the tide serves."

"Lead on!" said the Queen. "Arabella, follow us with the boy: and you," she added, turning to the guard, "go attend us to the water, and then stir not from the gate till our return;" and the Queen walked on with a degree of strength and energy which startled those who had witnessed the feebleness that had marked the few last months of her life.

As they went forth into the open air, Arabella moved close to her royal mistress. "Let me draw the hood somewhat over your majesty's

head," she pleaded, for the wind was trifling with those snowy tresses, and it pained the young girl to see how careless the proud old Queen seemed of an exposure to which she had always been so sensitive.

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At last the barge drew up by a flight of steps that led to a spacious garden half surrounded by the wings of a fine old mansion-house. Through one of the tall windows a light streamed forth upon the blackness, faint and dim, as if some lamp placed there were just expiring.

"Go on to the sick room," said the Queen, as her conductor would have taken her to another apartment, that her presence might be announced. "Stay you below, Arabella; we will see this dying countess alone;" and, with a firm step, Elizabeth mounted the stairs, and found herself in the chamber of death.

A huge bed, canopied with masses of purple velvet, so deep tinted that it seemed black in the gloom, stood at an extremity of the chamber; and upon it lay the pale form of a woman struggling in her death-agony. A group of persons stood around the bed, silent and awe-stricken. Toward this group Elizabeth moved slow, upright, and majestic.

"It is the Queen!" cried the dying countess, lifting her thin hand. "God has had mercy! It is the Queen—and I can now die!"

"Leave us," said Elizabeth, waving her hand. The next moment she stood alone with the dying.

"Countess of Nottingham you have sent for the Queen—and she is here. What have you to say of Essex? In what can your death-bed confessions concern one whose fate is now sealed?"

The Countess of Nottingham clasped her pale hands, and held them imploringly toward the Queen. Those hands were almost transparent, and, as the light fell upon them, upon one of the fingers it revealed a ruby, glowing like a spark of fire upon it. Elizabeth's eyes fell upon the gem, and instantly she became pale as the woman who lay prostrate before her, pleading, with mute eloquence, for mercy.

"Woman," she said, grasping the pale hand of the dying countess, and bending her eyes close to the ruby, whose light made the heart tremble in her bosom: "Woman! how came you possessed of this ring?"

The Countess of Nottingham closed her eyes, to shut out the terrible anger that convulsed the aged face bending over her death-pillow; her lips moved again and again, before they could utter a word. At length she spoke, but feebly and very low. The Queen bent her head close to those pale lips, that her thirsty ear might drink in every syllable of the confession they were whispering.

She held her breath—and a wild, fierce expression, like that of a wounded eagle, came to her eyes. When all was told—when the dying woman opened her eyes, and, with a look of most touching entreaty, besought mercy for the fraud which had brought the noble head of Essex to the block—then the volcano which her words had lighted in the old Queen's heart, blazed forth. Elizabeth stood upright: the infirmities of age were swallowed up in her mighty wrath: her lips grew livid—her eyes burned as with fire—and every nerve in her body seemed hardening into iron.

"Mercy!" she cried, in a voice shrill with anguish and wrath; "Woman! God may forgive you, but I never will!"

The wretched countess, terrified even in her death-throes, cowered down and groveled in her bed. "Oh, God! wilt thou too withhold mercy?" broke from her shivering lips.

"Mercy!" whispered the old Queen—for wrath made her voice very low, and she spoke between her locked teeth—"Mercy!" and, mad with anguish, she seized the dying woman and shook her, till the huge couch, with its gloomy masses of velvet and its dusky plumes, trembled in every joint.

When the old Monarch withdrew her hands from this unqueenly act, they dropped helplessly by her side, for she saw that her violence had done sacrifice to the dead.

Ten minutes went by, during which Elizabeth stood over the death-couch; then she turned away, and passing from the chamber, descended the stairs, waving a hand for her young attendants to follow. When Elizabeth entered the dwelling, she wore no jewel of any kind; but, as the light fell upon her hand in going forth, Arabella saw that a ruby blazed upon one of the fingers.

It was night when the Queen of England entered her own palace again—night upon the earth, and night in her own heart. She could scarcely walk while passing through the palace grounds, and leaned heavily upon the arm of Lady Arabella all the way to her own chamber. Within the solitude of her room she sat till morning—her face pale and rigid, her limbs bowed as with a heavy weight—gazing intently upon the ring, which burned like a blood-spot on her finger—a blood-spot—and so it was. That ring she had given to Essex, when highest in her favor, with a promise that, let his fault be what it might, forgiveness should follow its presentation to her. He had sent the ring a few days before his execution, by the wretched Countess of Nottingham, who withheld it in fraud—and, by this treachery, Elizabeth became the executioner of one whom she loved better than life.

And now that he was dead, the ring had reached her from the hand of death. Was it strange that the old Queen never smiled again—that henceforth she called for a staff to support her as she walked about the palace—or that, in a few weeks she lay upon the cushions heaped in her chamber, weary, heart-sick—afraid to die, and yet dying?

COURTING IN CHURCH.

An eccentric rector remarked a gentleman at church who was not a parishioner, but who, Sunday after Sunday, placed himself in a pew adjoining that of a young widow. On the first occasion, he detected him slyly drawing the lady's glove from off the back of the pew where she was accustomed to place it; (her hand and arm were delicately fair.) By-and-by, the lady's prayer-book fell—of course, accidentally—from the edge of her pew into the gentleman's. He picked it up—found a leaf turned down—and scanned a passage which evidently caused a smile of complacency. Our minister saw all their movements, and continued to watch them with a scrutinizing eye for two successive Sundays. On the third, as soon as the collects were read, and while the beadle yet obsequiously waited to attend him to the chancel, our eccentric pastor, in a strong and distinct voice, said:

"I publish the bands of marriage between M— and H, (deliberately pronouncing the names of the parties.) If any of you know any just cause," &c.

The eyes of the whole congregation were turned on the widow and the gay Lothario; the lady suffused with blushes, and the gentleman crimsoned with anger; she fanning herself with vehemence, and he opening and shutting the pew-door with rage and violence. The minister, meanwhile, proceeded through his accustomed duties, with the same decorum and ease as if perfectly innocent of the agitation he had excited. The sermon was preached and the service ended, away to the vestry rush the parties at the heels of the pastor.

"Who authorized you, sir, to make such a publication of bands?" demanded they both in a breath.

"Authorized me?" said he, with a stare that heightened their confusion.

"Yes, sir, who authorized you?"

"Oh!" said the minister, with a sly glance alternately at each, "if you don't approve of it, I'll forbid the bands next Sunday."

"Sir," said the lady, "you have been too officious already—nobody requested you to do any such thing; you had better mind your own business."

"Why, my pretty dear," said he, patting her on the cheek, "what I have done is all in the way of business, and if you do not like to wait for three publications, I advise you, sir, (turning to the gentleman) to procure the license, the ring, and the fee, and then the whole may be settled as soon as to-morrow."

"Well," replied the gentleman, addressing the lady, "with your permission I will get them, and we may be married in a day or two."

"Oh, you may do as you please," pettishly, yet nothing loth, replied the widow.

It was a day or two after that the license was procured. The parson received his fee, the bridegroom his bride, and the widow for the last time threw her glove over the pew, and it was afterwards said, all parties were satisfied.

COL. BENTON'S OPINION OF THE TELEGRAPH TO CALIFORNIA. Col. Benton being so strong an advocate of the Pacific railroad, is of course opposed to the project of a subterranean telegraph to California. In Congress, a few days since, he said—"These Digger Indians have long, slender sticks with a hook at the end—the object is to pursue the lizard running into a hole and bring it out with hook. Put down your fifteen hundred or two thousand miles of telegraph, and they will dig up and cut up the wire, every inch of it, and make of it hooks to pull out lizards."

THE BEWILDERED BARBER.

The worthy Monsieur Tonson, a French barber, who, failing to find sufficient custom in his own country, was forced to emigrate to "la sauvage Amerique," and having, accordingly, established himself in one of our large cities, was quietly sitting in his shop, one morning, shortly after his arrival, when he was agreeably aroused from his meditation by the entrance of a customer.

The individual referred to was a large, brawny man, bearing upon his face a beard of apparently not less than a week's growth.

He was quickly ensconced in M. Tonson's comfortable arm-chair, and as the worthy barber was no mean proficient in the art which he professed, a few minutes found his face considerably cleaner than before.

The fee was paid, and the customer departed. It was a dull day for trade, and perhaps an hour elapsed before the entrance of another.

But what was our barber's astonishment—we had almost said dismay—when it proved to be the same man who but a little while previous had left the shop clean shaved. Now, so far as M. Tonson could perceive,

Biography of the Widow Billings, the Boarding House Keeper.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

Old Mr. Bumstead had been with us perhaps a fortnight, when he called me aside one morning, as we were leaving the breakfast table, and whispered in my ear,—"Madam, will you allow me a moment's private interview?"

"Certainly, sir," I replied, "let us walk into the parlor."

The old gentleman appeared singularly agitated, and, for the life of me, I could not conjecture what was coming, when he began with—

"Madam, between twelve and one o'clock last night, I heard a most extraordinary noise in my closet."

"Ah?" said I, somewhat alarmed, "what seemed to be the cause of it, sir?"

"Well, madam," (and here his voice fell into a whisper,) "if you had not told me that the house was a new one, I think you said the plastering was hardly dry when you moved in, last fall,) I should make bold to say there were mice in the walls—yes marm, mice!"

It was with difficulty that I could control my countenance as I answered,—"Really, Mr. Bumstead, I think that must be impossible. However, I will inform the landlord—"

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"Aye, dying; and the messenger says the lady, in her extremity, *will* have speech with the Queen—that this letter *must* be given to her majesty even now!"

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"Shall I take the letter back?" said the page, rising. "The man is waiting without."

"Yet if the poor Countess is in such a strait—if she is in truth dying!" said the gentle lady, reluctant to refuse that which she, nevertheless, had not the courage to undertake—

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"Hush! it is the Queen. Give me the letter!" whispered the lady, and she entered an adjoining chamber.

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threw her glove over the pew, and it was after-

wards said, all parties were satisfied.

COL. BENTON'S OPINION OF THE TELEGRAPH TO CALIFORNIA. Col. Benton being so strong an advocate of the Pacific railroad, is of course opposed to the project of a subterranean telegraph to California. In Congress, a few days since, he said—"These Digger Indians have long, slender sticks with a hook at the end—the object is to pursue the lizard running into a hole and bring it out with a hook. Put down your fifteen hundred or two thousand miles of telegraph, and they will dig up and cut up the wire, every inch of it, and make of it hooks to pull out lizards."

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THE BEWILDERED BARBER.

The worthy Monsieur Tonson, a French barber, who, failing to find sufficient custom in his own country, was forced to emigrate to "la sauvage Amerique," and having, accordingly, established himself in one of our large cities, was quietly sitting in his shop, one morning, shortly after his arrival, when he was agreeably aroused from his meditation by the entrance of a customer.

The individual referred to was a large, brawny man, bearing upon his face a beard of apparently not less than a week's growth.

He was quickly ensconced in M. Tonson's comfortable arm-chair, and as the worthy barber was no mean proficient in the art which he professed, a few minutes found his face considerably cleaner than before.

The fee was paid, and the customer departed. It was a dull day for trade, and perhaps an hour elapsed before the entrance of another.

But what was our barber's astonishment—we had almost said dismay—when it proved to be the same man who but a little while previous had left the shop clean shaved. Now, so far as M. Tonson could perceive, his face was quite as thickly settled as before.

"Quelle miracle!" ejaculated the amazed Frenchman, as he mechanically made preparations for shaving him once more. "This must be a wonderful country, surely, if in one little hour a beard so long grow."

Notwithstanding his wonder, however, he performed the operation with as much fidelity as before, and once more the customer emerged from M. Tonson's shop with a clean chin. The worthy barber would like to have questioned him, but his customer appeared taciturn, and did not encourage any conversation, save what was necessary.

M. Tonson sat down, and began to reflect on the strangeness of this phenomenon. He had been but a week in America, and had not had time to observe for himself. It was, accordingly, with a thrill of horror that he began to fear that the climate might produce a similar effect upon him.

"What a brute! what a monster would it make of me!" murmured the poor Frenchman. "But no, it cannot be. He must be some person supernatural—perhaps"—and the Frenchman's brain rose in terror at the mere thought. "Perhaps he be devil—de old Harry himself."

His reflections were broken in upon by the entrance of a customer—and, good Heavens!—the same that the poor Frenchman had already twice shaved during the morning.

"I wish to be shaved," said he, coolly sinking into the chair.

"No—sacre—mon dieu!—no!" said the excited Frenchman. "I shave you once—I shave you twice—I shave you no more. You be de devil!"

"Is the man mad?" inquired his visitor. "I have never been in your shop before."

"I have shaved you twice, already, this morning," was the inflexible reply.

"Oh," said the customer, at length seeing through the barber's bewilderment, and at the same time laughing heartily; "I see—my two brothers have been here before me. They are as much like me as two peas, and I don't wonder at your mistake."

It is needless to say that M. Tonson's apprehensions were dissipated, and he did not scruple to exercise his art upon the no longer mysterious customer.—*Yankee Blade*.

PLEASANT.—Mr. Smith—"Well, Mrs. Mahony, I want my coat and vest to-day, as I am going out to dine."

Mrs. Mahony—"Indade, Mr. Smith, I'd be afther accommodating yez, but didn't I let my boy Mike wear 'em to Tim Flynn's wedding, and he won't be home the night; but depend upon it, yer honor shall have 'em by to-morrow noon."

Mr. Smith endeavors to be calm while he expresses his views of such a proceeding.

During the "Dorr war" in Rhode Island, a bill was brought in to "organize the army." This aroused from sleep an old man in one corner, who represented a town in the west of the State.

"Mr. Speaker," said he, "I tell you I am decidedly opposed to 'organizing' the army, as you call it. Our forefathers fit through the Revolution with nothin' but a drum and fife, and come off fust-best, too! I go ag'in 'organs.' They'll be dreadful onhandy things in battle, now I tell you!"

This was irresistible, and old "Aunt Rhody's army," we are informed, remains unorganized to this day.

obiography of the Widow Billings,
the Boarding House Keeper.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

Old Mr. Bumstead had been with us perhaps a fortnight, when he called me aside one morning, as we were leaving the breakfast table, and whispered in my ear,—"Madam, will you allow me a moment's private interview?"

"Certainly, sir," I replied, "let us walk into the parlor."

The old gentleman appeared singularly agitated, and, for the life of me, I could not conjecture what was coming, when he began with—

"Madam, between twelve and one o'clock last night, I heard a most extraordinary noise in my closet."

"Ah?" said I, somewhat alarmed, "what seemed to be the cause of it, sir?"

"Well, madam," (and here his voice fell into a whisper,) "if you had not told me that the house was a new one, (I think you said the plastering was hardly dry when you moved in, last fall,) I should make bold to say there were mice in the walls—yes marm, mice!"

It was with difficulty that I could control my countenance as I answered,—"Really, Mr. Bumstead, I think that must be impossible. However, I will inform the landlord."

"Impossible, marm? by no means!" exclaimed Mr. Bumstead, "I once heard of a man who distinctly saw a rat in his cellar—a large, full-grown rat, marm,—ere the house had been completed a month. Other cases, too, I have been told of—some of them, still more alarming.

Why, madam, these vermin, when beset with hunger, become perfectly ferocious. You can set no bounds to their depredations. They make no more of going through a thick brick wall, than you or I would make of jumping over an ordinary rail fence."

"Well sir," I remarked, "I will make a point of seeing the landlord this very forenoon on the subject."

"Do marm, I beg of you," said he, "for if I thought for one moment that my collars and shirt, (excuse me, marm!) were to be nibbled by mice, or my nose gnawed off, perchance, by rats, some night when I was asleep, I should most assuredly seek elsewhere for lodgings. Good morning, marm!"

A short time afterwards, Mr. Bumstead again called me aside, saying,—"A moment's private conversation, if you please, marm!"

I had an important engagement to meet that morning, I remember, and it was therefore with rather an ill grace, I suspect, that I sat down with the old man in the parlor.

But civility—politeness, even, (*forced* though it may be)—must be extended to the boarder "who pays," under any and all circumstances. That is a lesson I learned, long ere my career as a boarding-house keeper had reached its first quarter.

"Medem," said Mr. Bumsted, "I have a private, and, in my view, an exceedingly important question to put to you, upon this occasion. Permit me first, however, to shut the door." He rose accordingly, and, after looking into the hall to see, apparently, if there were eaves-droppers there, he carefully closed the door.

The proceeding, (will the reader pardon me the confession?) somewhat disconcerted me,—"my widowhood was yet green, and Mr. Bumsted was known to be what is termed a rich old bachelor."

"Madam," he continued, as he resumed his seat, "the question I wish to ask will give you no offence, I trust?"

"I presume not," I answered; modestly casting my eyes upon the floor.

"Well then, marm, pray tell me if Captain Brisk, whose chamber is directly over my bed-room, ever comes home at night a little tipsy—slightly elevated, as the young fellows call it?"

"Never sir, to my knowledge," I replied,—"Why, sir, do you make the enquiry?"

"Why, marm, last night, after I had been sleeping soundly for more than four hours, (as near as I could judge,) I was startled by a most extraordinary noise immediately over my head.

At first, I thought the roof was coming through, and, with that impression in mind, I leaped from the bed without nothing on my person but my robe de nuit, (excuse me marm!) with a view of dashing through the window.

But the noise suddenly ceased, and I speedily recovered my self-possession, and crept cautiously back to bed. Hardly, however, had I again cuddled between the sheets, when I heard a tremendous shout from Captain Brisk, [I am quite positive, marm, it was he,—there's no mistaking his voice,]—"I won't go home till morning! I wont go home till morning!—not till daylight doth appear!"

You may be assured I was seriously alarmed. I sat up in bed to see what was coming next. Presently, I heard another voice, [I think it came from that young Washington street clerk, who sleeps on the other side of the entry,] breaking out with,—"Get out the way, old Dan Tucker! Get out the way!"

Now, madam, if you can account for such an extraordinary tumult on any other hypothesis than that the captain, and the young clerk too, (as for that matter,) were in a state of elevation at that time, you have a perfect right to do so. My mind, however, is made up on the subject, and no argument that you may advance, however plausible at the first blush, will have a pin's weight with me. Good morning, madam!"

Oh, how I did laugh as the old man rose, and strutted from the room! I laughed till the tears ran, and should have clapped my hands and cried "Encore!" I verily believe, had not old Mrs. Stubb's come into the parlor, just at that moment, with a lap dog and knitting work.

Mr. Bumstead remained with us but a month or two longer. He went off quite suddenly, leaving a note on the parlor table worded:—

"Madame Billings, I find no fault with you personally, nor with your household arrangements, but the extraordinary noises I have heard, while staying in your otherwise comfortable mansion, compel me to look for another, and more quiet retreat."

With great respect, B. BUMSTED.

P. S. I consider Capt. Brisk a dangerous man, and the young clerk is travelling the road

MANAGEMENT.

[A YANKEE STORY.]

I have hearn folks say that the wimmin was contrary; well they is a leetle so, but if you manage 'em rite, hawl in here, and let 'em out there, you can drive 'em along without whip or spur, jest which way you want 'em to go.

When I lived down to Eltron, there was a good many fust rate gals down there, but I didnt take a likin to any on 'em, till Squire Cummins cum down there to live. The squire had a mighty puty darter. I sed sum of the gals was fust rate, but Nancy Cummins was fust rate, and a leetle more. There was many dressed finer and looked grander but there was sumthin jam about Nance, that they couldnt hold a candle to. If a feller seed her wunce, he couldnt look at another gal for a week. I tuk a likin to her rite off, and we got as thick as thieves. We had used to go to the same meetin, and sat in the same pew. It took me to find the sarms and hims for her, and we'd swell 'em out in a manner shockin to hardened sinners; and then we'd mosey hum together, while the gals and fellers kept a lookin on as though they'd like to mix in. I'd always stay to supper, and the way she cood make injun cakes, and the way I wood slick 'em over with molasses and put 'em away was nothin to nobody. She was dreadful civil tew, always gettin sumthin nice for me. I was up to the hub in love, and was going for it like a lokymotive. Well, things went on this way for a spell, till she thought she had me tite enough. Then she began to show off kinder independent like. When I'd go to the meetin, there was no room in the pew; when she'd come out she'd streak off with another chap, and leave me suckin my fingers at the door. Instead of stickin to me as she used to do, she got cuttin round with all the fellers jest as if she cared nuthin about me no more, none whatsumever. I got considerably riled and thort I mout as well cum to the end of it at wunce; so down I went to have it out with her; there was a hull grist of fellers there. They seemed mity quiet till I went in, then she got talkin all manner of nonsense, sed nothin to me, and darned little of that. I tried to keep my dander down, but it twarn't no use—I kep movin about as if I had a pin in my trowsers. I sweat as if I had bin thrashin. My collar hung down as if it had been hung over my stock to dry. I couldnt stand it, so I cleared out as quick as I cood, for I seed 'twas no use to say nothin to her. I went strate to bed, and tho' the matter over a spell; thinks I that gal is jest tryin of me; taint no us of our playin possum; I'll take the kink out of her; if I don't fetch her out of that high grass, use me for sassage meat. I hearn tell of a boy, wunce, that got to skewl late on Sunday mornin; master ses, you tarel sleepin cretur, what kep you so late? Why, ses the boy, it is so everlasting slippy out, I coodn't get along no how, every step I took forrad, I went two steps backward, and I coodn't have got here at all, if I hadn't turned back to go tother way. Now, that's jest my case. I have puttin after that gal considerable time. Now, thinks I, I'll go tother way—she's been slitting of me, now I'll slit her—what's sass for the goose is sass for the grader. Well, I went no more to Nancy's. Next Sabbath, I slicked myself up, and I dew say, when I got my fixins on, I took the shirt tail clean off of any specimen of human nature in our parts. About meeting time, off I put to Eltham Dodge's—Patience Dodge was as nice a gal as you'd see twixt here and yonder, any more than she wasn't jest like Nancy Cummins.—Ephraim Massey had used to go to see her; he was a clever feller, but he was dreadful jelus.—Well, I went to meetin with Patience, and sat right afore Nancy; I didn't set my eyes on her till after meetin; she had a feller with her who had a blazin red head, and legs like a pair of cumpasses; she had a face as long as a grace afore a thanksgivin dinner. I knowd who she was thinkin about, and twarnt the chap with the red head, nother. Well, I got boein Pa-

tience about a spell. Kept my eye on Nance, seed how the cat was jumpin; she didnt cut about like she did, and look'd rather solemnly, she'd g'in her tew eyes to kiss and make up. I kept it up until I liked to have got into a mess about Patience. The critter that I was goin arter her for good, and got as proud as a lame turkey.—

Won day Efe cum down to our place looking as rathy as a malishy offiser on a trainin day; look here, ses he, Seth Stokes, as loud as a small thunder clap, I'll be darned—. Hallo! ses I, what's broke? Why, ses he, I come down to have satisfaction about Patience Dodge, here I've been cortin her ever since last grass a year, and she was jest as good as mine till you come a goin arter her, and now I can't touch her with a forty foot pole. Why, ses I, what on earth are you talkin about? I aint got nothin to do with your gal, but spouse I had, there's nothing for you to get wolly about. If the gal has taken a likin to me, it aint my fault; if I've taken a likin to her taint her fault; and if we've taken a likin to one another, taint your fault, as you may suppose it is; but I aint so almighty taken with her, an you may get her for me, so you hadnt ought to get savage about nothin. Well, ses he, (rather cooled down,) I am the unluckiest thing in creation.

I went tother day to a place where there was an old woman died of the bots or sum suuh disease, and they were selling out her things. Well ses he, there was a thundering big chist of drawers full of all sorts of truck, so I bot it and thot I made a spec, but when I come to look at 'em, ther want nothin in it worth a cent except an old silver thimble, and that was all rusted up, so I sold it for less than I give for it; well when the chap that bot it tuck it home, he heerd sumthin rattle, broke the old chist, an found lots of gold an silver in it, in a false bottom I hadn't seen. Now if I'd tuck that chist hum, I'd never found that munny, or if I did, they'd bin all counterfeit, and I'd been tuck up for passin on 'em. Well I jest told Patience about it, when she rite up and called me a darned fool. Well, ses I, Efe that is hard, but never you mind that, jest go on, you can get her, and when you dew get her, you can file the rough edges off jest as you please; that tickled him, it did, an away he went a leetle better pleased. Now, thinks I, is time to look arter Nance. Next day, down I went. Nancy was all alone. I axed her if the squire was in, she said he warnt. Cos, ses I, (makin bleev I wanted him,) our colt sprained his foot, an I cum to see if the squire wont lend me his mare to go to town. She sed she gessed he

wood, better sit down till the squire comed in, down I sat; she looked sort a strange, an my heart fel queer all round the edges. Arter a wile, ses I, air you goin down to Betsy's Mastin's quillin? Sed she didn't know for sartin; are you a goin? Sed I reckoned I wood; ses she, I spouse you'd take Patience Dodge; sed I mout and again I mout not; ses she, I hearn you're goin to get married; ses I, shouln't wonder a bit, Patience is a nice gal, ses I. I looked at her. I seed the teers a cumin; ses I, may be she'll ax you to be bridesmaid; she riz rite up, she did, her face as red as a biled beet. Seth Stokes, ses she, and she cooldn't say any more, she was so full; wont you be bridesmaid, ses I; no, ses she, and she bust rite out; well then, ses I, if you wont be bridesmaid, will you be the bride—she looked up at me—I swan to man I never seen any thing so awful puty; I tuk rite hold of her han, yes or no, ses I, rite off. Yes, ses she; that's your sort, ses I, as I gin her a buss and a hug. I soon fixed matters with the squire. We soon hitched traces to trot in double harness for life, an never had cause to repent of my bargin. J. W.

Jan. 47 27

The Selfish and the Unselfish Boy.

BY MARY IRVING.

"Please, brother Phil!" Thus implored a little boy, who was standing behind the chair of a larger one on a freezing evening of November.

"I can't please now, and I won't please! So there, do you hear?" exclaimed the older, surly turning around in the great arm-chair in which he had seated himself to read the weekly newspaper. "Get off my rocker, there, or look out for your toes! I wish little boys wouldn't be always bothering one when one's busy!"

George, the "little boy" at whom this outburst of vexation was aimed, slunk away, looking sadly disappointed. He was a slender little fellow, about seven years old, with pale blue eyes, and light brown curls arching over a high white forehead. The big veins of his throat swelled as he tried to swallow his tribulation, and his eye-lids winked fiercely over two gathering hot drops, which Philip had taught him to consider a disgrace to his little manliness.

"I think Phil might be a bit clever! He knows how bad I want my sled," he said to himself; and suddenly one of the tear-drops, that had swelled too round for his eye to contain, fell down on the white ruffle of his checked blue apron. He brushed it away very quickly, and, with a glance at his dreaded brother, sidled back into the shade of the newspaper.

His little cousin, Henrietta, just then came skipping into the room, and turned the tide of his thoughts.

"Oh, Georgie, only see what I've got!" She held over her head a fried nut-cake, cut into something intended for the image of a hand, while she went on dancing, first on one foot, and then the other.

"Shut the door, young ones!" growled Master Philip, scowling from behind his paper.—"I should like to know what sent you romping in here. Clear out, can't you? and let me have a moment's peace of my life!"

The little girl tripped out, and Georgie followed her, asking—

"Oh, Etta, who gave you that hand-cake?"

"Sally to be sure. She is frying, down in the kitchen, and she has a whole pan full, let's go and coax her to give you one!"

Down they went into the kitchen, where they found the frying-pan hissing over a red-hot stove, filling all the air with a sort of savory fog. The cook-maid, with her great ladle, was bending over the bubbling fat, watching the diving and browning nuts. She lifted her scorched face, as she heard the children's feet on the stairs.

"Didn't I tell you to let alone troubling me, Miss Etta? What are you diving down here for, to grease your pink gown agen the kettles?"

"Georgie wants you to fry a hand for him, just like mine," she exclaimed, dodging out of the way of the spluttering fat-drops, while the girl was lifting the kettle off the stove.

"Well, well, you must keep out of this hole, then. Kitchens isn't boys' place. I shan't give you but one; so be off!"

She tossed a hot cake into George's hands.—George caught it, and ran up stairs with it, shifting it from one hand to the other as he went, as he found it uncomfortably warm. Etta accompanied him into the play-room, where he laid his cake on the window-sill to cool, and proceeded to tell her his various difficulties.

"Etta," said he, "it seems to me I trouble everybody to day. Father said so this morning, when I asked him for a sled-robe; mother said so when I carried her my red mitten, with a hole in the thumb; Phil keeps saying so; and now Sally! I wonder what makes me such a trouble!"

Etta laughed. "It's funny, Georgie! You don't trouble me, though!"

"I wish Phil wouldn't be so troubled to-night, because he did promise to paint an eagle on my sled, and put on the irons, so that I could have it to-morrow afternoon. It's going to be rare sliding down the big hill, I tell you! Don't you hear the wind roar? See my poor sled! Isn't it too bad?"

"May be Phil will fix it by and by."

"I'm so afraid he won't," sighed George, anxiously. "It's getting dark, and he said he couldn't do it by candle-light."

"How cold I am!" said Etta shivering.—"Let's go back into the sitting-room."

George took up his cake, and went in. Philip, who had just finished the "whale story" which had caught his eye in the paper, laid it down, and sauntered lazily to the window.

"What's that?" he asked. "Give us a bite!"

And without waiting for permission, he seized his brother's cake, and broke off half of it for his own eating.

"Oh, now, Phil," complained the small boy, "you've spoiled my hand!"

"Cry, baby, for a dough-nut; there's your brave boy," sneered Philip.

"I say you are a thief, and a mean boy," exclaimed the courageous Etta, roused to a retaliation. "You havn't any right to eat Georgie's cake, when you won't help him make his sled, for all you promised to!"

"Hold your tongue till your opinion is asked, Miss Flittergibbet," answered her ungentlemanly cousin, very haughtily.

He looked out of the window for about five minutes, and then turning, said, in rather a cross way—

"Well, youngster, bring along your old sled! 'Eagle' you expect to call it, do you? Humph!"

It was really rather a rickety piece of mechanism which George dragged forward. It had been nailed together by the little boy himself, and was made out of various odds and ends of boards, fastened to the runners of a cast-off sled, which Philip in a fit of good humor, had whitened into shape. It was the very best the persevering little fellow could accomplish, however; and many a pounded finger he had most heroically borne for its sake.

"A sled and a half, I should think," said Philip, scornfully. "Here, bring me that chair! Now go long up stairs, and bring down my oil paints. Not that paint-box, you numb-chance! Don't you know the difference between water-colors and oil-colors? Go down to the kitchen and fetch me a drink of water; and bring me up another cake, while you are about it."

"Sally won't let me, I'm afraid," answered the little boy, who had been obeying all his brother's gruff commands with great alacrity.

"What business is it of Sally's? She is nothing but a cook. Tell her I sent you."

"I'd rather you would go and ask," said George hesitating.

"I should think you might be a little obliging, when I am working for you," said Philip. "You may do your own jobs, if you can't do my errands!"

George timidly stole down into the forbidden kitchen, very fearful of Sally's displeasure.

Just then a "Halloo" without caught Philip's ear. He looked up, and saw a party of his comrades of the "High School," with skates in hand, walking in the direction of the "meadows," as a piece of overflowed land was styled. Without a thought for any one but himself, he dropped the brush with which he had just begun to paint the yellow top of the eagle's wing, and, seizing his cap, comforter, and skates, was off before George came back.

"Oh, I had to take it, I can tell you!" exclaimed George, opening the door, with a cake and dipper in his hands. "Here, Phil; where is Phil?"

"He has gone out," answered Etta, who was gazing earnestly out of the window. "I do believe—there—yes! Isn't it too bad, now? He is going off with those great boys!"

George looked after him for about three minutes, until he had turned a corner and disappeared. Then he glanced back at his unfinished sled, and his heart swelled high under the checkered apron.

"Too—" he faltered; but one word was too much for him. His lips quivered; and with a sob, he ran out of the room.

"Never mind! you can eat his cake, now!" called Etta after him.

He did not stop, but hurried up into his chamber, and hiding his face in the cold pillow, cried for ten minutes.

The next day was Saturday. The afternoon was cold, though the sun shone brightly on the dazzling ice and snow. Every skater and slider of the primary and high schools, besides some who could neither skate nor slide, was on "the meadows," or on the hill sloping towards them.

George having fastened a worn trunk-strap to his still unpainted sled, was trying his best to steer it straight down the sliding track. But it needed *shoeing*, and would not work very well. Moreover, the other boys laughed at him, as they whizzed by him on their red and yellow craft.

"Huzza, Bob!" called one to another, let's try a race with the 'Snail'! What'll you bet on your racer, George?"

George never could bear to be laughed at, any more than a little girl; and he had hard work again to keep back the tears. Perhaps he would not have been so tender-hearted a child if he had always been knocked about in the school-world. But, until within a year, he had lived a very peaceful life at home, alone.

His mother, a good-humored lady, had indulged him in every thing that did not incommoded herself; and his father, without taking any particular pains to provide him with anything which cost money, had left him to "tinker away," as he called it, to his heart's content.

Seven months before, his brother Philip had returned from the house of an uncle in a neighboring city, where he had been spending two years in attending school, clerking a little, &c. His uncle had kept him as "errand boy," and when he broke up housekeeping, in consequence of the death of his wife, he sent Philip to his home again, and little Etta with him. Philip was an active, ingenious boy, and had profited well by his opportunities of seeing what is done in the world. His uncle had made him many

presents in the line of painting and designing, so that he felt very vain of his acquirements, and made quite a "flourish" about them to his little brother, after his return home.

George had longed to welcome Philip home. "It would be so nice to have a big brother," he had said. His little heart had gone out in love and admiration towards him. Philip had seemed kind and brotherly for a few weeks. But as soon as the novelty of things had worn away, and he had found other and older associates, he had grown careless of his little brother's feelings. Each passing week had seemed to roll him more closely in his selfishness.

We left George standing at the top of the hill, twirling one of the balls of his blue comforter, and watching the descent of a beautiful orange-colored sled, with almost a feeling of covetousness. All at once, a piercing shriek ran over the play-ground. He jumped on his sled at once, and pushed it to the bottom of the hill, where the smaller boys had assembled. They saw the skaters from all direction hurrying towards one spot.

"To the meadows!" was the cry of a dozen, as again, and yet again that cry rang out, strong and shrill, over their heads. Somebody is drowning!"

The sleds were dropped, and all rushed to the shore. George was foremost.

The meadows were partially covered with woods, and beyond the range of these woods, the boys had been forbidden to go, as to skate there was considered dangerous. They soon discovered, nevertheless, that the sounds proceeded from that direction; and, slipping their smooth boots along the ice, they reached the wood. Here the larger boys had already clustered, and were standing with pale, fearful faces, or anxiously trying the strength of the ice as they attempted to advance.

Dimly above the white ice, at a little distance, could be seen the head of a boy. Crash! and down broke another, who had pushed out to save him. The boys gave a cry of terror.

"Never mind me! Never fear!" shouted the last, throwing his arms across the edges of the ice. "I can hold on a good while yet; and I don't believe it is deep enough here to drown me. Go and help Philip; he will drown in a little while if you don't get to him. You large boys can't come—it won't bear you. Send one of the little fellows, and get that long pole."

"Come, Bob!" exclaimed an older boy, seizing the smallest boy near him by the shoulder.

"Oh, no!" screamed the little fellow, trembling with terror; "I shall get in! Mother wouldn't let me."

"But you must—one of you," insisted the larger boy.

"It is Philip! I'll go—let me!" exclaimed George, coming forward. He was very pale, and his large eyes were strained to the utmost.

"Well keep steady about it, and don't be a coward! Here, take off your boots—take this pole—slide out as far as you can, and when the ice gets thin and begins to crack, lie down, flat, and work yourself along. When you get close to the hole, push along the stick, and hold on to this end of it while he lifts himself out. Hold strong! Mind you don't go too near!"

Half a dozen boys at once were giving these directions to the bewildered boy.

"Yes; I will," he answered, dreamily, and slid away, scarcely conscious whether on his feet or head.

"We'll push a board after you!" shouted the boys.

"Help! help!" came more faintly Philip's cry. It seemed to George to come from under the ice. He looked down, and his blood ran chill. The water looked cold, deep, and black, underneath.

Just then a crackling sound alarmed him, as he came upon a track of whitish ice. He cautiously lowered himself to his hands and knees, and wound himself along until he could plainly see the hole by raising his head. He scarcely knew what to do next.

"Philip!" he called, tremulously.

"Oh, help, for God's sake! I can't hold on much longer—I'm dying of cold!" groaned the boy.

"Where are you, Phil?"

"Down here—can't you see me?"

"Are you under the ice?" George asked, for the head had disappeared from his sight.

"Most down! I'm trying to hold on to a tree, but my fingers are numb. Oh, dear, dear—won't somebody help me?"

"Can't you catch this pole, Phil?" George stretched it across the chasm.

"You can't hold it strong enough—I dare not let go of the tree. Oh, dear I shall drown!"

"Do take hold, Phil—do! I'll hold on with all my might."

The sinking boy stretched up one half-frozen hand, and caught the stick. He partly raised himself by it, but sank again.

"Take the other hand, Phil," shouted his little brother. "I can hold it—I know I can."

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Thus encouraged, the drowning boy let go the twig which had supported him, and firmly grasped the pole. He lifted himself by it, George pressed firmly upon the other end, straining every nerve. At one moment it seemed to him that he must give way, and himself be drawn into the abyss; then the ice all seemed cracking, and his ears rang. But the next moment Phil was out of the water, lying on the edge of the ice.

"There—there—Phil, I told you so. Now only crawl off a little—be just as careful as ever you can."

"Oh, I can't move," murmured the boy, nearly stupefied by the intense cold. "My hands!"

George crept as near to him as he dared, and pulling off his own red mittens, stretched them over his brother's blue, icy hands. Then he took his comforter, and tying it around Philip's arms, succeeded in pulling him a little way from the hole. The boys shouted applause behind him. Some of the more adventurous were already creeping along with a flat board, which they pushed to the two. George, by renewed exertions, dragged his heavy brother upon this board, and drew it a short distance, until he could be safely joined by others. He did not once think of himself, though wet to the skin, and destitute of cap, comforter, and mittens.

Philip revived after reaching the shore and being rubbed a few minutes by his mates. Two of them supported him up the hill towards his home, escorted by the remainder. They sent George forward to announce their coming, and order a warm bed to be prepared for the rescued boy.

George met his mother at the gate. She bare-headed and deathly pale, was rushing toward the play-ground. She had just heard that a boy had broken in the ice, and too truly forboded that it was one of her own boys. George caught her arm, laughing aloud in nervous excitement, and screamed—"Oh mother, he's *out*! He's coming, He—I—" Here came a sudden reaction; his head reeled, he tottered, and fell fainting on the snow.

The doctor who was summoned to Philip, had another patient. The older boy was soon himself again, having been but slightly injured by the chill of his cold bath. But pale delicate Georgie, with the terror and wetting, had nearly worked himself into convulsions. He was in danger of brain fever, and was kept by the doctor's order in a dark room for four days as quiet as possible. His mother sat by him, holding his hand or stroking his hot head whenever he started from his short sleep, screaming that "Phil was drowning, and the boys wouldn't go to him!" She would kiss him then, and call him her noble, her darling boy. He did not "trouble" her any longer, though he needed all her attention.

And what thought Philip after coming to himself and learning the whole story? Oh, were not burning regret and shame mingled with his thankfulness for rescue? When he walked on the next day about the house, hushed for his little brother's sake—when he heard Etta sob, as she threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, won't Georgie ever get well?"—more than all, when his eye lighted on the sled daubed with a square inch of paint, which the boys had brought in for George, his heart smote him as it never had done before.

He turned away and went miserably to his own chamber. He thought of all of his unkind acts to that little brother. He went to bed at night, but could not sleep. He tried to pray for George, and in making the attempt he fell to crying. Then he prayed for himself, too, and fell asleep.

In a few days, by God's blessing George was once more able to sit up against pillows, and to see his brother and cousin. Etta jumped upon his bed-side in glee, throwing her little arms around him. Philip stood quietly for a moment, until George extended his hand to him, then his lip quivered, and, bending low, he kissed him.

"I have something to show you, Georgie," said he. Stepping aside, he lifted up—the sled! No! Was it the same? George did not recognise it. It was, however, no other than the same once clumsy sled, perfectly polished, and painted in gray green and orange, by the skilful hands of Philip! A new rope dangled from its front, and altogether it was one of the finest specimens of a sled that ever graced a country sliding hill.

George almost screamed out his surprise and hanks. "Oh, what a beauty! dear Phil! how good it was of you."

"Don't say anything, Georgie," replied Philip, with an attempt to conceal his emotion; "you—saved my life!"

"Oh, if you *had* drowned, Phil!" the little pale boy shut his eyes and shuddered.

"There, that is long enough for you to stay with him to-day," said his father, who had just come in. "He must not be excited."

George opened his eyes, and looked up to his brother with a smile of trust and love.

George recovered, though weeks passed before he was able to steer his new sled down the cold hill. But many a happy slide it has given him since!

Do you think that Philip forgot the lesson he had learned? Do you think that he disobeyed again by going to slide on forbidden ice? Do you think that he abused the love of that precious brother as he had done before?—*Friend of Youth.*

THE PUNCTUAL MAN.

Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all his transactions through life. He amassed a large property by untiring industry and punctuality; and at the advanced age of ninety years was resting quietly upon his bed, and calmly waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made almost every arrangement for his decease and burial.

His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering in its socket, when one of his sons observed:—

"Father, you will probably live but a day or two; is it not well for you to name your bearers?"

"To be sure, my son," said the dying man, "it is well thought of, and I will do it now."

He gave a list of six, the usual number, and sunk back exhausted upon his pillow.

A gleam of thought passed over his withered face like a ray of light, and he rallied once more.

"My, son, read me that list. Is the name of Mr. Wiggins there?"

"It is, my father."

"Then strike it off!" said he, emphatically, "for he was never punctual—was never anywhere in season, and he might hinder the procession a whole hour!"

THE MILKMAN.

Jinks, the Hastings milkman, one morning forgot to water the milk. In the hall of the first customer in his round, the omission flashed upon Jinks' wounded feelings. A large tub of fine clear water stood on the floor by his side; no eye was upon him, and thrice did Jinks dilute his milk with a large measure filled from the tub, before the maid brought up her jugs. Jinks served her and went on. While he was bellowing down the next arena, his first customer's footman beckoned to him from the door. Jinks returned, and was immediately ushered into the library. There sat my lord, who had just tasted the milk.

"Jinks!" said his lordship.

"My lord!" replied Jinks.

"Jinks," continued his lordship, "I should feel particularly obliged if you would henceforth bring me the milk and water separately, and allow me the favor of mixing them myself."

"Well, my lord, it's useless to deny the thing, for I suppose your lordship watched me while—"

"No," interrupted the nobleman. "The fact is that my children bathe at home, Jinks, and the tub in the hall was full of sea-water, Jinks."

ON ONE CONDITION.

Some years ago, when the Legislature of one of the Middle States were framing a constitution, the discussion of its various provisions was warm and obstinate. Many days had been spent in fiery debate, and the vote was at length about to be taken. Just at this moment, a country member, who had been absent for some days previously, entered and took his seat. Another member, who was in favor of the amended constitution, went to him and endeavored to make a convert of him.

"You must vote for the constitution, by all means," said he.

"I'll think of it," said the country member.

"But you must make up your mind at once, man, for the vote is about to be taken."

The country member scratched his head and seemed puzzled.

"Come, why do you hesitate? Will you promise me to vote for the constitution? I am sure it will give general satisfaction."

"I'll vote for it on one condition," said the country member.

"What is that?"

"And on no other, by gracious!"

"But what condition is it?"

"Why, that they let it run by my farm."

The Autobiography of the Widow Billings, the Boarding House Keeper.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

Old Mr. Bumstead was my "fidgety boarder." "Madam," he enquired, as the preliminary arrangement as to room, price of board, etc. were being made, "I think you will the apartments which I have been looking at, front on the South?"

"They do, sir," was my answer, "and the sun lies in them most delightfully, of a winter's day."

"Ah, madam, that may be, but how about the hot weather, in summer? As I came in, I observed there were no blinds on the house. Well, now although the sun is very agreeable in the winter months, I have no intention of being broiled alive by its heat in mid summer." And old Mr. Bumsted laughed at the idea, most heartily.

"As to the blinds, sir?" I said, rather tiring of the painter, but my landlord assures me they shall be hung early in the spring. And besides, sir, if you will step to the window a moment, you will see yonder row of elms which, although destitute of foliage now, afford, in their season, an ample protection against the heat of the sun."

"Humph!" said Mr. Bumsted, rising, and approaching the window, "and I doubt not they afford, too, a grand retreat for the mosquitoes under cover of which they can recruit their energies, after each successive onslaught on their victims."

I began to feel heart sick of the man, I must say, and although exceedingly anxious to let the rooms he had applied for, and knowing well that he was what is called, in vulgar parlance, "good pay," I heartily wished he would seek for accommodations elsewhere.

But it was not so to be,—the following day saw old Mr. Bumsted fully installed in his apartments in the Widow Billings's boarding house.

As his bureaus, wardrobe, secretary, etc. were being passed up the stair-way by the furniture men, I could but smile, as I sat in the parlor, to hear the exclamations made by the old gentleman.

"Take care there!" he cried, "take care I say! you'll knock off the handles of that top bureau drawer, turning round that corner?" "Hold on! you young rascal! don't toss that table about the side-walk as though it was made of iron!" "You careless scoundrel! what under the sun are you about? Do you want to ruin that rocking chair? Don't you see you are rubbing all the veneering off, against the bannisters?" "Stop! stop! I tell you: one of the legs of the secretary is loose,—so have a care there! you blockhead in the bala jacket!"

"Zounds!" muttered the old man to himself, as he stood panting and puffing on the door step, "zounds! if old Franklin hadn't the right on't, when he declared that, 'half a dozen moves were equal to fire!'"

I was amused, as I have said, at all this,—still, at the same time, a fearful foreboding of what might be in store for me, while Mr. Bumsted counted one among my boarders, considerably disturbed my equanimity.

I forgot the precise number of days it took my new boarder "to put his rooms to rights," as he called it, but I am positive it required all of a week. Old Mrs. Stubbs, "the nervous boarder," whose apartments were immediately beneath those occupied by Mr. Bumsted, declared that, "that crazy old man," (as she invariably designated him,) "kept up such an everlasting driving of nails that she not only lost her afternoon nap, but, bless her! she was awakened, in the morning, long before sunrise!"

There was, in truth, an almost incessant hammering going on in the old gentleman's rooms for some days, in consequence, mainly, of a difference of opinion that arose between him and the "carpet woman."

"Marm," said Mr. Bumsted, to the "carpet woman," as he came in after the carpets on both of his rooms were tacked down, "your idea of angles and corners are singularly incorrect, not to say absurd. See that unnecessary fulness in the carpet, in the corner by the closet door! And here, in front of the fire place, what a piece of botch work have we here!—the most conspicuous place there is in the room! Under the bureaus, or bedsteads indeed, you bungling might be overlooked, but as to having it staring me right in the face, marm, I neither can nor will. You will therefore withdraw every nail—every nail, marm!—and make another attempt to put the carpets down properly!"

The poor woman was frightened half out of her wits at this stern rebuke thus unexpectedly, and, as she conceived, most undeservedly, administered her. "Madam," she said to me, as the tears gathered in her eyes, "it is the first time my work has not given satisfaction, and were it not for the little mouths at home, I would leave the carpet as they are, and would soon receive a cent from him for what I have already done."

With all my heart I pitied the poor creature, and, as odious and irksome as the task was, could not help but proffer her my assistance, which she most gladly and gratefully accepted.

The putting up of Mr. Bumsted's clock, like the putting down of his carpets, was no insignificant affair. Three times was it nailed up before the right place for it was found,—a proceeding, by the way, that sorely troubled my landlord when, some time afterwards, he discovered the gimlet holes through the paper.

First—The clock was hung over the fire place; but, the next morning, Mr. Bumsted found that its face was not visible from the bed, unless he sat bolt upright, which he had no mind of doing until the exact hour he appointed for rising had arrived.

The services of the clock maker were, therefore, again called into requisition, and the time piece was fastened, this time, within a few feet of the bed—but alas! its ticking so annoyed Mr. Bumsted, the following night, that he was blessed with scarcely a wink of sleep. And down it came again, and was then finally hung in the parlor, instead of the bedroom.

In a succeeding chapter I will recount a few more of the incidents that occurred during the time that old Mr. Bumsted remained beneath my roof.

LONGEVITY. A correspondent informs us that in Sharon, Mass., there are four brothers and sisters, whose united ages are 350 years. Joseph Morse is 86 years of age; he has always lived in Sharon, and has lived in one house 68 years; he never either smoked, chewed, or used tobacco in any way whatever, nor played a game of cards. Lewis Morse is 83 years of age; has always lived on the farm where he was born. Charlotte Johnson is aged 91 years. Abigail Belcher is 90 years of age. These are sisters of the two first named, and all are in good health.

MY UNCLE JOSHUA, being somewhat "indisposed" yesterday, stepped into a restaurant and called for a glass of brandy and water,—having drunk which, he laid a fourpenny piece on the counter, and turned to leave the place.

"Ten cents, my dear sir," said the bar-tender, "we take nothing less than ten cents for a glass of brandy, in these times."

"Nothing less?" quoth my uncle, "well, as this fourpence is all the change I have with me, you will pardon me for stepping out in your debt for a glass of very inferior spirit."

And my uncle took up the fourpence, and walked off "as calm as a summer's morning."

Family Marketing.

It is an undoubted fact that Boston is the most expensive place in the country, and the most difficult for men of small means to live in. The cost of living has been increasing every year, and notwithstanding the teeming abundance every where around us, there is no prospect of any amelioration in the city provision market. Of one thing we are certain, if this state of things continues much longer, it will materially retard the growth and prosperity of this metropolis. The bone and sinew of community, they whose industry and skill and ingenuity contribute so much to the general prosperity cannot live here.

It has long been observed that Boston is no place for her young men: and that as soon as they reach their majority most of them start for other and more promising places. They plant their stakes in the broad and generous West, and become the leading men there; they furnish the Atlantic cities with many of the best merchants in their borders, and find an appreciation abroad for their capabilities and energy, which they failed to secure at home. Our artizans and laboring men will be forced to follow the examples of our young men, and seek in other places that support which is denied them here without the most unremitting toil. We shall thus lose, if we are not careful, the two principle elements of the strength of a community:—the active, ambitious, thinking young man—the stalwart arm and muscle of the laborer, the skill and industry of the mechanic.

What shall be done to prevent this disastrous result? We say, at once, abolish our market laws and frame new ones. Bring the producer and the consumer together, and drive away that pest to both—that miserable go-between, the *forester*—who wears two faces, one to the man who produces, another to him who consumes and cheats them both.

We want to give the producer an opportunity to retail his produce. The city government, by its action, has established and protects a monopoly. Quincy Hall Market, which was established for the accommodation of the citizens, has been rapidly losing its character. It is a vast store house for wholesale dealers, and does not afford the man who purchases simply for his family any more facilities, if so many, than the provision stores do. Boylston Market is nothing but a pendant to Quincy Market, with the difference that, being a mile farther into the city, the dealers think they must have a considerable per cent. more than Quincy Market dealers dare to ask.

We ask the City Government to relieve the citizens who have no retail market for their daily supplies. Give us new ordinances on this subject, conceived in wisdom, that will enable producers and consumers to meet each other face to face.

To show then what we have stated about the enormous prices which rule in our market, is correct, let us quote from the retail prices of a few articles of farm produce in Washington Market, as reported in the New York Herald:

Sirloin Steaks, 12 a 14 cents per pound. In Boston, a "Round Steak," cut nearly down to the shin bone at that, is 15 a 17 cents per pound, while rump and sirloin steaks cannot be bought for less than 18 a 20 cents. Potatoes are quoted at \$1 50 per bbl, and 9 a 12 cents per half peck. Here they are held at \$2 50 a 3 25 per bbl, and 12 a 22 cents per half peck.

But the most striking difference observable is in the price of tomatoes. They are quoted in New York at 62 a 75 cents per bushel; 10 a 12 cents per half peck. In our market, dealers won't begin to talk to you about tomatoes by the bushel, or even by the peck; but if you ask the price, they will answer promptly, as a dealer did at Boylston Market on Saturday evening—"fourteen cents a quart!" which is at the very modest rate of four dollars and forty-eight cents a bushel! carrying with it a profit of at least three dollars and twenty-five cents for retailing thirty-two quarts!!! The tomato may well be called *pomme d'amour* if its admirers are willing to be so scandalously swindled for the sake of a few badly grown and imperfect specimens of it.

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY. Michael Maloy, a native of Ireland, died in this city last week, at the remarkable age of one hundred and eight years. He left the land of his birth about thirty years ago, and lived in New Brunswick until 1839, when he came to this city, where he has since continued to reside. His son, John Maloy, has lived in this city more than thirty years, and is well known to the people in the third ward. A daughter, in whose family he died, also has her home here. An older son lives in Michigan. His age appears to be well authenticated, and the family say is a matter of record in the parish register "at home." Many of the Maloys have attained to a great age in Ireland. An uncle of him, who has just died, lived until he was one hundred and twenty, and is well remembered by his grand-nephew, John, spoken of above.

A SLIGHT PARTIALITY. A young beauty held one evening two horses running off at locomotive speed with a light wagon. As they approached she was horrified at recognizing in the vehicle two gentlemen of her acquaintance. "Boys," she screamed in terror, "jump out! jump out!"—especially George! It is needless to say that her sentiments as to "George" were from that time forth no secret.

THE WIFE.

BY FLORENCE MACDONALD.

"I am hopeless!" said a young man, in a voice that was painfully desponding. "Utterly hopeless! Heaven knows I have tried hard to get employment! But no one has need of my service. The pittance doled out by your father, and which comes with a sense of humiliation that is absolutely heart-crushing, is scarcely sufficient to provide this miserable abode, and keep hunger from our door. But for your sake, I would not touch a shilling of his money, if I starved."

"Hush, dear Edward!" returned the gentle girl, who had left father, mother, and a pleasant home, to share the lot of him she loved; and she laid a finger on his lips, while she drew her arm around him.

"Agnes," said the young man, "I cannot endure this life much longer. The native independence of my character revolts at our present condition. Months have elapsed, and yet the ability I possess finds no employment. In this country, every avenue is crowded."

The room in which they were overlooked the sea.

"But there is another land, where, if what we hear be true, ability finds employment and talent a sure reward." And as Agnes said this, in a voice of encouragement she pointed from the window towards the expanse of waters that stretched far away towards the south and west.

"America!" The word was uttered in a quick earnest voice.

"Yes."

"Agnes, I thank you for this suggestion!—Return to the pleasant home you left for one who cannot procure for you even the plainest comforts of life, and I will cross the ocean to seek a better fortune in that land of promise. The separation, painful to both, will not, I trust, be long."

"Edward," replied the young wife with enthusiasm, as she drew her arm more tightly about his neck, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee! Where thou goest I will go, and where thou liest I will lie. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

"Would you forsake all," said Edward, in surprise, "and go far away with me into a strange land?"

"It will be no stranger to me than it will be to you, Edward."

"No, no, Agnes! I will not think of that," said Edward Marvel, in a positive voice. "If I go to that land of promise, it must first be alone?"

"Alone?" A shadow fell across the face of Agnes. "Alone! It cannot—must not be."

"But think, Agnes. If I go alone, it will cost me but a small sum to live until I find some business, which may not be for weeks, or even months, after I arrive in the New World."

"What if you were to be sick?" The frame of Agnes slightly quivered as she made this suggestion.

"We will not think of that."

"I cannot help thinking of it, Edward. Therefore entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee. Where thou goest, I will go."

Marvel's countenance became more serious. "Agnes," said the young man, after he had reflected for some time, "let us think no more about this. I cannot take you far away to this strange country. We will go back to London. Perhaps another trial there may be more successful."

After a feeble opposition on the part of Agnes, it was finally agreed that Edward should go once more to London, while she made a brief visit to her parents. If he found employment, she was to join him immediately; if not successful, they were then to talk further of the journey to America.

With painful reluctance, Agnes went back to her father's house, the door of which ever stood open to receive her; and she went back alone. The pride of her husband would not permit him to cross the threshold of a dwelling where his presence was not a welcome one. In eager suspense, she waited for a whole week ere a letter came from Edward. The tone of his letter was as cheerful and as hopeful as it was possible for the young man to write. But, as yet he had found no employment. A week elapsed before another came. It opened with these words:

"MY DEAR, DEAR AGNES! Hopeless of doing anything here, I have turned my thoughts once more to the land of promise; and, when you receive this, I will be on my journey thitherward. Brief, very brief, I trust will be our separation. The moment I obtain employment, I will send for you, and then our reunion will take place with a fullness of delight such as we have not yet experienced."

Long, tender, and hopeful was the letter; but it brought a burden of grief and heart-sickness to the tender young creature, who felt almost as if she had been deserted by the one who was dear to her as her own life.

Only a few days had Edward Marvel been at sea, when he became seriously indisposed, and for the remaining part of the voyage, was so ill as to be unable to rise from his berth. He had embarked in a packet ship from Liverpool bound for New York, where he arrived at the expiration of five weeks. There he was removed to the sick wards of the hospital on Staten Island, and it was the opinion of the physicians there that he would die.

"Have you any friends in this country?" inquired a nurse who was attending the young man. This question was asked on the day after he had become an inmate of the hospital.

"None," was the feebly uttered reply.

"You are very ill," said the nurse.

The sick man looked anxiously into the face of his attendant.

"You have friends in England?"

"Yes."

"Have you any communication to make to them?"

Marvel closed his eyes, and remained for some time silent.

"If you will get me a pen and some paper, I will write a few lines," said he, at length.

"I am afraid you are too weak for the effort," replied the nurse.

"Let me try," was briefly answered.

The attendant left the room.

"Is there any one in your part of the house named Marvel?" asked the physician, meeting the nurse soon after she had left the sick man's room. "There's a young woman down in the office inquiring for a person of that name."

"Marvel—Marvel?" The nurse shook her head.

"Are you certain?" remarked the physician.

"I'm certain there is no one by that name for whom any here would make inquiries. There's a young Englishman who came over in the last packet, whose name is something like that you mention. But he has no friends in this country."

The physician passed on without further remark.

Soon after, the nurse returned to Marvel with the writing materials for which he had asked. She drew a table to the side of the bed, and supported him as he leaned over, and tried, with an unsteady hand to write.

"Have you a wife at home?" asked the nurse; her eyes had rested on the first word he wrote.

"Yes," sighed the young man, as the pen dropped from his fingers, and he leaned back heavily, exhausted by even the slight effort he had made.

"Your name is Marvel?"

"Yes."

"A young woman was here just now inquiring if we had a patient by that name."

"By that name?" There was a slight indication of surprise.

"Yes."

Marvel closed his eyes, and did not speak for some moments.

"Did you see her?" he asked at length evincing some interest.

"Yes."

"Did she find the one whom she was seeking?"

"There is no person here, except yourself, whose name came near to the one she mentioned. As you said you had no friends in this country, we did not suppose you were meant."

"No, no." And the sick man shook his head slowly. "There is no one to ask for me. Did you say it was a young woman?" he inquired, soon after. His mind dwelt on the occurrence.

"Yes. A young woman with a fair complexion and deep blue eyes."

Marvel looked up quickly into the face of the attendant, while a flush came into his cheeks.

"She was a slender, young girl, with light hair, and her face was pale, as from trouble."

"Agnes! Agnes!" exclaimed Marvel, rising up. "But no, no," he added mournfully, sinking back again upon the bed; "that cannot be. I left her far away over the wide ocean."

"Will you write?" said the nurse after some moments.

The invalid, without unclosing his eyes, slowly shook his head. A little while the attendant lingered in his room and then retired.

"Dear, dear, Agnes!" murmured Edward Marvel, closing his eyes, and letting his thoughts go, swift-winged, across the billowy sea. "Shall I never look on your sweet face again? Never feel your light arms about my neck, or your breath warm on my cheek? Oh, that I had never left you! Heaven give thee strength to bear the trouble in store!"

For many minutes he lay, thus alone, with his eyes closed, in self-communion. Then he heard the door open and close softly; but he did not look up. His thoughts were far, far away. Light feet approached quickly; but he scarcely heeded them. A form bent over him; but his eyes remained shut, nor did he open them until warm lips were pressed against his

own, and a voice thrilling through his whole being, said—

"Edward."

"Agnes!" was his quick response, while his arms were thrown eagerly around the neck of his wife. "Agnes! Agnes! Have I awakened from a fearful dream?"

Yes, it was indeed her of whom he had been thinking. The moment she had received his letter, informing her that he had left for the United States, she resolved to follow him in the next steamer that sailed. This purpose she immediately avowed to her parents. At first they would not listen to her; but finding that she would probably elude their vigilance, and get away in spite of all efforts to prevent her, they deemed it more wise and prudent to provide her with everything necessary for the voyage, and to place her in the care of the captain of the steamship in which she was to go. In New York they had friends, to whom they gave her letters fully explanatory of her mission, and earnestly commanding her to their care and protection.

Two weeks before the ship in which Edward Marvel sailed reached her destination, Agnes was in New York. Before her departure, she had sought, but in vain, to discover the name of the vessel in which her husband had embarked. On arriving in the New World, she was therefore uncertain, whether he had preceded her in a steamer, or was still lingering on the way.

The friends to whom Agnes brought letters received her with great kindness, and gave her all the advice and assistance needed under the circumstances. But two weeks went by without a word of intelligence on the one subject that absorbed her thoughts. Sadly was her health beginning to suffer. Sunken eyes and pale cheeks attested the weight of suffering that was on her.

One day it was announced that a Liverpool packet had arrived with the ship fever on board, and that several of the passengers had been removed to the hospital.

A thrill of fear went through the heart of the anxious wife. It was soon ascertained that Marvel had been a passenger on board of this vessel: but from some cause, nothing in regard to him beyond this fact could she learn. Against all persuasions, she started for the hospital, her heart oppressed with a fearful presentiment that he was either dead or struggling in the grasp of a fatal malady. On making inquiry at the hospital, she was told the one she sought was not there, and she was about returning to the city when the truth reached her ears.

"Is he very ill?" she asked, struggling to compose herself.

"Yes, he is extremely ill," was the reply. "And it might not be well for you, under the circumstances, to see him at present."

"Not well for his wife to see him?" returned Agnes. Tears sprung to her eyes at the thought of not being permitted to come near in his extremity. "Do not say that. Oh, take me to him! I will save his life."

"You must be very calm," said the nurse; for it was with her she was talking. "The least excitement may be fatal."

"Oh, I will be calm and prudent." Yet, even while she spoke, her frame quivered with excitement.

But she controlled herself when the moment of meeting came, and though her unexpected appearance produced a shock, it was salutary rather than injurious.

"My dear, dear Agnes!" said Edward Marvel, a month from this time, as they sat alone in the chamber of a pleasant house in New York, "I owe you my life. But for your prompt resolution to follow me across the sea, I would in all probability, now be sleeping the sleep of death. Oh, what would I not suffer for your sake!"

As Marvel uttered the last sentence, a troubled expression flitted over his countenance.—Agnes gazed tenderly into his face, and asked—

"Why this look of doubt and anxiety?"

"Need I answer the question?" returned the young man. "It is thus far, no better with me than when we left our home. Though health is coming back through every fibre, and my heart is filled with an eager desire to relieve these kind friends of the burden of our support, yet no prospect opens."

No cloud came stealing darkly over the face of the young wife. The sunshine, so far from being dimmed, was brighter.

"Let not your heart be troubled," said she with a beautiful smile. "All will come out right."

"Right, Agnes? It is not right for me thus to depend on strangers."

"You need depend but a little while longer. I have already made warm friends here, and through them, secured for you employment. A good place awaits you so soon as strength to fill it comes back to your weakened frame."

"Angel!" exclaimed the young man, overcome with emotion at so unexpected a declaration.

"No, not an angel," calmly replied Agnes, "only a wife. And now, dear Edward," she

"... moment of meeting trials or enduring privations alone. Having taken a wife, she cannot move safely on your journey unless she moves by your side." "Angel! Yes, you are my good angel," repeated Edward.

"Call me what you will," said Agnes, with a sweet smile, as she brushed with her delicate hand, the hair from his temples; "but let me be your wife. I ask no better name, no higher

Sitting in the corner,
On a Sunday eve,
With a taper fing'r
Resting on your sleeve;
Starlight eyes are casting
On your face their light;
Bless me! this is pleasant—
Sparkling Sunday night!

How your heart is thumping
Against your Sunday vest—
How wicked 'tis working
On this day of rest;
Hours seem but minutes
As they take their flight;
Bless me! 'tis pleasant—
Sparkling Sunday night!

Dad and Mam are sleeping
On their peaceful bed,
Dreaming of the things
The folks in meeting said—
"Love ye one another!"
Ministers recite;
Bless me! 'tis pleasant—
Sparkling Sunday night!

One arm with gentle pressure,
Lingers round her waist,
You squeeze her dimpled hand
Her pouting lips you taste,
She freely staps your face,
But more in love than spite;
On! thunder!—'tis pleasant—
Sparkling Sunday night!

But bark! the clock is striking—
It is two o'clock, I am sure!
As sure as I'm a sinner,
The time to go has come;
One arm with gentle pressure,
If 'tis old clock is right,
And wonder if it ever
Sparked on a Sunday night!

Manchester Mirror.

Lat. 41° 03'
Long. 50° 02'

23. 1842.

a pleasant,

as a cloudy

in a single

gale and

a short time

Unfortunate Women.

We use the term "unfortunate" in reference to a class of women, which, to the disgrace of humanity and because of the errors of our social organization is increasing in our midst. In speaking of these unfortunates, we are aware we must treat the subject tenderly. Our teachers of morality and virtue will not, themselves, offend polite ears by referring to it; nor will they tolerate those who, while penetrating behind the veil which hides corruption and moral deformity from view, seek to save and restore those who are lost. They who stand upon the watch towers as sentinels to give the alarm when dangers approach, know that society cherishes in its bosom a blighting curse, and they know, too, that, because the subject is a forbidden one in public discussions, it is growing in secret and extending its ravages. There is no wisdom manifest in this most delicacy. It operates as an encouragement to depraved and imbruted minds; is, in fact, a free license to the unprincipled.

But it is high time that good men, lovers of purity and virtue, awoke from their lethargy, and, with a stern resolve, armed with the sword of truth, the balance of justice and the tenderness of mercy, set themselves about the work of purification:—with truth that the people may open their eyes to the dangers which threaten them; with justice that the despilers of hapless innocence may not escape the hand of the avenger; with mercy that some drops of consolation may yet reach the heart of a wronged and outraged, yet sinning daughter of sorrow, may yet awaken hope in her despairing bosom, and carry to her heart the consolation and assurance that there is yet "a balm in Gilead and a Physician there."

Insidiously this great horror is spreading its branches, increasing its power, and adding to its victims. No man's roof tree is safe. The destroyer stops not to inquire whether the victim selected for sacrifice is the daughter of a legislator, a magistrate, a divine, or a philanthropist; nor asks the question whether a rich man or a poor man is the father of the devoted innocent. Unbridled passion overleaps all barriers and strikes down all obstacles; while from the criminal negligence of the parents and the apathy of society, the doomed one walks abroad in her insecu[n]ey, unconscious of evil and fearing none.

Say, ye patterns of propriety, ye paragons of delicacy, who will not lisp a word of warning in the ears of your innocent offspring, would you let her start upon a journey where the road is filled with pit-falls and precipices without warning her of the dangers that beset her path, and giving her the most minute directions how to avoid them? How much rather, then, should you prepare her for the great journey of life, when, freed from parental control and the sweet influences of a mother's love and uneasing care, and separated from the restraints of home, she steps forth from her father's house to battle with the world. Oh! what a fearful weight or responsibility rests upon those mistaken parents, who, aware of threatening dangers, permit their offspring to meet them unwarmed. What a heritage of woe will they have brought upon themselves when they see the pride of their hearts return a violated thing to die.

While we would not gloss over the errors and crimes of women who have fallen from virtue, neither would we indiscriminately condemn them. There are innumerable instances where the mantle of extenuation should be thrown over the erring and fallen one, while the hand of gentle pity should be extended to raise her from her deep sense of degradation. While many, alas! too many, have entered upon a life of infamy because they found it a congenial one, how many others have been driven to it by poverty and by the systematic arts of designing men.

We know not, we never shall know, through how much tribulation, temptation, want and despair a woman passes before she yields herself, or what a wealth of love she has given and unbounded confidence to one upon whom hang all her hopes in this world; and for whose answering love she would almost peril her hopes in a hereafter. Some may smile cynically and coldly on this view of the case, and say with a sneer, "it is but the phrenzy of passion which meets a ready response in lustful desires." They who can reason thus may never, perhaps, overstep the bounds of outward propriety; neither can they ever appreciate virtue, love, devotion, a spirit of self-sacrifice, and an abnegation of self. These are they who have hearts of stone. Others may look on with a tear of pity for the sufferings and degradation of a betrayed one, but cannot forgive the fault, yet at the same time can receive again into their family circle the guilty and polluted betrayer, whose sin is "salvationless, aliest."

This class, and more especially if they be of the female sex, have great need to urge for their morning and their evening prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!"

It is a sad reflection that hapless women receive more indignities from their own sex than from the other. Every door to repentance and reformation is shut against them, and for one false step, which plunged a forlorn creature in the abyss of woe, she finds the heel of her heel to keep her there.—

In case it be wondered at, that, in her despair and anguish, the light of hope is extinguished in her bosom, and that she passes recklessly into a whirl of dissipation to find rest only in an early and dishonored grave.

We would introduce a better feeling into society, especially among women. We would try to save and not destroy. We would lift up the fallen one—speak peace to her distracted soul; lead her upward to the path from which she has strayed; and whisper to her the pardoning words addressed to the repentant Magdalene: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." If we could penetrate into the hours of solitude of many of these unhappy women, and look into the recesses of their hearts, we should start back, appalled at the behind hand for few taxes all of eighteen months, burning impress there, and would leave no effort untried to restore lost women to themselves, to virtue, and to "that repentance which needs not to be repented of."

The Gilmanton Snake Story—The Other Side.

MR. EDITOR:—The article taken from the N. H. Statesman and published in your paper of Saturday, pronouncing the whole affair in regard to the snake and child a humbug, is unfair and cruelly unjust to Mr. Hill and his family, who are now laboring under this sore affliction. Any one who knows them can but be aware of the utter absurdity of such a statement, and it was unquestionably got up by some of the many disappointed applicants who had impeded them to consent to an engagement for public exhibitions.—Many gentlemen in Gilmanton, whose veracity is undoubted, fully confirm the truth of all that has been printed in regard to this strange circumstance, and the view which Dr. Wright took of the case has been sustained by other eminent physicians. So far from Mr. Hill having trained the snake, he cannot and does not have it.

I called with several other gentlemen, at the rooms of the family, on Friday last, and we there saw enough to convince any one that there is a chain of sympathy existing between the child and snake which seems inseparable. When we entered the room, the child, who is a bright little girl of six or seven years of age, was sleeping upon the bed. The snake, which was in a box in another part of the room, had thrown itself into a coil, and was also fast asleep. During the slumbers of the child, she was observed to be gradually, and yet unconsciously, of course, working herself into a position like that of the snake, bringing her head in contact with her knees in such a way as to strain the muscles of her neck, and making it necessary to straighten her body every half hour or thereabouts. When any attempt was made to rouse the child, the snake, which was some twenty feet from the child, would at the same time be disturbed. This was repeated several times with the same effect. When one is awake and active, it is so with the other, the snake exhibiting every mark of fondness and affection for the child. The same may be seen by any one who desires to visit them.

Mr. Hill feels injured by the reports which have been circulated that he is imposing upon the public—and as I know him and many of his neighbors who testify to the truth of the story, I have thought it not improper to say this much in his favor. He has no intention, he says, of travelling for the purpose of public exhibitions. The family, aside from their present misfortune, are very poor, and need the sympathies of the community.

Yours, &c.

JUSTICE.

We copy the above from the Telegraph of last evening, in justice to Mr. Hill. The public will have an opportunity to day and to-morrow of visiting the family at Cochituate Hall, and judging for themselves. Crowds were in attendance yesterday and came away satisfied that there was no deception.

COULDN'T "SMILE. Bill W.—, the well known auctioneer, resides about twelve miles out from the city. He is immensely fond of a joke, but he got "sold" once by his brother George. There was to be a military ball at the C— House, and Bill, who was a member of the W. M. P. (a crack corps, by the way,) intended to be present. George knew this, and on the morning preceding the ball he called upon the landlord, Mr P—, and asked him if he was acquainted with William W.—. The landlord replied that he was. "Well," said George, he intends to be present at the ball this evening, and I call this gentleman who is with me to witness that I forbid you letting him have one drop of liquor. Just as sure as you do, I will haul you up for selling. Evening came, as did also Bill W.—, to the ball. After dancing until he was very dry, he in company with a friend, went down to the bar and called for brandy and water. "You can't have it," said the bar-keeper. "Why not?" said Bill, "every one else is drinking." "I can't help that," replied the bar-keeper, "we are forbid letting you have any." The d—l, said Bill, as the truth flashed across his mind; but it was of no use coaxing the landlord, for visions of "ten dollars and costs," crossed his brain, and Bill went without his drinks. The worst of it for Bill was, that he was continually bored by being asked to "step down to the bar and imbibe."

A TEMPERANCE LECTURER, descanting on the essential and purifying qualities of cold water, remarked, as a knock-down argument, that "when the world became so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing else with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water." "Yes," replied a wag, "but it killed every darned critter on the face of the earth."

PRETTY GOOD. An exquisite compliment was paid, the other evening, to a lady in our presence. She had just swallowed a petite glass of wine, as a gentleman in the company asked for a taste. "It is all gone," said she, laughing, "unless you will take some of it from my lips." "I should be most happy," he replied, "but I never take sugar with my wine!"

A YOUNG LADY says—"When I go to a theatre I am very careless of my dress, as the audience are too attentive to the play to observe my wardrobe; but when I go to church I am very particular in my outward appearance, a most people go there to see how their neighbors dress and deport themselves." A pretty home-thrust—wonder how many that cap fits

ZEKIEL HOMESPUN AND THE BUFFALO

AS RELATED BY MR. HOMESPUN.

"You must know, Squire, that daddy and I (you know daddy, don't ye,) live up to Westboro', (Deacon Blood, the butcher's. Playguy nice gals, them darters of Deacon Blood's, as ever you seed, I guess. Cheeks like apples, O my! and lips as sweet as lasses candy. Well, as I was sayin', it was about the middle of December, and the sledgin was good, and Deacon Blood, (his church-warden too; a powerful smart man,) steps over to your house, and he pulls out a piece of paper; and he says, aays he, 'Elder Joram Homespun, you're to wait till next day arter to-morrow night, Deacon,' says my sire. 'It's a pesky sight of money, and not to be raised short of three days.' 'Well,' says Deacon Blood, 'seein' its you, I suppose I must; but if the money don't come then, I shall have to be down on your goods and chattels; and so off he goes, singin' old hundred.

Soon as he was gone, says daddy to me, says he, 'Zeke you must yoke up old Buck and Star and be off to Boston to-morrow mornin' by daylight with a load of warnut. I've heern tell it brings an all-fired good price—as much as ten dollars a cord.' I says nothin' to nobody, but I kept a devil of a thinkin'; for I'd never been at Boston, and would ha' gin my skin to go; but daddy, consarn him, never would let me. He said there was too many bad gals there for a handsome young feller like me, and go I shouldnt, till I was old enough to take care of myself, and, sure enuff, I'm only thirty.

Next mornin' who was up bright and airy like Zekiel Homespun? I yoked my stags and piled on the wood, and tied on a good warm comforter round my neck, and took fodder for the yoxen and cut a new pin for Buck's yoke, and filled my pockets with doughnuts and bread, and a hunk of cheese, and off I started. My gracious! if the world ain't wide! I thought I'd never have got to Boston, and when I did, it was eenamost dark, and I didn't know where to go. But there was a man with another load of wood just before me, and I thought I'd foller him, cause he must know the rights of the place. So he stops at a place called Brimstun Corner, cause there's a minister retails brimstun, in a meetin' us close by, every Sabbath day. What queer notions them Boston folks has—I guess if our minister was to offer to sell brimstun in church, or anything else, we'd send him off with a flea in his ear. When I'd tethered my cattle, I went off to a tavern and staid all night—it cost me a quarter of a dollar, though! Boston's an awful expensive place.

Afore day, I was up agin and off to Brimstun Corner. I know well enough there's nothin' to be done without tryin', and when I see that nobody took no notice of me, I went up to every man that come along, and says I, 'you, sir, I guess you don't know nobody that don't want to buy no wood, do you?' But they only laughed at me, and called me a country hawbuck, and axed me if my mother knowed I was out—jist as if she didn't. So all my screechin' and hollerin' went for nothin', till about ten o'clock, and then there came along a little, dark complected, pleasant spoken gentleman, almost as black as a nigger, and with hair eenamost as curly, and he axed the price of the load. 'Ten dollars,' says I. 'I'll take it,' says he, without tryin' to beat me down at all. I thought that was amazin'. So he takes me and my team to a place in Washington street,

where he printed a newspaper called the Star, and a precious little star it was, too. Then he axed me if I'd any objection to saw the wood and pile it away in the cellar, and I told him none in the world. He gets me a saw and a horse, and I saw'd the wood and piled it away, for I won't turn my back to nobody at wood-sawin', or choppin' ither,

and all the while he talked so pleasant that you'd thought butter wouldnt melt in his mouth. He said he was Jack's son, or Dick's son, or somebody's son; I disremember whose, and a great buffalo singer, and played on moosic. However, he reckoned he was editor of the Star, and no small fool; at least in his own consait. I took him for one of the s'lect men, or a dry goods clerk, at least.

I spect it was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I got done and axed him for my wages and the money for my wood. He looked rather streaked at that, and begun to ransack all his pockets one arter another, and then he axed me, 'wouldnt I trust?' cause he a kinder guessed he'd left his puss to home. Says I, 'Mister, I can't do that,

no way, no how, cause daddy'll lick me, and what's more, I believe you're no better than you should be, by the tarnation great squash!' 'Well, well,' says he, 'taint no matter, any how. Come along with me to my boardin' house, and I'll pay you, and treat you inter the bargain.' So I goes along with him to a street called Brattle street, where there was a playguy long row of stone houses, and he stops at the door of one on 'em and turns round. 'I 'spose,' says he, 'Mister Homespun, you've had the small pox, and neednt be afraid to come in here.' My gracious! when I herd that, I thought I should sink into the earth. My hair stuck up like a cat's back, and there was a cold sweat all over me. 'Small pox!' says I, 'what! nobody got it here, I hope?' 'O no,' says he, just as easy as if he was sayin' grace.—'There ain't no body got it here now. The three that died was buried yesterday, and the other two were carried to the hospital. Come in—come in—there ain't nothin' to fear.' Gorry eye! catch me goin' in there! Catch a weasel asleep! Didn't I cut dirt! The way I run was a sin to Moses—you couldnt see my shirt tail for the dust. I'd send enough of Boston. I went back to my team and started for him, and never stopped night nor day, till I got there; and what do you think? father made me curranteen, he called it, in the haymow, and mother and sis wouldnt touch me with a pair of tongs for a month.

About six months arter, I went to Boston agin, and axed arter my friend the buffalo; but every body laughed at me. One told me to go and ax the devil for a prayer; and another said he was takin' a six-bar rest in Leverett street, and gave me the ticket. So I went to Leverett street, and he was restin' behind six bars, sure enough; and there wasn't nothin' to be got out of him. He only laughed at me through the bars like all the rest. 'Oh,' says I, 'my boy, if ever I catch you and I don't make you laugh tother side of your mouth, my name aint Zeke Homespun that's all.'

A good while arter, I come to the literary riporium agin, as Miss Micely calls it, and she'd oughter to know; cause she's been to boardin' school, with a load of hay. I was standing at the hay scales in Merrimac street, with a card of ginger-cake in one hand, and the big claw of a lobster in the other, eatin' away for dear life, when who should come that way but the buffalo. The way I lit upon him was a caution to swindlers, I tell ye. 'O, you pesky sarpint!' says I, 'where's my money? Out with it, now, directly, or I'll give you something worse than the small pox to remember me by.' I give him a shake, and tore his bosom open, and his collar came off in my hand, cause it was only paper pinned on to his waiscoat, and he hadn't no shirt on, so I took pity on him—

Here a person came in on some urgent business, and Mr. Homespun was obliged to leave us. He promised, however, to give us the remainder of the story another time. [N. Y. Sunday Times.]

TRAVELLING.

A knowledge of the different parts of the world, for very natural and obvious reasons, appears in all ages to have been the principal and favorite pursuit of a great part of mankind. And although a person may obtain some knowledge of the world, from books, yet it is impossible for him to acquire that correct and general knowledge which might be obtained from travelling. There is also a superlative pleasure in traversing the world, and viewing with the naked eye, countries, cities, and their inhabitants. Although travelling is often fatiguing to the body, yet the mind is fully compensated by the knowledge, ease and politeness acquired by conversing with people of different nations, customs and manners.

Travelling has a tendency to enlarge the mind, and divest it of illiberal prejudices. Many very sensible people have certain ill habits, and an awkwardness in their behaviour, which creates a disgust and dislike of their persons which cannot be removed or overcome in any other way than by a commerce and mutual interchange of sentimen's with nations and people of different characters. Although I am of opinion that travelling tends in a great measure to a refined education, yet, surely a person ought to obtain, before he commences, some education—some knowledge of the world from history. Travelling, before a person has acquired some education, is too apt to make one pedantic; therefore it is highly important in order that it may be attended with its proper benefits, that a person should first acquire a respectable education, and possess a vigorous mind. With regard to the increase of politeness and ease of manners acquired by travelling, some may conceive quite unimportant; but for my own part I view them of essential benefit to persons possessed of cultivated minds, and can only be exhibited by such with any advantage or profit to mankind.

H. J. F.

Roxbury, Mass. 1840.

VIEWS OF THE RESURRECTION.

We have been requested to explain a passage which is difficult to be understood. We'll do the best we can; and where we cannot see things clearly, we will wait for more light. The apostle Peter tells us, there were some things in Paul's epistles hard to be understood. He does not intimate that Paul was in a mistake; much less shall we. We ought all to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Let us study the Bible more and more, and the time will surely come when our knowledge shall be increased.

We will do our best to bring out the apostle's meaning, taking up the verses consecutively.

Ignorance of the Future State the Cause of Sorrow.

Ver. 13. But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as those which have no hope.

By those who were asleep, Paul meant undoubtedly, the dead, as is apparent from the following verses, in which the apostle goes on to speak of the resurrection of the dead, as a reason why the Thessalonians ought not to sorrow without hope. The dead were spoken of indiscriminately, and undoubtedly included their heathen relatives, about whom they seem to have sorrowed without hope. In father Ballou's sermon on these words, he says:

1st. Ignorance concerning those which are asleep, is the only cause of hopeless sorrow for them.

2d. The knowledge of the truth concerning those which are asleep administers hope and comfort to those who mourn for their friends.

3d. This knowledge is communicated in the Gospel, through Jesus Christ.—*Lecture Sermons*, p. 321.

Ignorance often makes us very unhappy. There is nothing revealed concerning the state of the dead that men ought not to know. The voice of Paul said, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep." Let us all study the Bible then very carefully, to see what it teaches concerning the resurrection of the dead.—Let us be honest in our researches. Let us apply no passage to the future state, which was not thus applied by the original writer. Let us receive in their full force, and in their true and proper sense, all those parts of Scripture, which unquestionably refer to a future state. Then shall we not be ignorant concerning them which are asleep, and we shall not sorrow as those who have no hope. There are men in the world, who have no hope in regard to the dead, some because they do not believe in the resurrection at all, and some because they believe that the dead are suffering anguish in the other world. A true knowledge of the word of God will dry up both these sources of grief. The Bible teaches that the grave is not the end of man; there is a bright and happy land,—an Eden,—an Elysium,—beyond the dark valley, into which all shall enter. We should think of all the dead as dwelling in that happy land,—happy now, happy forever,—for neither sin, nor sorrow, sickness nor pain, can come there. O let me say to all to whom these words shall come, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as those which have no hope." If others have no hope, you will pity them; but you will let not this fact deprive you of the consolations of Christian hope yourself.

The Resurrection of Jesus, the Pledge of the Resurrection of all Men.

Ver. 14. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them, also, which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him.

If they believed that Jesus died, and rose again, they ought not to have doubted as to others. We must always connect the death of Christ with his resurrection, if we would have the full comfort of Christian hope. Those who throw doubt upon the great fact of the resurrection of Jesus, undermine all Christian hope. If Jesus rose from the dead, he was the Messiah. He affirmed himself to be the Messiah; and if he were not so, would God have raised him from the dead? would God have contributed thus to the success of an impostor? Well, if Jesus was the Messiah, all he said was true; and if his spirit dwelt in the apostles, then all they said was true. The accounts of his miracles are true. You cannot take any part out of this chain of facts, without spoiling the whole chain. Now, "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again," then we shall believe that those that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him, i. e., from the dead. He will raise them in Jesus. For Paul said on another occasion, "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." 1 Cor. xv. 22.

If we believe that Jesus rose from the dead, then we can believe that all who sleep, i. e., all who are dead, shall be raised in him. This is the sense which the analogy of Paul's reasoning on the resurrection requires.

The fact that some may be alive at the Resurrection, forms no barrier.

Ver. 15. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

Paul said this by the word of the Lord; i. e., by his command or instruction. How else could he have known the fact that he states? No mere man could have known it, without some communication from God. Know what? Ans. The fact, that those who are alive at the coming of the Lord, at the resurrection of the dead, shall not prevent, harm, interfere with, or go before those that are dead. Although at the time of the resurrection some shall be dead, and some few, compared with the whole, shall not have died, yet the latter who shall be alive, shall have no advantage over the former. Paul refers to the fact in another place: "Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be

changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, There is no more resurrection. It is completed by the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52. There will be a race alive at the resurrection of the dead, who will not sleep or die, ["we shall not all sleep,"] but they shall be changed, not raised from the dead. Their case shall in no way interfere with the fact of the resurrection. Paul seems to have thought, as he declared the resurrection of all men, that some one would say, how can all men be raised? what will you do with those who shall be alive when the resurrection shall take place? These shall be changed [not raised from the dead]; and their case therefore forms no difficulty to the great fact of the resurrection. Whoever shall be "alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep."

This was the great fact for which Paul contended. Some supposed that he thought that he might live until the resurrection should take place; and hence he used the expression, "We which are alive," &c. Possibly, he did think so. The truth is, he did not know whether he should, or not. God never revealed to the apostles the particular times and seasons; and unless Paul was treated better than the rest of them, he could not have known at what time the resurrection should take place. Jesus expressly told them, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power." Acts i. 7. There were certain times and seasons which were hidden even from Christ himself. "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father." Mark xiii. 32. If it was not for them to know the times and seasons, how could Paul know whether he should live to the event of the resurrection, or not? We know he did not live till that time; and we know not who will. But this ignorance of Paul on this point, throws no doubt on his account of the resurrection, any more than our Lord's ignorance of the precise day and hour of his coming to destroy the Jewish nation, threw doubt upon that fact. We do religiously and undoubtedly believe in Christ's account of the destruction of Jerusalem, although he [the very Son of God,] did not know the day and hour; and so we do most fully, devoutly and gratefully believe in the resurrection of the dead, although Paul did not know the times and seasons, and could not therefore tell whether he should live until the event, or not.

The Dead shall rise first in Christ, then the Living shall be changed.

Vers. 16, 17. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so we shall ever be with the Lord.

Here are several points. Jesus shall descend from heaven. This is his final coming at the resurrection; the voice of the archangel shall shout, and the trumpet of God shall sound, and the dead shall rise first in Christ. We transpose the words a little, in order that the reader may catch the more readily, what we are confident is the true sense. The dead shall rise first. The word *first* implies a *second*. What shall be first? The resurrection of the dead in Christ.—["Even so, in Christ shall all be made alive."] What shall be second? Ans. The changing of those who shall be *alive at the time*. For Paul immediately proceeds to say, "THEN," i. e., after the dead have risen in Christ, [which event was to take place *first*: "the dead in Christ shall rise *first*;" but when this is done,] "THEN those which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

All die in Adam, and all shall be made alive in Christ.

This agrees with what Paul said in his first epistle to the Corinthians. See the following.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the first fruits, afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subjected unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.—1 Cor. xv. 22-28.

All die in Adam, all shall be made alive in Christ. What is meant by dying in Adam and being made alive in Christ, is further explained in verse 49 of this chapter: "As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

Every man in his own order, or every class in its order. Christ the first fruits, as Paul said, Acts xxvi. 23, "That Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead." The fruits gathered *first*, were the first fruits; and so Paul spoke, in this very epistle, of those who early became Christians in Achaia, as "the first fruits of Achaia." 1 Cor. xvi. 18. After the resurrection of Christ, the next in order are the rest of the dead, —they that are Christ's at his coming at the resurrection. The dead are his! The resurrection of the dead is indissolubly united to his resurrection. "If the dead rise not, then is Christ not raised." 1 Cor. xv. 16. All men are his, the dead especially. "Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living." Rom. xiv. 9. At the final coming of Christ at the resurrection, *all* the dead will be his. They will be raised *first*. "THEN [just as given in 1 Thess. iv. 17.] cometh the end."

was familiar to his ear and heart, and there lingered about it a spell which it had cast him months of hard struggle to break. Indeed, it was not broken; and never could he till earthly temples were exchanged for that temple not made with hands.—When the Sabbath comes, he should think of this Church, and of the Vestry where he had had so many hallowed seasons of prayer, and praise, and communion, and where his heart had been so cheered by the presence of faithful Sabbath School Teachers, and bright-eyed, loving children. Dear consecrated house of God, sacred to memory and affection! as the hart panteth after the water brook, so will my soul ever pant after thee.

But not only was this sanctuary to him what no other has ever been, but the people had a place in his heart, which made them seem like fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children. When he came among them, he at once felt at home as though he was among his kindred. He had had other parishioners; he had always been treated with great affection in the several places where he had labored; he never had any complaints to make of a Society; but still this one stood the nearest to his heart. Though he was to leave them, his interest in their welfare would not be diminished; he should be just as anxious as ever for their prosperity, for their union and the religion he had preached.

After again thanking the friends for all their favors, and invoking on them the richest of Heaven's blessings, the large company sat down to a bountiful repast, which had been provided by the Social Circle. Br. Skinner will probably leave sometime in April

From the New York Evening Post.]

BR. SKINNER'S CANADA SONG.

To Canada Brooks was asked to go, To waste of powder a pound or so, He signed his name, and he answered, No, no, no, no.

They might take an old oar, on the way, You know, I got far,

And I am afraid, afraid, afraid.

Billy Brooks is afraid.

Those Jersey railroads I can't abide,

It is a dangerous thing in the train to ride,

Each brakeman carries a knife by his side,

They'd cut my throat, and they'd cut it wide,

And I am afraid, afraid, afraid.

Billy Brooks is afraid.

There are savages haunting New York Bay,

To murder strangers that pass that way;

The Quaker Garrison keeps them in pay,

And they kill at least a score a day,

And I am afraid, afraid, afraid.

Billy Brooks is afraid.

So, dearest Mr. Burlingame,

I'll stay at home if 'tis all the same,

The sound is terrible, goodness knows;

And, when I hear it, a shiver goes

From the crown of my head to the tips of my toes,

For I am afraid, afraid, afraid.

Billy Brooks is afraid.

These dreadful Yankees talk through the nose;

They keep a supply of feathers and tar;

They daub it on with an iron bar,

And I should be an oyster every day,

And I am afraid, afraid, afraid.

Billy Brooks is afraid.

They're a dangerous bunch of scoundrels,

COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD.

BY HAMILTON C. JONES.

We think it high time that Cousin Sally Dillard, Captain Rice and Co. were again brought the memory of the public. They deserve to be produced every few years. Especially will they keep our friends in a good humor with themselves or at least a week after the reading.

Scene—A Court of Justice in North Carolina.

A beardless disciple of Themis rises and thus addresses the Court: "May it please your worships, and you, gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked, and malicious an assault. A more willful, violent, dangerous battery, and finally a more diabolical breach of the peace has seldom happened in a civilized country, and I dare say it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's, in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed. One said that he heard the noise and did not see the fight, another that he seen the row but didn't know who struck first, and a third that he was very drunk and couldn't say much about the skirmish.

Lawyer Chops—I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long trespassed upon your time and patience. Come forward Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat shabby old man, a "leettle" corned, and took his oath with an air.

Chops—Harris, we wish you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and, as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris—Adzackly (giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat.) Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately, but howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he moun't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard that he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go—

Chops—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

Witness—Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops—Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear any thing about your cousin Sally Dillard and your wife; tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Witness—Well, I will, sir, if you will let me.

Chops—Well, sir, go on.

Witness—Well, sir, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go—

Chops—There it is again. Witness please to stop.

Witness—Well, sir, what do you want?

Chops—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impudent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the court?

Witness—To be sure I do.

Chops—Well, you go on and tell it, and nothing else.

Witness—Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat—

Chops—This is intolerable. May it please the Court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt; he seems to be trifling with this Court.

Court—Witness, you are before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

Witness—(alarmed)—Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops—I hope the witness may be ordered into custody.

Court, (after deliberating)—Mr. Attorney, the Court is of the opinion that we may save time by letting the witness go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness—Yes, gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but, howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he moun't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass, but, howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dillard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dillard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log, but my wife hoisted her coats and waded through—

Chops—Heaven and earth, this is too bad; but go on.

Witness—Well, that's all I know about the fight.

Baby Shows.

The Music Hall this morning, where Barnum and Co. Wood's "specimens" are on exhibition, attracted a still larger crowd than that of yesterday. The number of babies, however, on exhibition, has not increased, materially, if we except the addition of a quartet, the children of Mrs. Foster Eddy, of Caymanville, Schuyler Co., N. Y. These children, scarcely seven weeks old, repose in a patent cradle upon the front platform, and are the feature of the exhibition to-day. Crowds are constantly hanging over their innocent faces—most pertinent and impudent remarks and questions bandied—and the greatest interest felt in their welfare and that of the parents. These are not to enter the list for any prize, but merely introduced as a "feature." The front platform presented a slim appearance of the "dears" this morning, in comparison with yesterday, the giantess from Maine occupying it principally.

Of the "specimens" on the platform in the body of the hall, we have been particularly fascinated with the most beautiful pair of twins (in our opinion) in the hall. They are the children of Mrs. H. M. Payne, of Newburyport, and respectively named Charles Henry Payne and Henry Charles Payne. They are at the left of Master Scott, and completely overshadow him by their halo of loveliness. They are the recipients of the greater part of the compliments bestowed, and stand the best chance for the prize. They will be five years old next November. In their buff dress it is difficult to distinguish "brother from which," so like are they to two peas. The mother is fine looking and well behaved, showing a commendable modesty in her deportment.

A pair of twin girls, children of Mr. Pear of Roxbury, are present, and are very interesting. There are other pairs present, deserving of notice.

Two triplets are present. The first are three pretty little children of Mrs. Buckley, from New Milford, Conn. They are beauties, and won the first prize for triplets at the New York exhibition. Mrs. Y. R. Sprague, of Danbury, Conn., exhibits triplets and twins at successive births, within twenty-one months. The triplets are two pretty fair looking girls and one boy, and the twins are two boys of three years. The patriarch of the flock, Mr. Sprague, is present, surrounded by his "baby family."

The best looking boy in the hall is Henry Mason Green, of Roxbury. The visitors involuntary linger where he stands, riveted almost to the spot by his noble appearance. Lavish praise is bestowed upon him. We understand that the Judges who awarded the prize to Zilla Mariana Stacy, yesterday, were equally divided for a time as to which of the two the prize should be awarded. Finally a majority of one decided Master Green's fate.

David Lawrence, of Lynnfield, is an interesting little fellow of sixteen months.

Joseph Paine Gibson, a fine looking boy of Boston growth. Edward S. Brady of Dorchester, 13 months, a handsome "chip."

George Edward Nevins, of Boston, 4 year old, good looking and tastefully dressed.

The latest "specimen" is Miss Adeliza Bennis, of Weston, Mass., aged 14, and weighing 141 pounds. At the age of five she was not the ordinary size of children at that age. With her are Miss Euse Winnie Wyman, of Boston, 9 years old, weighing 75 pounds, and Master James D. Adrich, of Clarendon, Vt., 21 months old, who weighs 75.

The lady visitors bear a proportion of ten to one to the males present.

This afternoon premiums will be awarded to the six finest children under one year.

Bateman's Colored Baby Show has been well attended. The number of children upon exhibition today was much larger than on yesterday. Some fifty specimens of "young Africa," comprising all colors, were present. No prizes are to be awarded until Saturday. Two striking "features" are at this exhibition—a perfectly white mother with her black child—and a black mother with a very white child. Wonderful!

[For the Journal.]
NOTHING TO WEAR.

I said to my wife, "Will you go to New York, While the weather is pleasant and fair?"

She said "It would make me a great deal of work, For you know I have 'nothing to wear.'

That plaid of bright colors you bought me last May, And of which I have taken great care, It is so very common I see one each day, I can't go, for I've 'nothing to wear.'

That dab of a bonnet that I've worn for an age, Yes, a dozen odd times, I declare, Each time that I wear it I feel in a rage. I won't go, for I've 'nothing to wear.'

That two hundred dollar camel's hair shawl, Which you think so handsome and rare, Mrs. Gammon's cost three hundred in all. I shan't go, for I've 'nothing to wear.'

That brown silk of mine, that moire antique, That I wore to Mrs. Flummery's fair, For a month I have worn it, once every week, I can't go, for I've 'nothing to wear.'

My silk altogether wouldn't number two score, And to go I am sure I don't dare, To be laughed at by Yorkers would be a great bore, I won't go, for I've 'nothing to wear.'

Then one box of gloves is all I have left, And among them not one handsome pair, And of tolerable clothing I feel quite bereft I won't go, for I've 'nothing to wear.'

"Well, my dear wife, since you're all out of clothes, We will save the expense and the fare, Take the money and buy, God only knows What, if you have 'nothing to wear.'

THE BULWICK PREACHER. The Sermon in our February number has recalled to an Alto (Ill.) correspondent one which was preached in Tennessee by a Baptist minister. When drawing near the close, he said: "Brethering, I am a hostler, and I must say these horses before I leave. Here is a high blooded 'piscopalian' horse; see what a high head he carries, and how black his coat is, and soft as silk; but he'll kick if you touch him. Now, the Litany or Prayers: Whoa! sir, whoa! Whoa! Just slip away his love-feasts and class-meetings, and he'll kick till he falls—Whoa! you old Shouter! whoa! Ah! here is the horse that is ready to kick at all times—don't you go near his Confessional or Penance—Whoa! Mr. Pope! how beautiful his trappings are!—his surface and mien! Whoa, Sir, whoa!" and so he went on through the various denominations. When he was nearly through, an old Methodist gentleman, well known in the place, offered his services to conclude, which was readily accepted. He said:

"Friends, I have learned this morning how to dress down horses, and as the brother has passed two of them, I will take it upon myself to finish the work. Here is an animal that is neither one thing nor the other. He is treacherous and uncertain—you cannot trust him—he'll kick his best friend for a controversy. Whoa! mule, Whoa! See, brethren, how he kicks—Whoa! you old Campbellite, whoa! Here, friends is an animal that is so stubborn he will not let me in his stall to eat from his trough—he is so stubborn that he would not go where a prophet wished him—he is so hard-mouthed that Sampson used his jaw as a weapon of war against the Philistines. Whoa! you Close-Communion Baptist, whoa!" "Do you call me an ass?" exclaimed the minister, jumping up. "Whoa!" continued his tormentor, "see him kick, whoa! Hold him, friends, whoa!" and thus the old gentleman went on, the minister ranting meantime until he got out of the church. The congregation unanimously agreed that they had never seen an ass so completely "curried" before.—*Knickerbocker's Editor's Table.*

THE ASS AND THE LAMB.

[From the Polish of Krasie.]

"How hard is my fate!

"What sorrows await!"

Sold the Ass to the Sheep, "my deplorable state.

"Cold, naked, ill fed,

I sleep in a shed,

Where the snow, wind, and rain come in over my head.

All this day did I pass

In a yard without grass;

What a pity that I was created an Ass!

As for master—he sat

By the fire, with the cat,

And they both look as you do, contented and fat.

Your nice coat of wool,

So elastic and full,

Makes you much to be envied—ay, more than the lull.

"How can you pretend?"

Said her poor bleating lamb,

"To complain? Let me silence to you recommend.

My sorrows are deep,"

Continued the Sheep,

And her eyes looked as if she were ready to weep.

"I expect—'tis no fable—

To be dragged from the stable,

And, tomorrow, perhaps, cut up for the table.

Now you—with drowsiness,

Strength, and civility,

Will live some years longer, in all probability.

So, no envy, I beg,

For I'll het you an egg,

You will carry the spinach to eat with my leg."

A GOOD DEFINITION.—That was a good definition, "bearing false witness against your neighbor," given by a little girl in school. She said "It was when nobody did nothing, and somebody told of it." How many there are in every community who are guilty of following this ignoble occupation!

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Lat 50° 05' Long 18° 25° 00'

49° 02' Long 11° 20' 163 miles

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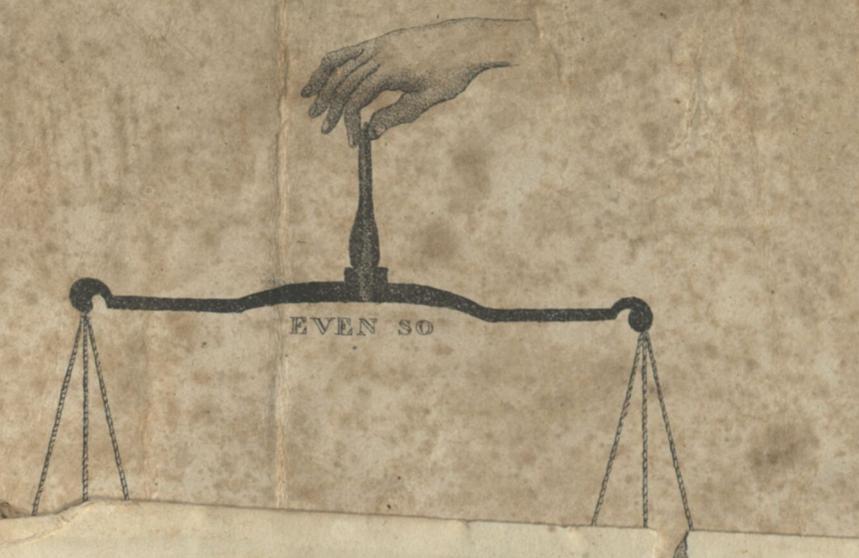
ng my way from the hotel
over the old road down the hill
is clear, all sail

Made the land

night passed a Isle of Inte

Rested over & 6 were out thick

THE MAMMEE-TREE.—(*Mammea Americana, Linn.*)



HOTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS.

Above is presented a fine picture of the Hotel de Ville, in the Grande Place of Brussels. The sketch was taken at the moment of the arrival of the Queen of England, on her recent Belgian excursion. This is by far the most striking building in Brussels, and is one of the grandest of those municipal palaces which are found in almost every city of the Netherlands, and nowhere else of the same

splendor. It was finished in 1442. The beautiful tower of Gothic open-work, 380 feet high, was built by Jean Van Ruybroek, and is remarkable for not being placed in the centre of the building. It is surmounted with a copper figure of Michael, seventeen feet high, which serves as a weathercock, and turns with the wind. Our artist has sketched this fine tower, and shown scaffolding for some repairs

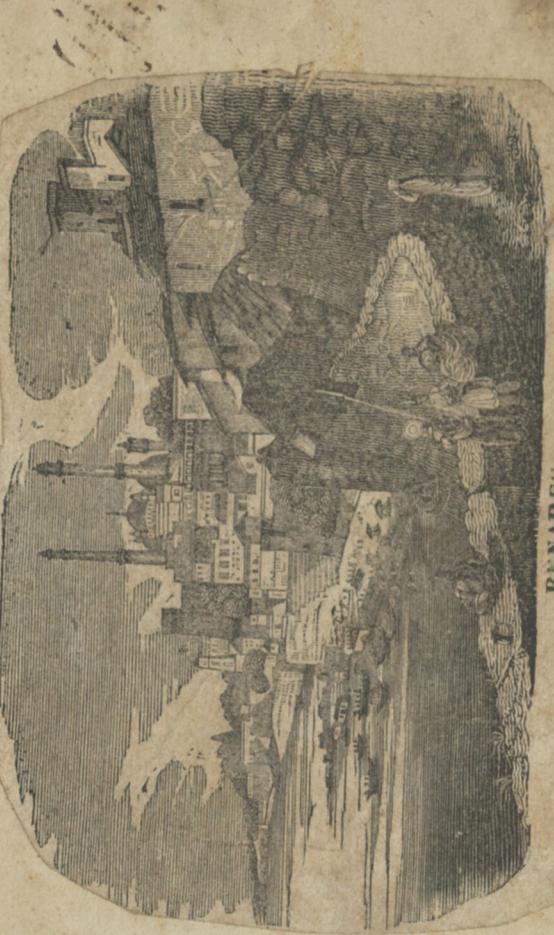
in progress. The view from the spire extends as far as the field of Waterloo. In the grand hall of this edifice the ceremony of the abdication of Charles V. took place in 1555; and the event is depicted on tapestry still preserved here. In the market-place in front of the hotel, the Counts Egmont and Horn were beheaded, by order of the cruel Alva, in 1568.



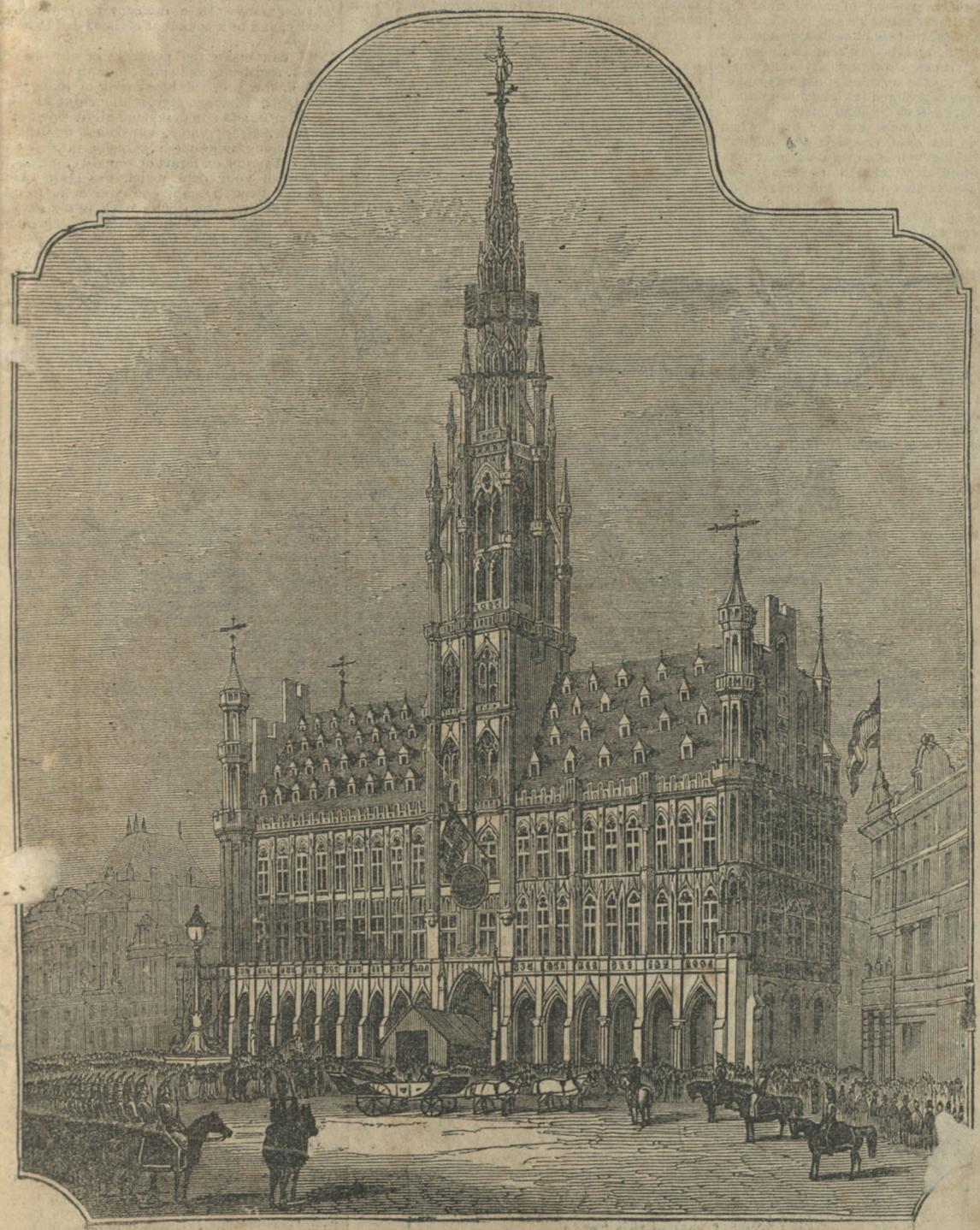
THE

John Scott

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BUNARES.



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